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THE WILD WEST

Can lawyers and club kids and drag queens and butchers find happiness together in Manhattan's meatpacking district? By Matt Pincus

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"At three o'clock in the morning, we've got some butchers and some drag queens, some club kids dressed in black. It's a good mix."

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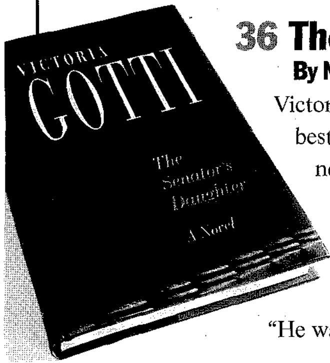
By Matt Pincus

Trendy clubs cheek by jowl with sides of beef? Manhattan's meatpacking district may not be quite be the next TriBeCa, but it's clearly turning into *something* new, with artists, photographers, and bond traders rubbing elbows with meat cutters and prostitutes in drag. But will the gentry push out the flesh peddlers?



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By Nancy Jo Sales

Victoria Gotti grew up literary in a family best known for other pursuits. Her new novel is full of intrigue, "colorful" characters, and, inevitably, a patriarch whose pure motives have been misrepresented by the press and the law. So was her own father a mobster? "He was a good father," she says.

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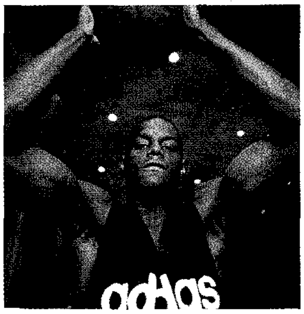
By Chris Smith

Sonny Vaccaro pushes Adidas. Don Crenshaw sells Nike. Both sponsor New York high schools with hot basketball prospects, delivering a steady flow of sneakers and perks. All to score goodwill in the sport—and maybe bag the next Michael Jordan.



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By Chris Norris

Composer Michael Daugherty's operatic subject matter—Superman, Elvis, Jackie O—belies his classical training and credits. Except for that stint in Vegas . . .

On the cover: *From left, Robert Isabell, party planner; Richard Move, co-founder of Jackie 60 at Mother; Joe Nemecek of Adolf Kusy Co.*

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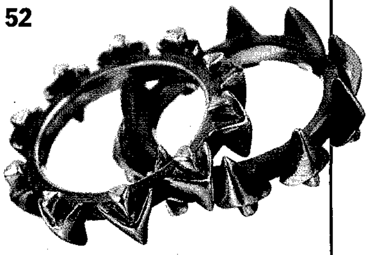

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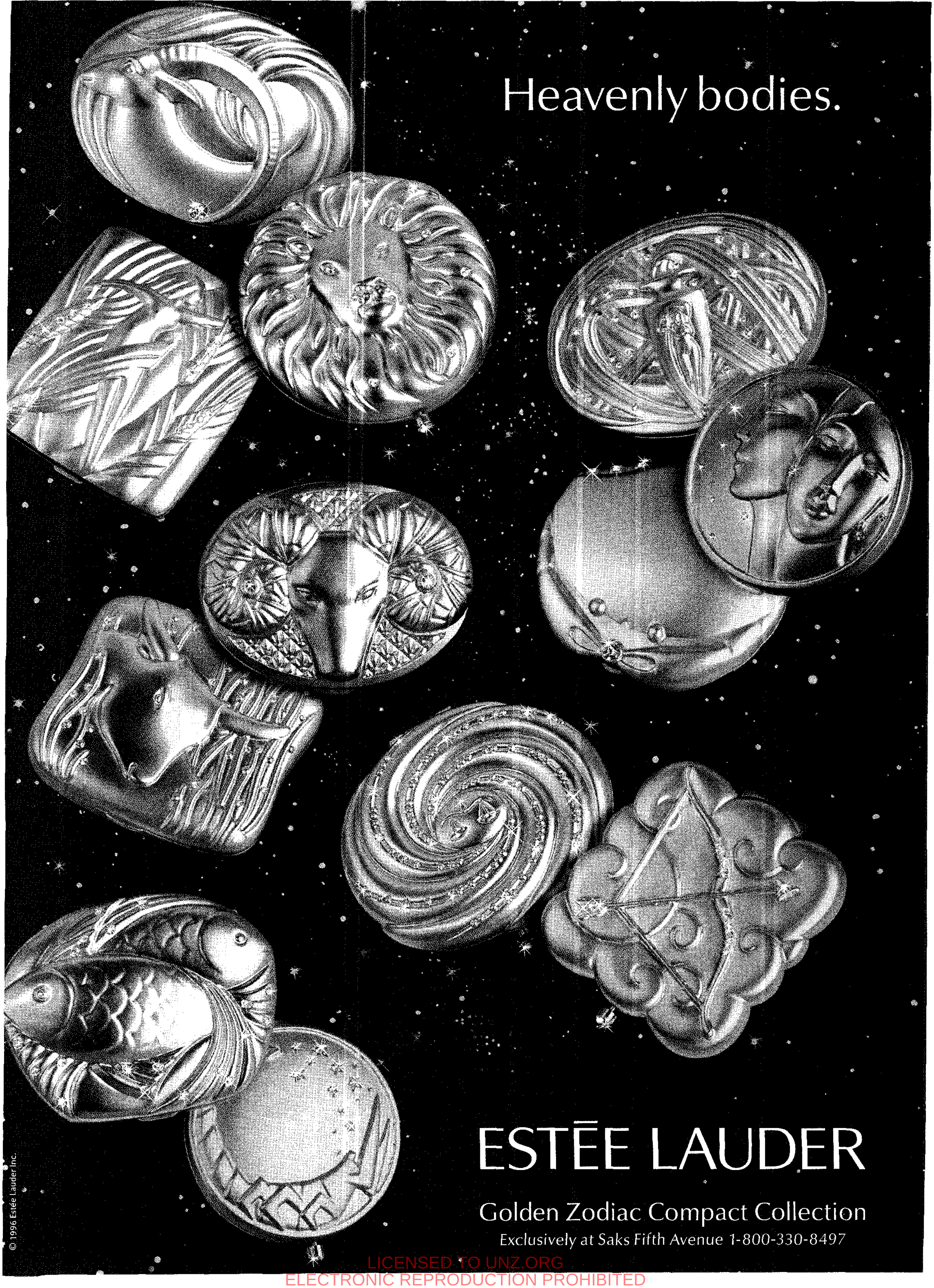
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Publishing Publicity

Do quality authors have to be cute? Why isn't Whoopi a cover girl? Why does wine cost more than dinner?

THANKS FOR ERIC KONIGSBERG'S ABsorbing and informative piece on how modern publishers attempt to engineer novels into best-sellers ["The Next Hot Book," February 10]. The saddest news is how deeply the personality cult—so central to, say, the pop-music industry—has gained sway over the minds and sensibilities (not to mention purse strings) of those publishing books today. It seems that if writers can't present great looks as well as great books, well, then, they'd just better have stage presence, or an exciting bio, or something the image-makers can use to puff them into an icon. Apparently, an ugly dog of an insecure ex-con like Dostoevski wouldn't have a snowball's chance in hell with a first novel in the modern American "literary" climate. An unassuming, homely, untraveled country gentleman like Will Shakespeare (or, for that matter, Will Faulkner) would be laughed right out of the boardroom.

Let's hope, for the sake of history's regard for our literature, that the writers among us too consumed with cultivating their art to spend time cultivating their images will find some way of getting their works between covers before dying.

C. W. Norris
AMITYVILLE, N.Y.

REGARDING "THE NEXT HOT BOOK"—I noted that with a 50 percent return rate for hardbacks last summer, the millions now spent on books that can never make a profit, and the tired writers with names publishing even more tired new books, it might behoove Sonny Mehta to talk to more than two agents.

Ray Powers
MANHATTAN

IF YOU REALLY WANT A "YOU ARE THERE" story on the publishing industry, why don't you send Eric Konigsberg out to interview all the editors who rush to the bathroom to throw up every time they see another overblown *New York* Magazine story about publishing?

John Michel
Executive Editor, Macmillan Books
MANHATTAN

IF *NEW YORK* WERE REALLY CONCERNED that its profile of Bradford Morrow "could do something to affect the very phenomenon it set out to observe," wouldn't it have chosen a date for running the piece that did not correspond so closely with his new novel's publication date? The whole thing smells of marketing.

Marshall Scharf
MANHATTAN

More Whoopi

WHY DOES LIZA MINNELLI RATE A COVER when she subs for Julie Andrews and not Whoopi Goldberg when she takes over for Nathan Lane ["Whoopi, Frankly," by Nancy Jo Sales, February 17]? Also, one picture has her behind Frank Langella, and the other has her back turned completely to the camera. Perhaps the focus was on them as a couple to coincide with Valentine's Day, but it does Ms. Goldberg a disservice. Whoopi Goldberg consistently flipped the script on Hollywood by bringing artistry and quiet dignity to the screen in roles in *The Long Walk Home* and *Corrina, Corrina*. Whoopi gave these women—ordinary working women, the likes of whom I have known all my life—grace, a heart, and a face. Yet these movies, and her most recent triumph, portraying Myrlie Evers in *Ghosts of Mississippi*, did not even get a mention in your article. I look forward to the day you dedicate an article to Whoopi Goldberg alone; indomitably, unequivocally, herself.

Melanie Antoinette Mariella Hinds
MANHATTAN

WHEN FRANK LANGELLA, "THE AMADEUS guy . . . originated the role of Salieri on Broadway," he looked an awful lot like Ian McKellen—he was even using McKellen's name.

Andy Krawetz
BROOKLYN

Failing Upward

WALTER KIRN, IN HIS REVIEW OF BARBARA Dafoe Whitehead's new book, *The Divorce Culture,* states that Ms. Whitehead says divorce lawyers and others whose jobs involve marital discord should support efforts aimed at ending divorce ["Books: Let's Stay Together," February 10]. Mr. Kirn then notes editorially that "that'll be the day."

I just wanted to let you know that the day has arrived. One of the current major projects of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers, the nation's top 1,500 divorce- and matrimonial-law attorneys, is called "Why Marriages Fail." It is aimed at identifying the five major reasons for divorce and proposing solutions to save marriages where possible. We expect to have recommendations this fall. In addition, you should be aware that both our own ethical standards and the divorce manual we provide our clients support finding ways to save marriages where possible. We also support a variety of family projects designed to create better family relationships in both troubled and failed marriages.

Michael Ostrow
President, American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers
GARDEN CITY, N.Y.

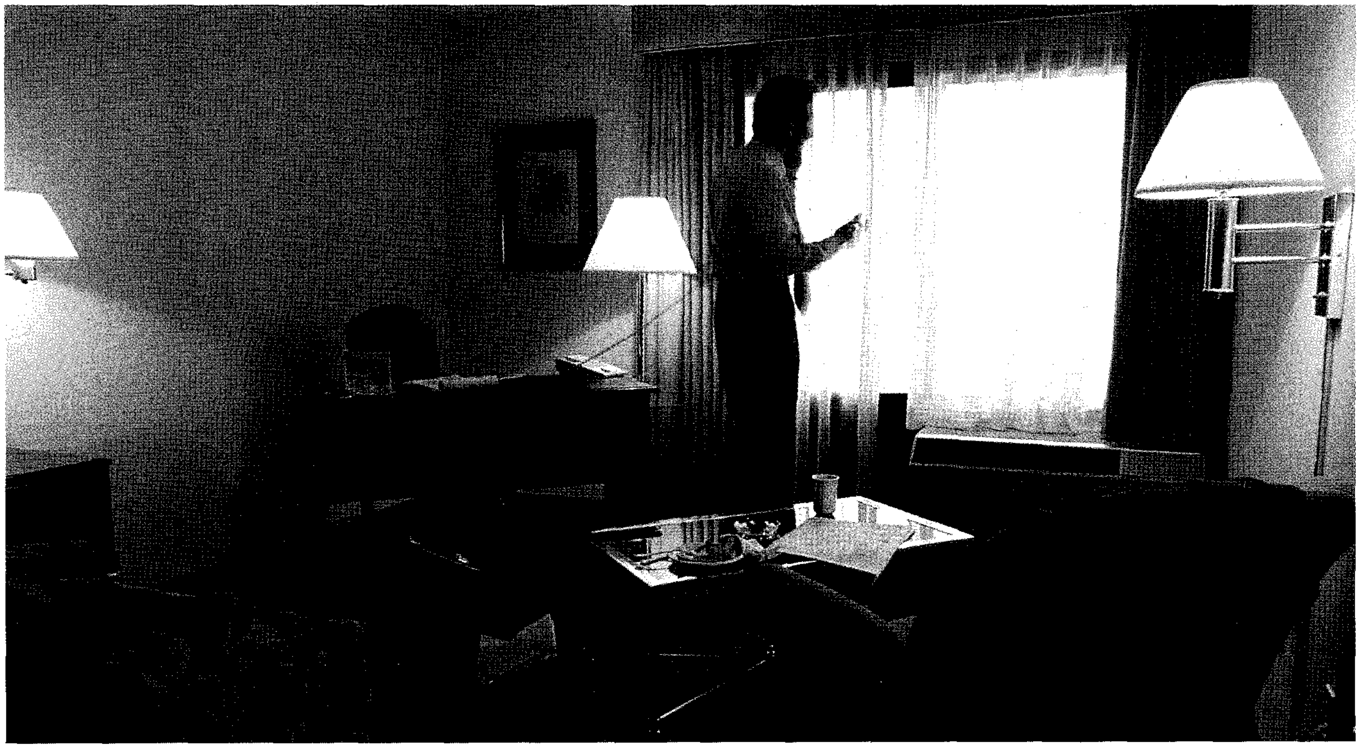
Off the Vine

WE ALL LOVED TONY HENDRA'S "BEST CELlars," on restaurant wine rip-offs [February 17]. For years, I have been preaching: Never spend more than $22 in a restaurant. (Okay, once or twice a year.) Though wine can sell for $995,000 a bottle, that is an investment. Drinking wine should be $12 in a shop, and no higher than $22 in a restaurant. Why should a bottle cost more than the main course?

Bill Sokolin
SOUTHAMPTON, N.Y.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Correction Because of an editing error, an item in the "Intelligencer" column of February 24 incorrectly attributed a statement by New York *Times* reporter Bruce Weber to his colleague Frank Bruni. In fact, Bruni declined to comment. *New York* regrets the error.



Another grey hotel room.

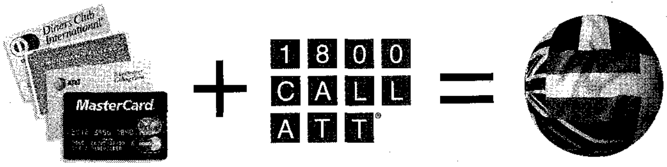
Another view of the parking lot.

Nothing about it was like Buenos Aires.

I ordered a steak from room service and called Abuela.

I could see her smile.

Suddenly, I realized the room wasn't grey.



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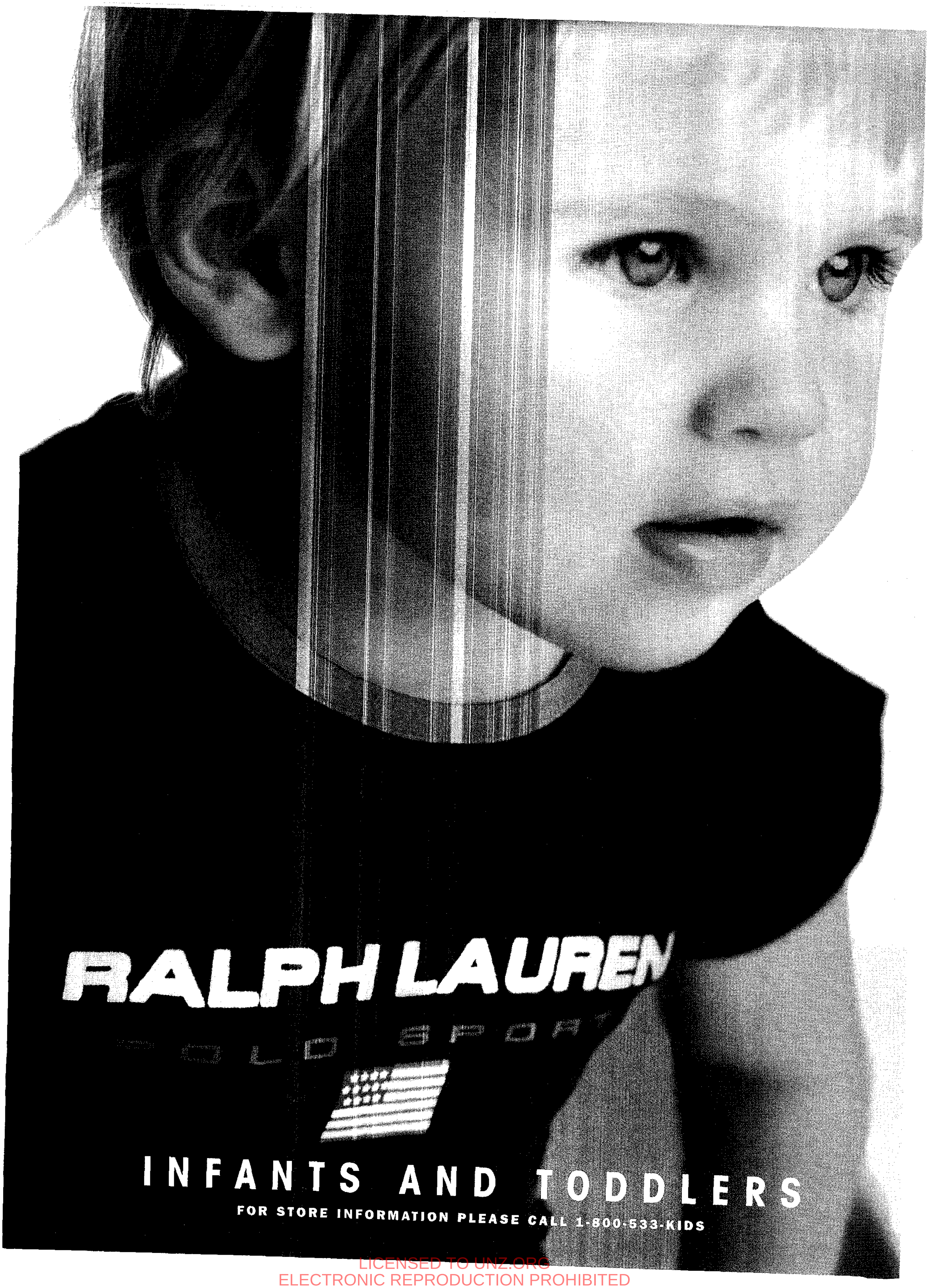

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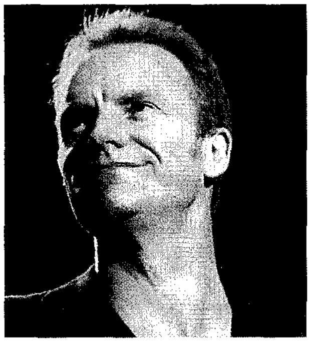
INTELLIGENCER

AT INNER CIRCLE, DONNA'S A GONER

When **Mayor Giuliani** gets onstage at the Inner Circle dinner March 1, he will sing, act, even tango. He will be joined by his acting chief of staff, **Bruce Teitelbaum,** and deputy mayors **Randy Mastro, Fran Reiter, Ninfa Segarra,** and **Rudy Washington,** as well as **Julie Andrews** and **Tony Roberts,** in a skit entitled "Victory, Victorious." But there's one person who won't be joining him this year—**Donna Hanover,** whose increasingly diminished involvement at City Hall has been the subject of much speculation of late. Says one inner-circle regular, "In previous years, Donna has always been onstage with Rudy. Let's face it, Rudy is not exactly a top song-and-dance man, and Donna in the past has saved him from being too wooden." According to **Elliot Cuker,** who writes, directs, and produces the mayor's skit each year, Rudy can stand on his own: "Despite what people think, Rudy knows how to have fun. . . . The way I wrote the show, there was no call for [Donna]."

THE STING OF SECOND-BEST AT *SNL*

Even the boss doesn't always get his way, as *Saturday Night Live* creator **Lorne Michaels** recently discovered. Michaels tried his best to get his friend Sting on *SNL* last Saturday, just before the premiere of Sting's new movie, *Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets.* But **Tina Turner** and **Alec Baldwin** had already been booked as guests. A slew of phone calls ensued: Would Sting want to pinch-hit as host should Baldwin have to cancel? When it became apparent that Baldwin wouldn't, in fact, be canceling, another request came through: Would Sting like to back Tina up on "Proud Mary"? Well, no. "What would he do, sing *'doo-wa'*?" asked Sting's spokeswoman, who notes that Sting does sing a duet with Turner on her album. **Marci Klein,** who books the bands on *SNL,* was worried enough to call Sting's publicist to make sure that the rock star wasn't offended. "I said, not only is he not upset but he doesn't even know about it," replied the spokeswoman, who insists that Sting wants to do the show in mid-March, when the movie produced by his wife, **Trudie Styler,** will actually be in theaters. "If they didn't have a host, Sting gets a kick out of doing it," she adds. "But it didn't get that far."



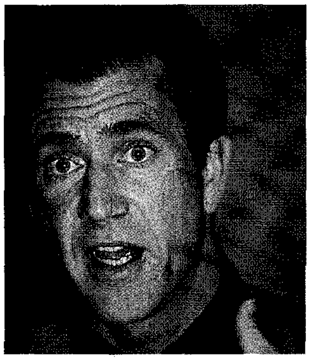
Sting: Too proud

MCLAUGHLIN SCREWS GOLDSTEIN

Cigar-chomping pornographer **Al Goldstein** wasn't invited to the National Press Club's cigar dinner this year, but that didn't stop him from coming (as a club member, he's allowed to attend). The leather-jacketed Goldstein quickly made his presence felt at the black-tie affair, engaging in a bidding war with equally dogmatic talk-show host **John McLaughlin** during a live charity auction. The treasured cache was a box of prized Fuente OpusX cigars, which, according to the dinner's chairman, **Clayton Boyce,** retail for $270. As other bidders fell by the wayside, **Carlos Fuente Jr.,** the president of the Dominican Republic–based cigar company, upped the ante by throwing in another box. The auctioneer, Republican senator **Conrad Burns** of Montana, went back and forth between the two pestilent personalities before banging the gavel in favor of McLaughlin's winning bid of $1,750. With customary grace, Goldstein sent McLaughlin a telegram to tell him he'd been ripped off. "A Jesuit graduate should never compete with a Jew," crowed Goldstein. "If you're looking for a better manager, I'm available." Counters McLaughlin: "Goldstein is putting the best face on what in reality was a humiliating retreat."

HOSTESS-ACTRESS SERVES UP GIBSON

Did **Mel Gibson** meet her on set or over dinner? That's what people are wondering about **Vivien Bernal,** a striking twentysomething who has a bit part in Gibson's upcoming film *Conspiracy Theory.* According to a restaurant insider, Bernal and family man Gibson regularly chummed it up at Ferrier, where Bernal worked as a hostess when she wasn't on set. "While he was in New York, Gibson would come in here two or three nights a week at around midnight. He'd drink and smoke a cigar," attests a fellow Ferrier staff member. "I cannot lie to you. He would talk to Vivien." The staff member confirms that Bernal would sit down with Gibson but insists that this is "not unusual" for a hostess to do. Bernal's representative says, "In connection with her job functions as a hostess, she was friendly with the people who would come in with Mr. Gibson, as well as Mr. Gibson."

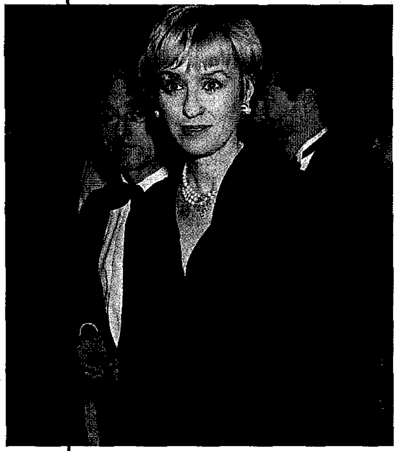


Mel Gibson: Midnight snacker

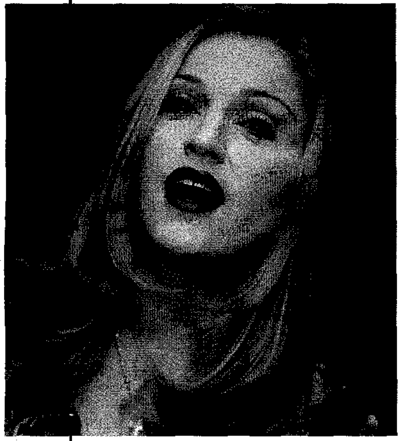
STEVE BRILL, A REAL SPORTING GUY

Now that he's built it, will they come? That's the question buzzing around Bedford, where neighbors are keeping their eye on the regulation baseball diamond that **Steve Brill** has constructed on his $2 million spread. Is Brill, who will reportedly pocket between $20 million and $40 million after selling his stake in Court TV and

Photographs: top, Russel Wong/Outline; bottom, Armando Gallo/Retna.



Tina Brown:
Party pooper



Madonna:
Postpartum perks

American Lawyer Media, planning to buy the Yankees? No, but he is talking about starting up a competitive baseball league to rival the annual Artists and Writers game in the Hamptons, several sources report. The idea is to enlist the celebs in the area—like **Chevy Chase;** Gwyneth's dad, **Bruce Paltrow;** composer **Alan Menken;** and Cravath, Swaine partner **David Boies**—to play ball in a regular league. "Good luck building a team," laughs one former Brill employee. "The softball games he played in at annual retreats got so competitive, no one wanted to play." They're calling his new diamond "the court that O.J. built." Brill refused to comment about his home.

PARTYING AWAY AT *THE NEW YORKER*

Traditions die hard at *The New Yorker,* so **Tina Brown** shouldn't have been surprised that there was grumbling among the staff about her daring decision to cancel both the anniversary issue and the celebrated anniversary party. An Orwellian-sounding memo from Brown broke the news to staff, explaining that there would instead be a joint Christmas-anniversary party in December, around the time of James Thurber's birthday. The morale-buster particularly rankled among the minions, explains one source, since the number of parties celebrating books by *New Yorker* authors has multiplied under Brown. Only a small coterie of upper-echelon editors and writers are invited to those soirées, resulting in what one insider calls a "two-tiered system of workers." A staff member responded to the news with a memo to make Alexander Woollcott proud. Addressed to "Losers," from "The In Crowd," the anonymous memo begins, "As you all know, we're cool and you're not. This is a way busy time for us in Junior High and there are lots of neat things coming up and we want you to know you're not invited." The memo goes on to describe in teen-speak a secret bash in the suburbs. "Those of you who wish you could be with us, or be like us, can begin making your plans early. To be elsewhere!" Brown says the parody made her laugh. She admits, "It's the kind of thing I would have written myself, had I been the recipient of the memo."

A PINK HOUSE; A MELLOW NELLO

A GREENER SHADE OF PINK: Finally, a collectible that's (a) useful and (b) a bargain. Big Pink—remember the house on the cover of **The Band's** album *Music From Big Pink?*—can now be yours for $149,000. The former home of the Band, a Cape Cod–style house on 3.9 acres in Saugerties, New York, is as pink as ever, although the studio where **Bob Dylan** recorded *The Basement Tapes* has been converted to a home office. Check out the Realtor's advertisement on The Band's Website. After all, if Elvis Presley's acoustic guitar went for $138,000, $149,000 is a bargain for three bedrooms and two baths.

HER ARRESTING GOOD LOOKS: Where **Candace Bushnell** goes, trouble follows. The comely sex columnist, en route to Dublin last week to promote her book *Sex and the City,* was detained at Heathrow airport for possession—of a pepper-spray can, which guards mistook for tear gas. According to Bushnell, as her luggage was passing through the X-ray machine, security guards began pointing at something in her bag: "They were all excited about this little can of self-defense spray I've been carrying in my suitcase for years." The New York sexpert was promptly whisked to the local police station and questioned for two hours. Says Bushnell, who missed her flight, "It's funny now, but it wasn't funny then."

Bushnell:
Nothing to
sneeze at

RESTAURANT ROW: Uptown restaurateur **Nello** may have backed out of his original plan to be **Giuseppe Cipriani's** partner at the SoHo trattoria Downtown, but he still wants to head south: He's decided to open a "high-end, very French" SoHo establishment at the corner of Prince and Greene Streets, just steps from the high-end, very European Downtown. "I'm still friendly with Giuseppe," Nello assures, adding, "I'm not friendly with his maître d'."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Zoe Wolff.

MADONNA AND CHILD, THE SEQUEL

Is it something in the water? Now it turns out that **Madonna's** co-manager, **Caresse Norman,** is pregnant, too. Caresse, who's married to video director **Paul Norman,** lives in Los Angeles and is about three months along. "Caresse was with Madonna throughout the pregnancy," reports Madonna's spokeswoman **Liz Rosenberg.** "She was with Madonna when she had the amnio and went along to all the doctor's appointments. It's practically like [Norman] is pregnant *again,*" laughs Rosenberg. But Norman seems to be coming into her own: She was promoted to co-manager a few months ago, after serving as Madonna's personal assistant for close to five years. Norman's good news was something of a demotion for longtime manager **Freddy DeMann**—but unlike Norman, DeMann is a partner in Madonna's successful Maverick label (which records **Alanis Morissette,** among others). Maverick executives Guy Oseary and Ronnie June Dashev are also benefiting from the Maternal One's postpartum generosity: Madonna's just made them partners in the company.

Photographs: clockwise from bottom left, Armando Gallo/Retna; Kelly Jordan/Sygma; Gregory Pace/Sygma.

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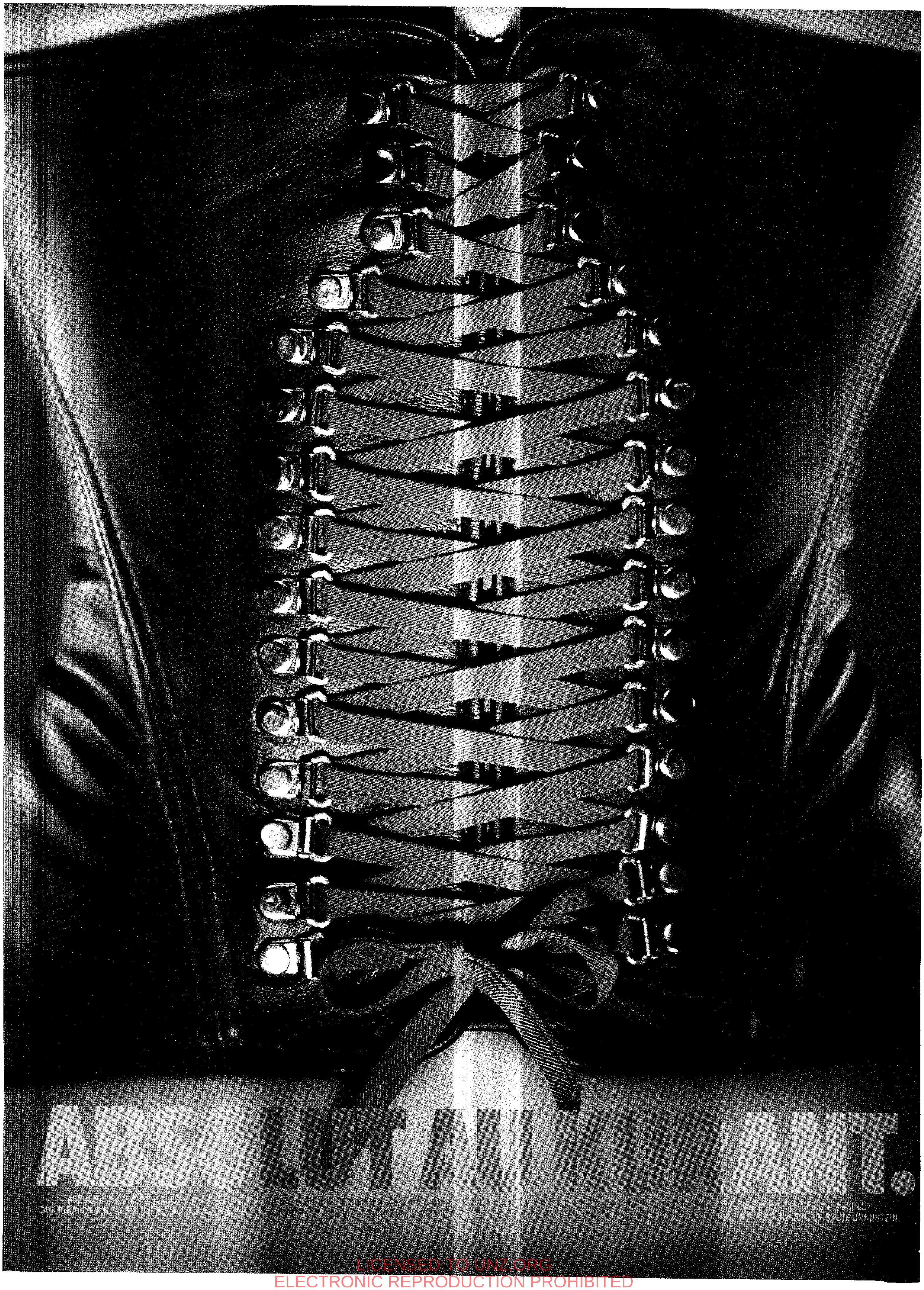

ABSOLUT AU KURANT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

GOTHAM

A cosmic smudge—*Susan Sontag*

The Grammy Awards

PHIL RAMONE HEARS TOO MANY ECHOES AT THE GARDEN

THE LAST TIME PHIL RAMONE LAID carpet across the vast acoustic nightmare that is Madison Square Garden in order to make a singer sound better, the singer was Marilyn Monroe, the song was "Happy Birthday," and the Garden was about twenty blocks north. Transistor radios represented the summit of technological advancement, and computers were the size of condos, not briefcases. But here is Ramone working on the 1997 Grammy Awards (February 26)—his first Garden gig since JFK's 45th-birthday party in 1962—in the space shared with the Knicks, the Rangers, and Pennsylvania Station. Despite all the revolutions that have occurred in the transition from the vacuum tube to the silicon chip, he is wrestling today with the same problem that confronted him 35 years ago. And the same solution presents itself: Roll out the carpet.

"Well, the first thing is to cut back the reverb of the hall," says Ramone, talking shop. An eight-time Grammy winner who is currently producing enhanced CDs as president of N2K Encoded Music, Ramone is charged with making this 20,000-seat concrete cylinder sound more like—well, more like the 6,000-seat Radio City Music Hall for the CBS Grammy broadcast. The event was moved to the larger venue for the first time ever to accommodate the 10,000 or so National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences members, many of whom were shut out in the past.

You could easily forget that the Grammy show is a concert, and a wily beast of a concert at that, one that would seem to ask for just a little extra in the way of sound production, with performances segueing among disparate genres from rock to classical to hip-hop. Call in Ramone, whose work as producer has run from Karen Carpenter's posthumous album to Billy Joel, from Sinatra to Streisand.

"It's not an easy hall," Ramone understates. "It has, you know, tons of quirks. We're going to lay a carpet down over the hockey rink; that's the first thing to help it." In '62, Ramone was a preternaturally talented 23-year-old engineer, called up to do his part for his country by a president who was a little worried about the acoustics. "He said, 'Is the Garden going to be a problem?' " Ramone remembers. " 'Because I know that it is quite big and probably very echoey, to say the least.'

"The sound systems in the early sixties were pretty much fight-arena sounds," Ramone says. "We put in an enormous system at the time." As it turned out, the big challenge of the evening came more from Monroe than from anything about the room.

"I assumed she was going to sing one of those tunes from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,*" he says, but he learned otherwise on the day of the performance. As a running joke, Monroe's entrance was delayed throughout the evening. "Finally, she appeared in this wonderful pink thing," he says quietly. "And she starts to sing 'Happy Birthday.' It was difficult, because obviously she was going to whisper it, she's not going to belt this tune out. The producer of the show was panic-stricken. He's standing near the president and whispering, 'It's not loud enough.' Everybody kept roaring with laughter, which of course then makes it softer . . . The old lie that says when you fill a hall with people, it will be cleaner, louder—well, it doesn't quite work that way."

So can people expect better sound from the Garden this time around? "Technically, it . . . should be improved from where it was back then," Ramone says. "We're doing everything we can to make it not feel like we're in some place where you can't touch the ceiling."

PAUL SCOTT

Street Art

NIGHT RIDERS, ARMED WITH PAINT

ON A FREEZING FEBRUARY NIGHT, TEN BICYclists stealthily swoop down on a Greenwich Village street and quickly set to their task. Bundled in hats and scarves, armed only with poster board and spray paint, they work fast, then depart abruptly. But the asphalt now testifies to their presence: the blood-red outline of a body, white paint revealing the victim's name and proclaiming KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE.

This group—which remains unnamed

because many members fear arrest—harbors high-profile goals for its eye-catching stencils: enforcement of speed limits and other vehicular laws, a clampdown on drivers with suspended licenses, inquests for all pedestrian deaths, and in-depth studies of accident and traffic data. They want legislators and the police to really deal with two startling facts: Drivers smash into 35 New Yorkers daily, and two victims die every three days.

In a city moving forward so fast that it often erases even its immediate past, "memorializing these deaths is a small way to ignite awareness of this issue," says one group member. New York needs to wipe away its "windshield perspective," adds Harris Silver, an advertising copywriter and co-founder of the group, by which he means warning pedestrians to take care when it's cars that create the carnage.

The stenciling expeditions began in December. The February 13 outing produces nine outlines, nine remembrances. The evening starts at Sixth and Bleecker, where 70-year-old Mary Racioppi was killed in 1993 by a hit-and-run cabbie, and ends at Canal and Varick, where 35-year-old Alice Yang was killed February 7 in a hit-and-run accident.

The sites include West 4th at Sixth, where a hit-and-run cab killed a homeless man last December. Members form a protective ring around the stencilers as cars honk, zoom, and swerve by; some of the partisans watch for police, excitedly shouting their code word, "Zach," as cops approach. (Despite such jitters, officers drive past several sites without stopping to inspect.)

Some passersby walk right over the wet paint, but others look on thoughtfully, offering approval and support. Crossing streets is "pretty dangerous, and it's not talked about," says Michele Masliah, walking down Sixth Avenue. "What they're doing is overdue and most welcome," adds John Kaehny, executive director of Transportation Alternatives, a gadfly environmental group that promotes walking and public transportation.

Actually, pedestrian fatalities have declined 37 percent, from a high of 378 in 1989 to 240 in 1994 (the most recent figures available), and the Department of Transportation is planning a report on traffic safety. According to Councilman Anthony Weiner, the council's transportation committee has been focusing on pedestrians' rights. Nevertheless, Weiner supports this group's dramatic but illegal tactics as "street art and political speech" necessary for galvanizing the public, since, he admits, "pedestrian safety is not a high priority" at police headquarters. Indeed, Silver calls most city officials extremely uncooperative. Police brass declined *New York*'s requests for interviews and statistics, and the mayor's office didn't return calls. The group's goal is to expand the stenciling actions citywide. They will declare victory, says Silver, when people can "cross the street and not feel like they're playing chicken."

STUART MILLER

Killer crossing: Focusing attention on the perils of pedestrianism.

SHOT

Madison Avenue near 70th Street, 5 P.M., February 18, *photographed by Barry Munger.*

Marketing

MEMO TO GEORGE PATAKI: DON'T GIVE UP THE DAY JOB

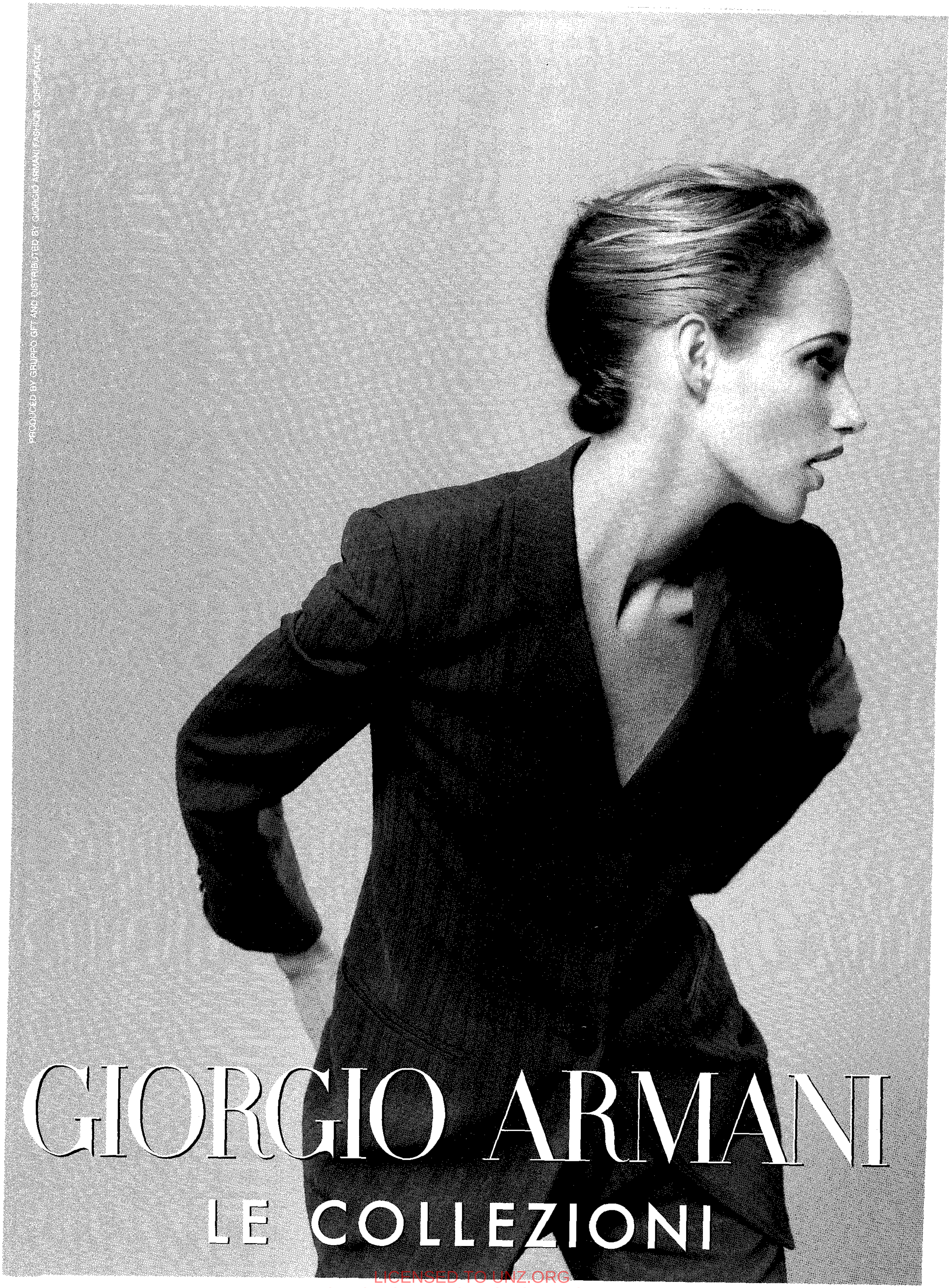
MIDWAY THROUGH THE MEANDERING STATE of the State speech in January, a Capitol police officer flanking Governor Pataki passed out onstage. "I didn't think the speech was *that* long," Pataki deadpanned before resuming his lethargic lecture. Since the recent disclosure that the governor raked in more than $60,000 for four out-of-state speaking engagements last year, however, he has apparently found faith in his oratorical abilities. Countering criticism that he cashed in on his office, Pataki declared: "If I were not the governor at this point, I would be asked to give these speeches. Given a lot of reasons, including the totality of my background . . . there's a lot of interest around the country to hear my views."

Many lecture agents, pundits, and politicians disagree. Tony Colao, president of the MasterMedia Speaker's Bureau, estimated that had Pataki lost to Cuomo, the former mayor of Peekskill "would be fortunate to fetch a thousand dollars an appearance. If he were just another retired assemblyman, there'd be absolutely no interest in him outside of his county."

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the man who would be governor—failed 1990 Republican candidate Pierre Rinfret—takes a dim view of Pataki's speechifying. "Pataki is using his office for personal gain and prostituting his position," Rinfret complains. "I think it was wrong for Cuomo and dead wrong for Pataki, because he kept his speeches secret."

Even one client who hired the governor refutes his claim. Pataki was invited to speak "because he presides over the state with the largest Jewish population in the country," says Mark Cohen, spokes-

Photograph: top, Morad Bouchakour.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Trippingly on the tongue: Pataki, speechifying.

man for the Jewish National Fund, which shelled out $31,500 for two Pataki speeches.

The unmollifiable Rinfret couldn't resist taking one more jab at the man who has his dream job: "When I read that Governor Pataki was making $15,000 a speech, I told my wife, 'He must be pretty low-level.' Hell, I was getting $25,000 in the private sector before I ran." Since he lost the election and moved to Nantucket, Rinfret admits, his services as a speaker have been in declining demand.

In the past six years, he's made just one speech.

Gratis.

DAVID WALLIS

Drug Policy

CRACK BABIES—AND OTHER 'URBAN MYTHS'

ASSORTED FLAG-WAVERS FOR THE END OF drug-laws-as-we-know-them gathered recently at the midtown-based, George Soros–funded Lindesmith Center to hear an erudite young Australian professor declare, along with other points, that the "crack baby" is just one "myth" in a culture that cannot even comprehend the drug problem, let alone battle it.

"Historically, symbols and myths have been used to demonize drugs, because it's far easier for governments to scapegoat drug users than it is to truly address very real societal problems such as poverty and crime," said Professor Desmond Manderson, adding that "U.S. drug policies are evidence that the practice continues."

Some 30 doctors, needle-exchange activists, professors, writers, and one self-described bathtub chemist mostly agreed with Manderson's examples of "metaphors, metonyms, and prosopopoeias" deceptively enlisted in what was commonly referred to at the lecture as this country's "rhetorical" war on drugs. The media are too willing to believe "junk science," the participants said, along with outdated, biased studies that "have led to commonly held misbeliefs about crack babies and reefer madness."

"The most current research shows that alcohol, tobacco, and malnutrition during pregnancy cause far more widespread damage than crack," said a doctor from Beth Israel Medical Center, "yet our drug laws and newspapers don't reflect that."

"I think what Manderson showed was how symbols used by propagandists and the media, in discussions of drug-policy issues, distort reality," said Lindesmith Center director Ethan Nadelmann.

Dr. Herbert Kleber, a 30-year drug warrior who worked at the White House during William Bennett's czardom, accused Nadelmann and his followers of distorting reality. "That drugs cause distinct harm is no myth," Kleber, now medical director of Columbia University's National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse (CASA), said of the claims that came out of the Lindesmith forum. "Drugs are illegal because they are dangerous, not the other way around."

It would be easy to dismiss the Linde-

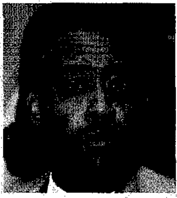
THE SKINNY

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT
"Good-bye, sweetheart," cooed rocket man Elton John to pal Pete Townshend when the Concorde they were flying in from London developed engine trouble. After a few terrifying moments, the jet made an emergency landing in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

FIELD MEMO

The Class Comedian

The Democratic candidates for mayor are seated at a narrow table, staring out from a large, desolate stage at perhaps a hundred people gathered for a candidates' forum. It's a far cry from the glitzy New York *Post* debate a few days away, but here, in a college lecture hall on the Upper West Side, the four are appearing together for the first time. Al Sharpton arrives 45 minutes late. "Being that I'm in Manhattan, Ruth arranged for traffic to stall me from getting up here," he says. The audience, silent until his arrival, howls with laughter: the class cut-up. It becomes clear that Sharpton's going to be a problem for the others. He's wittier and, though looser with the facts, better at articulating the case against Giuliani: "When 58 percent of students in public schools can't read at their grade level, it is not comforting for you to tell me you stopped the squeegee man from washing my window when I stop for a light on 125th Street."



Al Sharpton.

Despite a plainspoken charm, wonkish councilman Sal Albanese is a wellspring of harsh truths about declining wages and the growing chasm between rich and poor. "Unless we create jobs at a living wage in this city, we're going to erode the future for many, many New Yorkers," Albanese says. His earnestness works against him: He's the egghead in this class. You imagine the other candidates cheating off his notes. Next to him is Freddy Ferrer, gaining in the polls recently on the strength of his attacks on the mayor. He's impatient for the next opportunity to pounce. "The mayor is running the spirit of this city into the ground!" he says. "This is clearly a mayor who's forgotten where he comes from." Ferrer has found his voice early on, but he's got only one note down—anger. He's the spitball-thrower of the bunch.

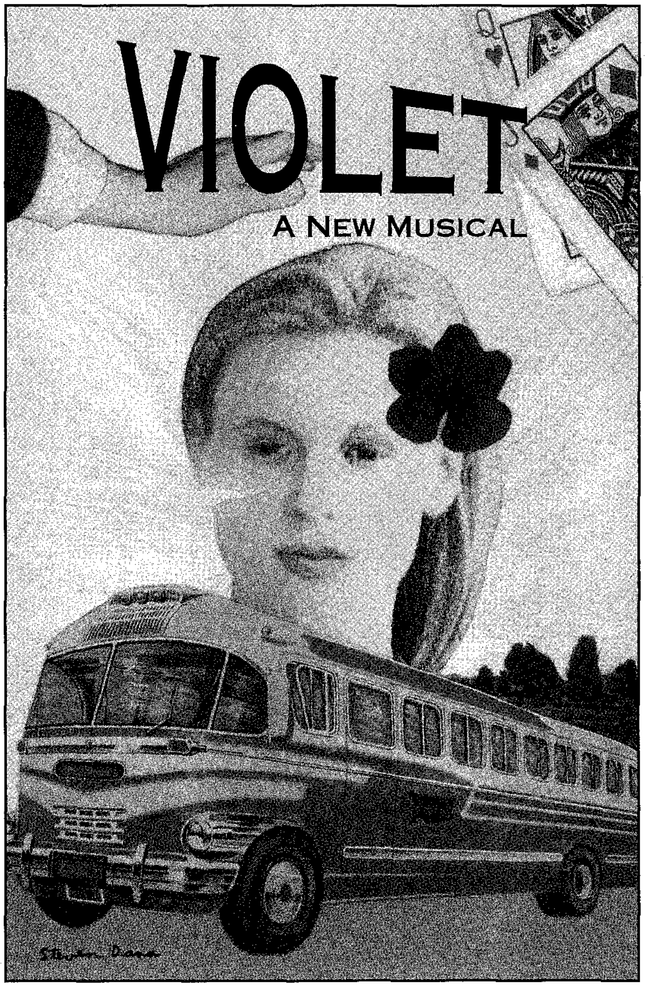
Finally, there's Ruth Messinger, the straight-A student. Where Ferrer and Albanese speak from their seats, Messinger bounds to the lectern. You can almost hear the boys at the table snickering. Saying she wants to talk about jobs, kids, crime, "and character," she lays out a thoughtful critique of Giuliani's failures. In the end, though, the effect is somewhat numbing. The audience has not been won over; it has surrendered to the barrage of facts.

The event ends up as a dry run for the *Post* forum. Sitting on a loftier stage the next week, this time before 1,000 people, Ferrer launches into his new attack line with gusto: "Rudy Giuliani the prosecutor would never tolerate Rudy Giuliani the mayor." Messinger plays the statesman. Albanese seems out of his league. And once again, it is Sharpton who is memorable, tossing out gems about the old days when Ed Koch used to arrest him at City Hall. One of the other candidates has either got to slip the reverend a Mickey at the next debate or learn some good punch lines, fast.

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Photographs: top to bottom, Richard B. Levine; Bill Davila/Retna; Frances M. Roberts.

Let it Sing



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smithers' crusade "to end drug prohibition" as the rarefied rantings of the overeducated. But even foes concede that Nadelmann—the Pied Piper of drug-policy reform—has made impressive strides over the past few months, drawing together disparate decriminalization groups to present a more united front. Almost single-handedly, he has made drug-policy reform seem a possibility.

Lindesmith's roughly $1 million domestic agenda as a tax-exempt research institute is ambitious, with plans in 1997 to continue the seminar series begun in 1994 and expand educational outreach on methadone treatment, needle exchange, and medical marijuana. Its library and Website are fast becoming leading resources on drug issues, and Lindesmith is dabbling in publishing with the forthcoming *Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts*, due this spring from authors Lynn Zimmer and John P. Morgan.

Nadelmann's participation in the recent California and Arizona ballot initiatives has brought his greatest success—and criticism. Tax-exempt groups are not allowed to lobby for changes in the law, yet that, says Steve Dnistrian, spokesman for the Partnership for a Drug-Free America, is exactly what happened when Nadelmann consulted on the campaigns that got voters to accept the mantras of "medicinal marijuana" and "treatment, not incarceration."

"Ethan and company certainly chalked up two successes with Propositions 200 and 215," Dnistrian concedes. "But this was no popular uprising, and we're already beginning to see the backlash." He cites a poll in *USA Today* (funded by an anti-drug group) showing that 85 percent of the voters in Arizona now say their new law should be changed. "The fact is, people in positions like Ethan's and mine have no business lobbying, because we bring biases with us," says Dnistrian.

Nadelmann denies any Lindesmith involvement in the California and Arizona initiatives, arguing that he acted strictly as a private citizen, with separate phone and fax lines—and separate funding—for all political activities. "What you're starting to see here is the maturation of the drug-law-reform movement. We're learning what works: polls, surveys, using the right language . . . sensitizing the media. And we're making some headway," he insists.

Nadelmann was once a State Department consultant and picked up many of his beliefs on the need for changes in drug policy after spending quality time with DEA agents. "Now I'm branded," he says. "The government wants to pretend I don't exist. But we're showing the fallacy of drug myths through scientific evidence, and the movement is gaining credibility.

"Someday soon, they're going to have to sit down and talk." JENNIFER NIX

The Music Men

At the home of Denise Rich, for a dinner honoring Pierre Cossette and Michael Greene.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

"WE HAVE A HUGE, HUGE MONSTER set," said Pierre Cossette, who is once again producing the Grammys, "and 14,000 people—but we're trying to make the whole thing very intimate. And we're having a classical cellist. I don't know his name, but he's winning all the Grammys." If, in his enthusiasm, Cossette was deflating a bit of the show's and-the-winner-is suspense, he could perhaps be forgiven; at the first party of a long week of industry festivities, the talk was not of winning but of loving, and sharing, and caring.

"It's where everyone comes together and hopefully makes everyone feel good about their souls," said Quincy Jones, as the New Age–soul music ensemble in the corner took "Bridge Over Troubled Water" to the bridge one more time. "It has that incredibility."

"It's so meaningful to me," gushed hostess Denise Rich. "Last year I went . . . remember last year?" she asked publicist Bobby Zarem.

"It was two seasons ago," he corrected her.

"It so moved me. These kids—music is their language of communication. There's all this anger that cities always generate, and that's how they get their anger out is through music. It's—you know what it is? It's a common denominator."

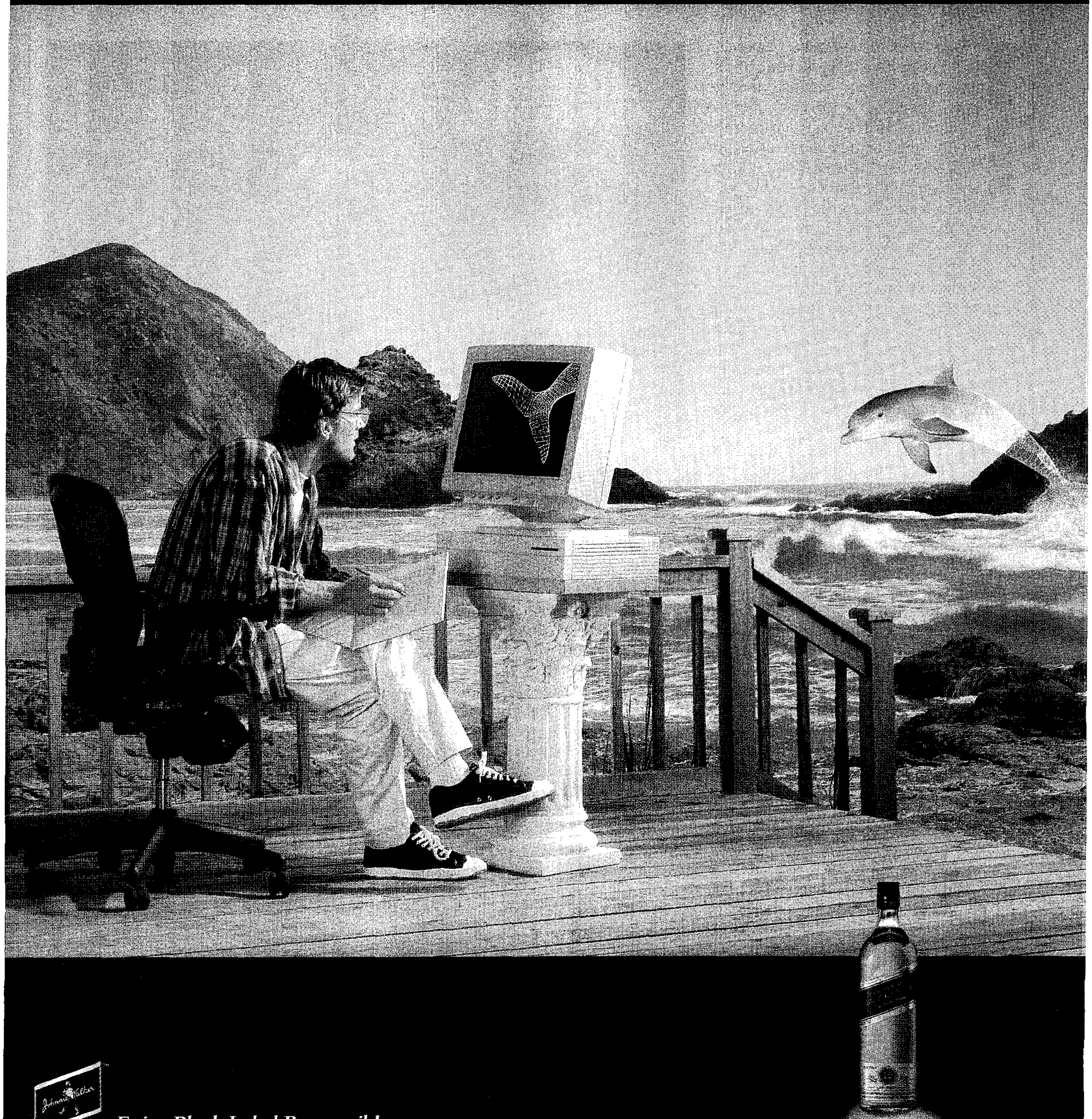
"Catalyst," said Ron Delsener, correcting her from a nearby table. On the terrace behind him, the wall-sized 1997 Grammy Awards ice sculpture was melting into deformity in the unseasonably balmy air.

"Yeah, a catalyst and a common denominator and it divides all the barriers," she agreed. "That's why I started songwriting—to communicate."

Top, Kathy and Ace Greenberg with Denise Rich at her pre-Grammy party. Above, Ruth O'Brien at Comedy Nation, where she prepared her son Conan's favorite dish, to benefit Comic Relief; below, Barbara Gladstone and Perry Rubenstein at the opening of Chelsea's Cheim & Read Gallery.

Clockwise from below, Geoffrey Rush and Natasha Richardson at Patroon after the premiere of *Smilla's Sense of Snow;* Sarah Ferguson at Bailey House's Valentine's Day Gala; Heidi Bettini and Julianna Margulies celebrating at Elaine's with Dini von Mueffling, author of *The 50 Most Romantic Things Ever Done.*

IMAGINATION CANNOT BE CONFINED.



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The Teachers' Pet

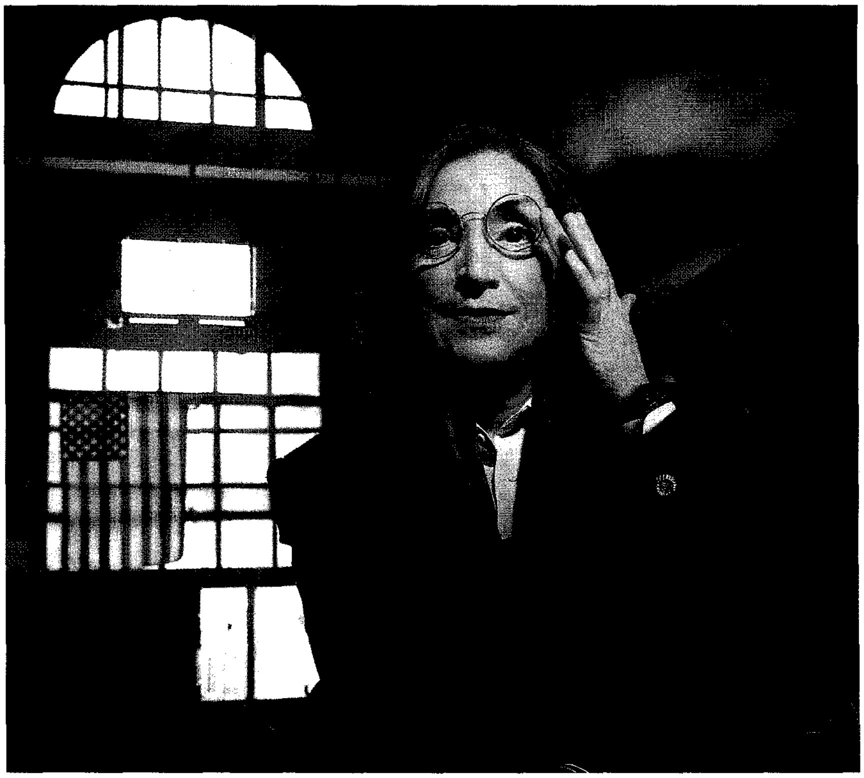
Pop quiz: Is what's good for the United Federation of Teachers good for the city's schoolchildren? UFT president Sandra Feldman wants you to know the right answer.

IF YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN HEARING A lot from the city's teachers' union lately, it's because they've been spending a lot of money to reach you. In the past two months alone, the United Federation of Teachers has invested $480,000 on an advertising campaign asking New Yorkers to help reform the public-school system. In radio spots and in weekly ads run in the New York *Times's* op-ed section, UFT president Sandra Feldman has called for new buildings, smaller classes, uniform standards, a consistent citywide curriculum, and even for freeing schools from regulations. "New York City students deserve a lot better than overcrowded, makeshift classrooms and shortened programs," she says in one radio ad.

The corollary, of course, is that New York City teachers deserve a lot better, too. Many of Feldman's rank and file consider themselves only slightly less victimized than their students are by the shoddy conditions of the city schools.

In a ten-year reign in which she has tangled with three mayors, two governors, and more schools chancellors than anyone can remember, Feldman has established herself as an adept political operator. With the dismal performance of New York City schoolchildren and the sorry state of our schools emerging as the key campaign issue in this year's mayoral election, Feldman knows the union cannot afford to be a defender of the status quo. But as the mayor and the schools chancellor eye reform, Feldman will have to rely on more than her good intentions and eminently reasonable radio voice. She still must prove, most of all to skeptical parents, that what's good for her union is also good for their kids.

LEST SHE GET TOO DISTRACTED BY THE BIG picture, Feldman has an internal battle to fight this year, too: On April 3, the UFT membership will vote on whether she gets another two-year term. Her opponent is Michael Schulman, an English teacher at Fort Hamilton High, and while nobody gives him much of a chance, he has seized on the concerns of an increasingly dissatisfied union faction. Some, especially many high-school teachers, feel that the time Feldman has spent on public-relations campaigns and lobbying in Albany has been at the expense of meat-and-potatoes issues such as salary and benefits. In 1995, her members actually turned down a contract she recommended. "When I started in 1970, this union was at the top of salary scale in surrounding districts," says Schulman. "Now we're at the bottom. A powerful leadership? Look at the facts."



Head of the class: Feldman has put the UFT at the forefront of school reform.

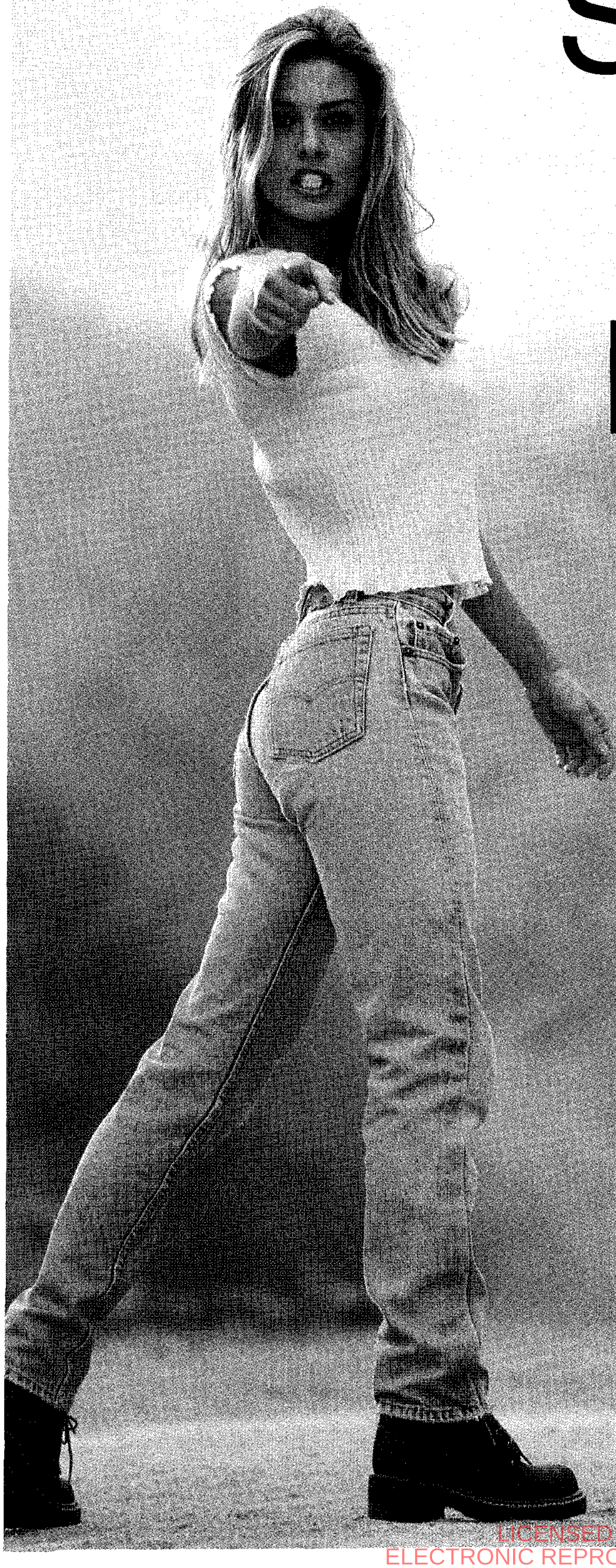
In fact, in an era when municipal unions find themselves making one concession after another, Feldman has positioned herself as an unofficial vice-chancellor of the Board of Education and a major force at City Hall and in Albany. The UFT pumps an average of $1.6 million a year into campaign contributions and its lobbying efforts, financed by steep dues ($600 a year per teacher).

Since the beginning of this school year, the UFT has chalked up several major political and public-relations victories. In September, it forced the Board of Ed to spend $10 million to alleviate school overcrowding, filing more than 17,000 contract grievances to force the city's hand. In December, after years of intense UFT pressure, the state legislature passed a sweeping reform bill that, among other things, removed power from the community school boards. And just last month, final arguments were heard on a lawsuit the union filed three years ago against the city on the condition of the city's crumbling school buildings.

"We are constantly lobbying for resources for the school system," Feldman argues. "We spent years in Albany fighting to get rid of corrupt school boards. But we always end up being treated like

Photograph by Ken Shung.

RECURRENT GENITAL HERPES?



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* Viral shedding.

† In clinical studies designed for medicine to be taken within 6 hours of symptoms or lesion onset.

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Please see brief summary of prescribing information on adjacent page.

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FV7916

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See complete prescribing information in SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals literature. The following is a brief summary.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: *Famvir* is indicated for the management of acute herpes zoster (shingles) and for the treatment of recurrent episodes of genital herpes.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: *Famvir* is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to the product.

PRECAUTIONS: Efficacy has not been established for initial episode genital herpes infection, suppression of recurrent genital herpes, ophthalmic zoster, disseminated zoster or in immunocompromised patients. Adjust dosage when administering to patients with creatinine clearance <60 mL/min. The safety of administering *Famvir* to patients with renal dysfunction is unknown. Safety and efficacy in children under the age of 18 years have not been established.

No clinically significant alterations in penciclovir pharmacokinetics were observed following single-dose administration of 500 mg famciclovir after pre-treatment with multiple doses of cimetidine, allopurinol, or theophylline. Probenecid and other drugs significantly eliminated by active renal tubular secretion may result in increased penciclovir plasma concentrations. Conversion of 6-deoxy penciclovir to penciclovir is catalyzed by aldehyde oxidase. Interactions with other drugs metabolized by this enzyme could occur.

Famciclovir was administered orally unless otherwise stated. Two-year dietary carcinogenicity studies on famciclovir were conducted in rats and mice. The high dose tested in rats and mice was lowered after 7 to 8 months of drug administration to ensure long-term survival (female rats and male/female mice from 750 to 600 mg/kg/day; male rats from 300 to 240 mg/kg/day). A significant increase in the incidence of mammary adenocarcinoma was seen in female rats receiving 600 mg/kg/day (1.5 to 9.0 times the human systemic exposure at the recommended oral dose of 500 mg t.i.d. or 125 mg b.i.d. based on area under the plasma concentration curve comparisons [24 hr AUC] for penciclovir). Marginal increases in the incidence of subcutaneous tissue fibrosarcomas or squamous cell carcinomas of the skin were seen in female rats (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day) and male mice (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day; 0.4 to 2.4x the human systemic exposure, based on 24 hr AUC for penciclovir), respectively. No increases in tumor incidence were reported for male rats treated at doses up to 240 mg/kg/day (0.9 to 5.4x the human AUC), or in female mice at doses up to 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC).

Famciclovir and penciclovir (the active metabolite of famciclovir) were tested for genotoxic potential in a battery of *in vitro* and *in vivo* assays. Famciclovir and penciclovir were negative in *in vitro* tests for gene mutations in bacteria (*S. typhimurium* or *E. coli*) and unscheduled DNA synthesis in mammalian HeLa 83 cells (at doses up to 10,000 and 5000 mcg/plate, respectively). Famciclovir was also negative in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay (5000 mcg/mL), the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test (4800 mg/kg), and rat dominant lethal study (5000 mg/kg). Famciclovir induced increases in polyploidy in human lymphocytes *in vitro* in the absence of chromosomal damage (1200 mcg/mL). Penciclovir was positive in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay for gene mutation/chromosomal aberrations, with and without metabolic activation (1000 mcg/mL). In human lymphocytes, penciclovir caused chromosomal aberrations in the absence of metabolic activation (250 mcg/mL). Penciclovir caused an increased incidence of micronuclei in mouse bone marrow *in vivo* when administered intravenously at doses highly toxic to bone marrow (500 mg/kg), but not when administered orally.

Testicular toxicity was observed in rats, mice, and dogs following repeated administration of famciclovir or penciclovir. Testicular changes included atrophy of the seminiferous tubules, reduction in sperm count, and/or increased incidence of sperm with abnormal morphology or reduced motility. The degree of toxicity to male reproduction was related to dose and duration of exposure. In male rats, decreased fertility was observed after 10 weeks of dosing at 500 mg/kg/day (1.9 to 11.4x the human AUC). The no observable effect level for sperm and testicular toxicity in rats following chronic administration (26 weeks) was 50 mg/kg/day (0.2 to 1.2x the human systemic exposure based on AUC comparisons). Testicular toxicity was observed following chronic administration to mice (104 weeks) and dogs (26 weeks) at doses of 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC) and 150 mg/kg/day (1.7 to 10.2x the human AUC), respectively.

Famciclovir had no effect on general reproductive performance or fertility in female rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (3.6 to 21.6x the human AUC).

Two placebo-controlled studies in a total of 130 otherwise healthy men with a normal sperm profile over an 8-week baseline period and recurrent genital herpes receiving oral *Famvir* (250 mg b.i.d.) (n=66) or placebo (n=64) therapy for 18 weeks showed no evidence of significant effects on sperm count, motility or morphology during treatment or during an 8-week follow-up.

Pregnancy–Teratogenic Effects–Category B. Famciclovir was tested for effects on embryo-fetal development in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (approximately 3.6 to 21.6x and 1.8 to 10.8x the human systemic exposure to penciclovir based on AUC comparisons for the rat and rabbit, respectively) and intravenous doses of 360 mg/kg/day in rats (2 to 12x the human dose based on body surface area [BSA] comparisons) or 120 mg/kg/day in rabbits (1.5 to 9.0x the human dose [BSA]). No adverse effects were observed on embryo-fetal development. Similarly, no adverse effects were observed following intravenous administration of penciclovir to rats (80 mg/kg/day, 0.4 to 2.6x the human dose [BSA]) or rabbits (60 mg/kg/day, 0.7 to 4.2x the human dose [BSA]). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, famciclovir should be used during pregnancy only if the benefit to the patient clearly exceeds the potential risk to the fetus.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Herpes Zoster: In four clinical studies involving 816 *Famvir*-treated patients with herpes zoster (*Famvir*, 250 mg t.i.d. to 750 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with *Famvir* were headache and nausea. The table below lists adverse events occurring on-therapy with an incidence of ≥2% per treatment group in *Famvir* clinical trials. The frequency and types of reported adverse events in trial 008 were representative of the safety experience in the active-controlled herpes zoster *Famvir* trials (007 and 094).

Recurrent Genital Herpes: In three placebo-controlled clinical trials involving 528 *Famvir*-treated patients with genital herpes (*Famvir*, 125 mg b.i.d. to 500 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with *Famvir* were headache and nausea. The table lists adverse events occurring on-therapy in *Famvir* clinical trials with an incidence of ≥ 2% per treatment group.

Adverse Events Reported by ≥2% of Treatment Group in Patients in One Herpes Zoster and Three Placebo-controlled Recurrent Genital Herpes Famvir (famciclovir) Trials*

	Incidence			
	Herpes Zoster		**Genital Herpes**	
Event	***Famvir* (n=273) %**	**Placebo (n=146) %**	***Famvir* (n=640) %**	**Placebo (n=225) %**
Nervous System				
Headache	22.7	17.8	23.6	16.4
Dizziness	3.3	4.1	5.5	4.9
Insomnia	1.5	1.4	2.5	2.2
Somnolence	2.6	2.7	1.6	0.4
Paresthesia	2.6	0.0	1.3	0.0
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea	12.5	11.6	10.0	8.0
Diarrhea	7.7	4.8	4.5	7.6
Abdominal Pain	1.1	3.4	3.9	5.8
Dyspepsia	1.1	1.4	3.4	2.2
Flatulence	1.5	0.7	1.9	2.2
Constipation	4.4	4.8	1.4	0.9
Vomiting	4.8	3.4	1.3	0.9
Anorexia	2.6	4.1	1.1	0.9
Body as a Whole				
Fatigue	4.4	3.4	6.3	4.4
Pain	2.6	2.7	2.0	1.8
Injury	2.6	0.0	0.8	1.3
Fever	3.3	4.1	0.8	0.4
Rigors	1.5	2.7	0.5	0.4
Respiratory				
URI	0.7	0.7	3.3	2.7
Pharyngitis	2.6	4.8	2.7	2.2
Sinusitis	2.6	1.4	1.3	1.3
Musculoskeletal				
Back Pain	1.5	2.7	1.9	2.2
Arthralgia	1.5	2.1	1.3	0.0
Zoster/Genital Herpes-Related Signs/Symptoms/ Complications	2.9	3.4	1.7	2.2
Skin and Appendages				
Pruritus	3.7	2.7	0.9	0.0

*Patients may have entered into more than one clinical trial.

During clinical practice, confusion (including delirium, disorientation, confusional state) has been reported. While infrequent, most of these spontaneous reports have occurred in the elderly.

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1. Sacks SL, Aoki FY, Diaz-Mitoma F, et al. Patient-initiated, twice-daily oral famciclovir for early recurrent genital herpes: a randomized, double-blind multicenter trial. *JAMA*. 1996;276:44-49.

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other unions, which I think is dead wrong. We have a special membership. They're teachers. They should be treated that way by society."

SANDRA FELDMAN IS, IN MANY WAYS, A living example of what the public schools are supposed to do. The daughter of a milkman, she went to grade school in Coney Island and to James Madison High School, also in Brooklyn. She received a master's in literature at NYU and got a job teaching fourth grade at P.S. 34. Three years later, she joined the union full-time. Now, as president, she's charged with representing the interests of 125,000 members (65,000 are active, certified teachers, 30,000 retired, the rest counselors and other personnel).

Detractors say that despite the rhetoric of cooperation, Feldman is a hard-liner when it comes to asking for any flexibility from teachers. "Of course she says she's for reform," says former mayor David Dinkins. "But try asking for two more minutes of work a day and then they become pure trade union."

You don't have to look further than the five-year deal the UFT cut with the Giuliani administration last July. Essentially, the union agreed to go without raises for two years, but refused to concede on productivity issues. The contract, similar to ones Dinkins and Koch signed in the eighties, covers everything from what the teachers do during lunch to the precise length of each work day. With their latest contractual conquests, some of which kick in this month, teachers no longer have to cover homeroom, hall, or lunchroom duties.

It's the kind of minutiae that drives critics crazy. "I like to call it the 'We Don't Do Windows Contract,' " says Sol Stern, a writer for the Manhattan Institute's *City Journal.* "It is this dry, 200-page document with endless detail on what teachers can and cannot do."

Feldman has a stock reply, and it's not particularly persuasive. "Until a few years ago, we still had to punch a time clock," Feldman said, adding that teachers will now have time "to work on more productive education issues."

Not much consolation for parents more concerned about who *will* be monitoring those lunch periods. And if there's one thing they really can't understand, it's the UFT's penchant for sticking up for incompetent teachers. Any attempt by a school principal to reprimand a teacher can be held up for years if the union files a grievance (which the UFT does almost automatically). The process is so time-consuming, many principals don't bother.

Feldman bristles at charges she has heard countless times. "I'm tired of people saying we protect bad teachers," she says. "One bad teacher can hurt an entire school." She defends her union by pointing to the Peer Intervention Program (PIP), a small program run jointly by the Board of Education and UFT. If a tenured teacher is not cutting it, a so-called intervener is brought in to consult. Together, they develop a set of goals, and if the goals aren't met, the bad teacher is advised to leave the profession.

Feldman calls PIP "a great program" that "should be expanded," but it's minor stuff. Bad teachers don't have to participate, and if they do, the worst that can happen is that they'll be *advised* to leave teaching. According to a report in the *Times,* in the eight years since PIP began, 400 teachers have gone through the program, about one fifth have been counseled to leave and 16 have been suspended or dismissed. Alternatives to PIP have been floated—John Fager of Parents Coalition advocates a mandatory parent-teacher review committee at each school—but the UFT will not budge.

It is, in part, this pattern of intransigence that has rallied education reformers to the cause of charter schools, an issue that promises to dominate Feldman's agenda in the coming months. Charter schools are based on a kind of "back to the land" concept; a coalition of parents, community leaders, and teachers devise a plan for a school, obtain a charter (and money) from the city, and then operate it independently of the central bureaucracy and the union. Nationally, charter schools have boomed—appearing in 25 states—but New York has been slow to embrace them.

In December, Feldman said that the UFT might support the idea, but last month she was quick to qualify. "We strenuously object [if charter schools employ uncertified teachers]," says Feldman. "It's not like Harvard professors suddenly have a tremendous desire to work in New York City schools. It's people who can't pass the examination."

One ray of hope for New York's 1.1 million schoolkids is Feldman's strong rapport with Chancellor Rudy Crew. They speak glowingly of each other. "He's a great partner," Feldman says. "Sandy is courageous," Crew counters. "She offers to people the ability to persuade her, to convince her to think about something differently than she'd originally thought. She has an instinct for the judicious use of power and she does care about children. That's a good union leader." ■

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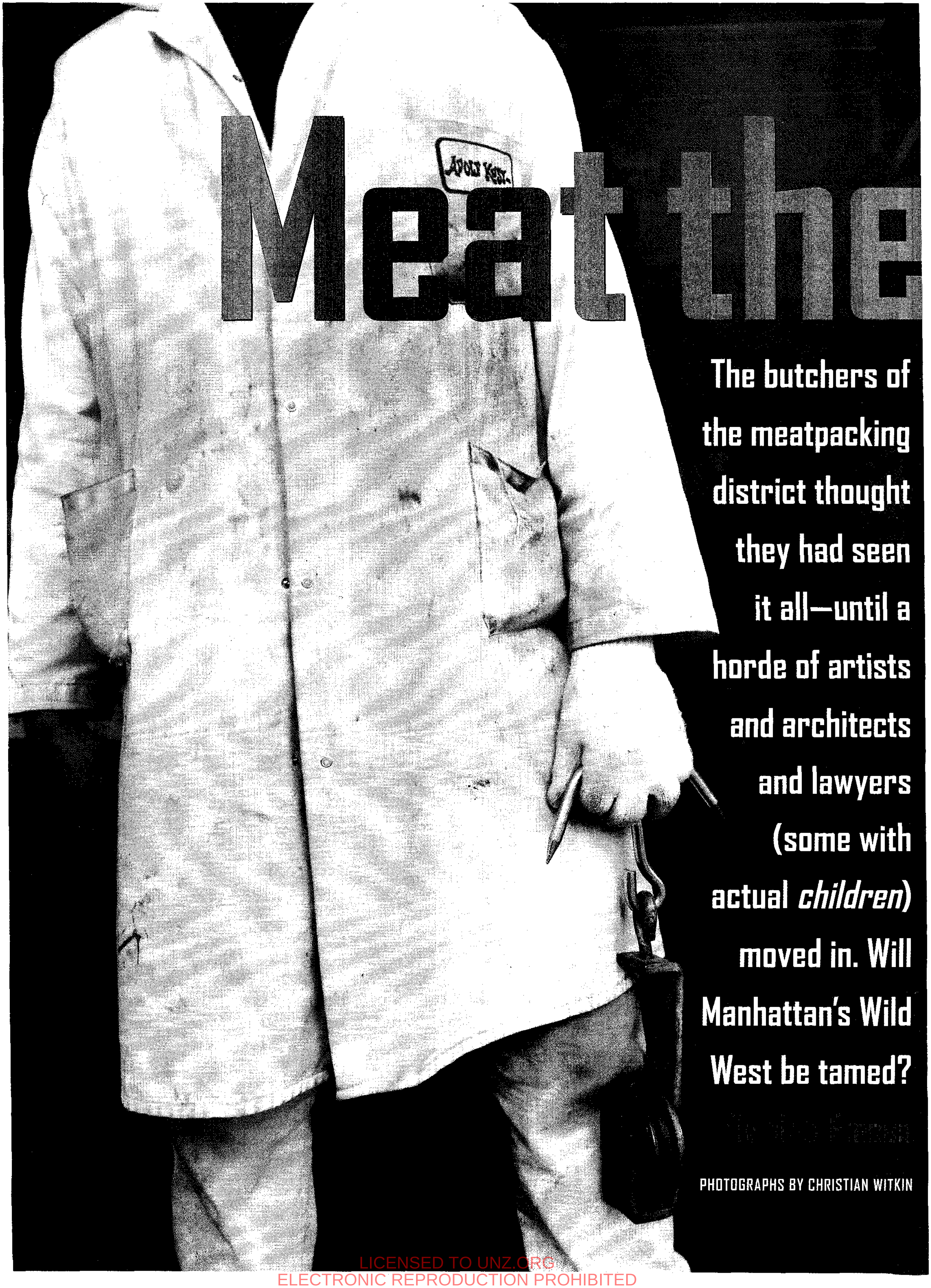


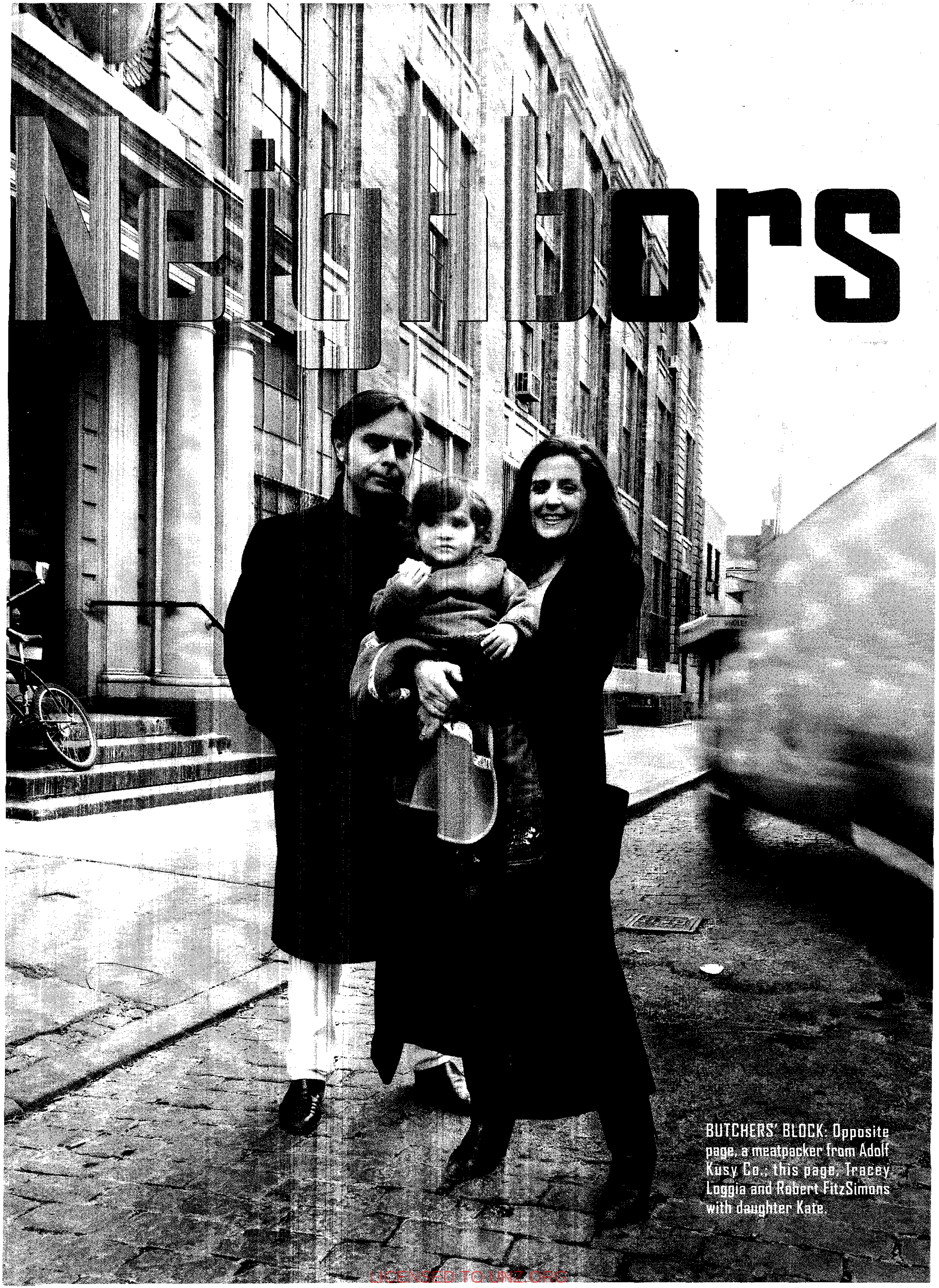
Meat the

The butchers of the meatpacking district thought they had seen it all—until a horde of artists and architects and lawyers (some with actual *children*) moved in. Will Manhattan's Wild West be tamed?

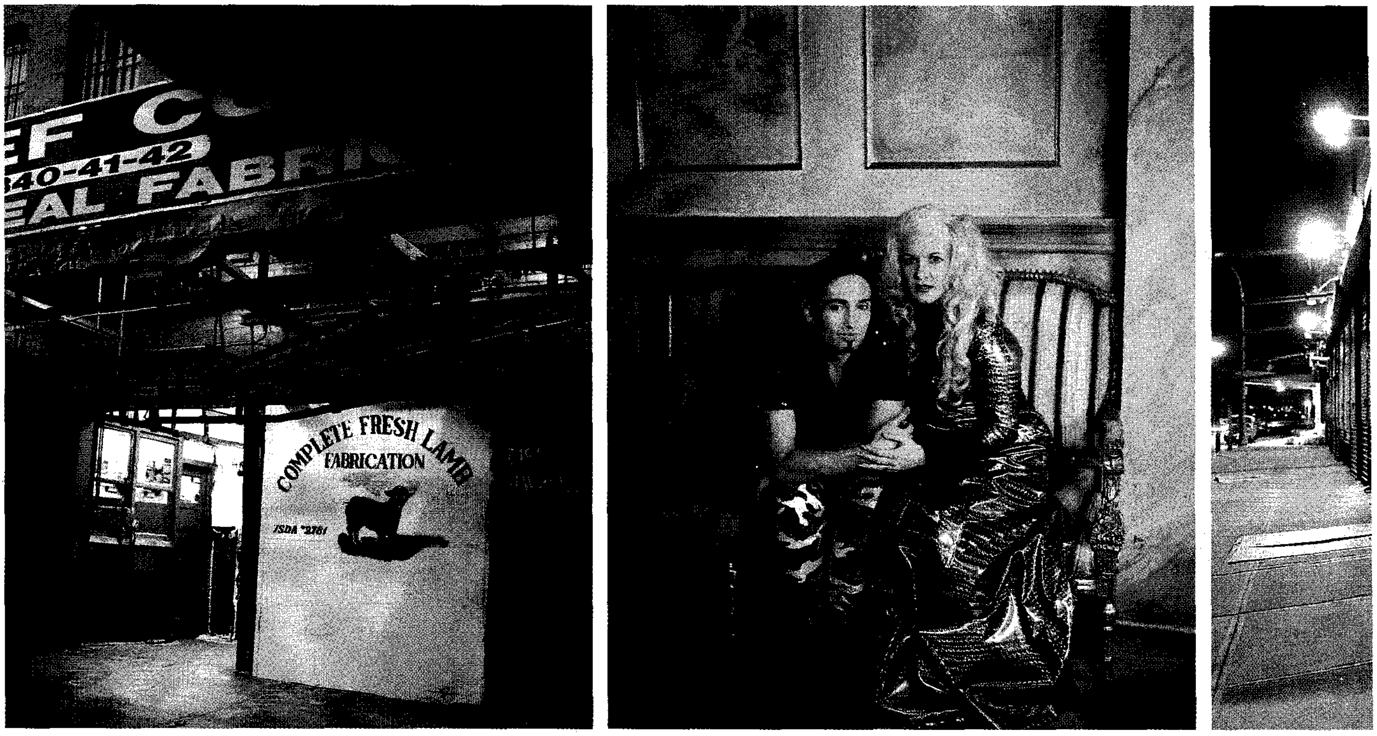
By [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN

Neighbors



BUTCHERS' BLOCK: Opposite page, a meatpacker from Adolf Kusy Co.; this page, Tracey Loggia and Robert FitzSimons with daughter Kate.



"We were here *first,* but I don't want to work out here with *kid*

WILL SOMEBODY MOVE THEIR RED BMW?" SHOUTS THE blonde in the skimpy tank top who dances on the bar, brandishing a megaphone to make herself heard. "One of the guys has a truck to unload." It's the end of a long night, and a tired procession filters out of Hogs & Heifers and onto the sidewalk, where a throng of young men in baseball caps and flannel shirts, Wall Streeters in suits with ties removed (house rules), and a few giddy women are already gathered. The crowd watches as a group of burly men in white smocks unload whole pigs into the ramshackle coolers of Adolf Kusy Company, a pork-processing house. The carcasses have a pale, Plasticine look that invokes a dissection table more than the upscale restaurants where most of them will end up. "Squeal like a pig," shouts a wobbly after-hours bond trader. "*Squeal,* little *piggy*!" It's 3:30 on a chilly Friday morning. The first changing of the guard in the meatpacking district.

There are three shifts every 24 hours in these six square blocks of Lower Manhattan between 15th and Gansevoort Streets west of Ninth Avenue. The first begins at 3 A.M., when the meat handlers begin to unload their trucks, and ends abruptly at noon, when the parts truck makes its final rounds, collecting unusable scraps of flesh for transport to a Newark soap factory. By the time the blood-stained meatworkers pack into Hector's Restaurant on Little West 12th Street for their last cup of coffee, the second shift—the artists, photographers, and other assorted professionals who live and work here—is in full swing in shops, studios, galleries, and storefronts.

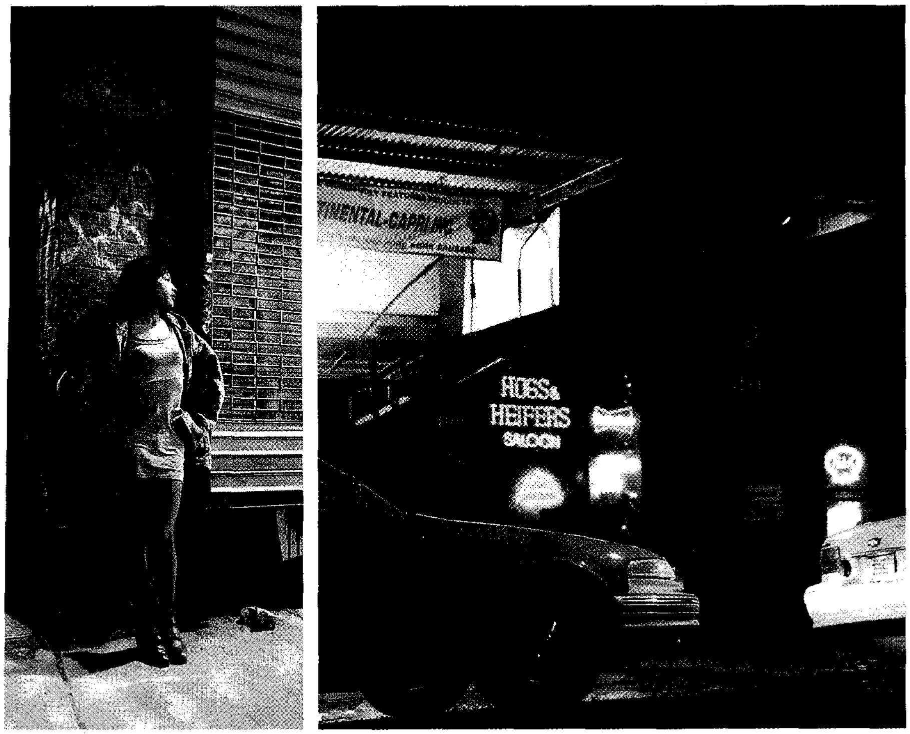
CITY OF NIGHT: Left to right, a neighborhood meat market at dawn; Chi Chi Valenti and her husband, Johnny Dynell, at Mother; Venus corners the market; the bras fly at Hogs & Heifers.

The third shift sets in shortly after nightfall, as the last well-heeled residents are trudging home and the first dolled-up prostitutes are stepping out, their pimps trailing discreetly behind them. Eight o'clock is happy hour at the area's bars and nightclubs. By the time the drunks are stumbling home and the trannies are winding down with a cup of coffee at Dizzy Izzy's, it's 5 A.M. and the meat trucks are back again.

HISTORICALLY THE MOST DECADENT OF NEW York's decadent streets, the meatpacking district is Manhattan's last frontier—a pocket of sin caught in a vise of hipness. Tightly squeezed between Chelsea and the West Village, the meatpacking district has always been viewed with some distaste as a neighborhood where prostitutes peddle themselves, butchers do questionable things to your food, and S&M fetishists do questionable things to one another. "I have seen things down here that you would not believe," boasts a well-known still-life photographer with a studio in the neighborhood. "Somebody having sex on our stoop at eleven o'clock at night. The most straitlaced-looking men you've ever seen—a baby seat in the backseat of the car—picking up the wildest-looking transvestites."

Since 1991, however, the area has undergone an unexpected transformation. Drawn by the area's *outré* appeal, a growing group of fashion photographers like Steven Klein and Dah Len have moved their studios to the district. Bad-boy artist Matthew Barney owns a studio above Hogs & Heifers, while bad-girl thespians Drew Barrymore and Courtney Love room together in a loft on nearby Horatio. As Chelsea has heated up, a wave of new galleries, including 303, Trans Hudson, and @407 and Gansevoort, have launched a nascent art scene, while pop-

Photographs: left to right, Daniela Stallinger (2); Christian Witkin; Daniela Stallinger.



ound," says Venus, a 19-year-old prostitute.

ular bars from Hogs & Heifers to Hell have made the once-barren district a trendy nexus of New York nightlife. "There's such a cross-section of people here," marvels restaurateur Florent Morellet, who after twelve years running his all-night bistro on Gansevoort Street has become the district's unofficial mayor. "At three o'clock in the morning, we've got some butchers and some drag queens, some club kids dressed in black. It's a good mix."

But as everyone from the mayor's office to the porn industry to real-estate speculators eye the waterfront property, some of the gritty elements that make the district unique are beginning to recede.

A newsstand is under construction right next door to the Manhole, one of the area's long-standing leather bars. A pricey patisserie and espresso shop recently sprouted up on 14th Street, down the block from the factory M&W Packing has occupied for the past decade. Even children, once a startling sight in the neighborhood, are beginning to make their presence felt. Last summer, a wayward Good Humor truck began to venture into the neighborhood, chiming the first three bars of the theme song to *The Sting.* Florent now appears with Tennessee Mountain on Zagat's list of restaurants geared for young children. "It's messed business up," sighs Venus, a sweet-faced 19-year-old prostitute and two-year area resident. "There are a lot more yuppies with kids here now. I mean, we were here *first,* but I don't want to be out here working with *kids* around."

IT'S 9 A.M. AND RAY DESTEFANO IS READY TO go to sleep. A 57-year-old supervisor at Walmir Meats at Washington and Little West 12th Streets, the ashen-faced meatpacker is overseeing the last few trucks arriving with the day's kill, an Air Force cap perched jauntily on his head. All around him, workers with bloodstained smocks and bloodshot eyes are buzzing in the bitter cold.

The nineties have not been good to meatpackers. In the past three years, escalating property values and astronomical union fees have spurred a steady exodus of butchers from the area. In 1974, there were 160 thriving meat-related businesses operating between 18th and Bank Streets. By 1995, there were barely half that number. Only four houses now cut fresh beef in the Gansevoort market, down from fifteen a decade ago. From 1991 to 1995, the district lost nearly 30 percent of its work force.

"Butchering is a dying art," says DeStefano, "but the new [refrigerating] Croy'-Vac bag is killing us, and the Mexicans out West are killing us. And the city? They don't have time for us. They want everybody to wear a suit."

Last July, following his well-publicized crackdown on the Fulton Fish Market, Mayor Giuliani announced an investigation into organized-crime activity in the Gansevoort Market. "The city's giving us

The Raw and The Cooked

A MEAT-MARKET GUIDE

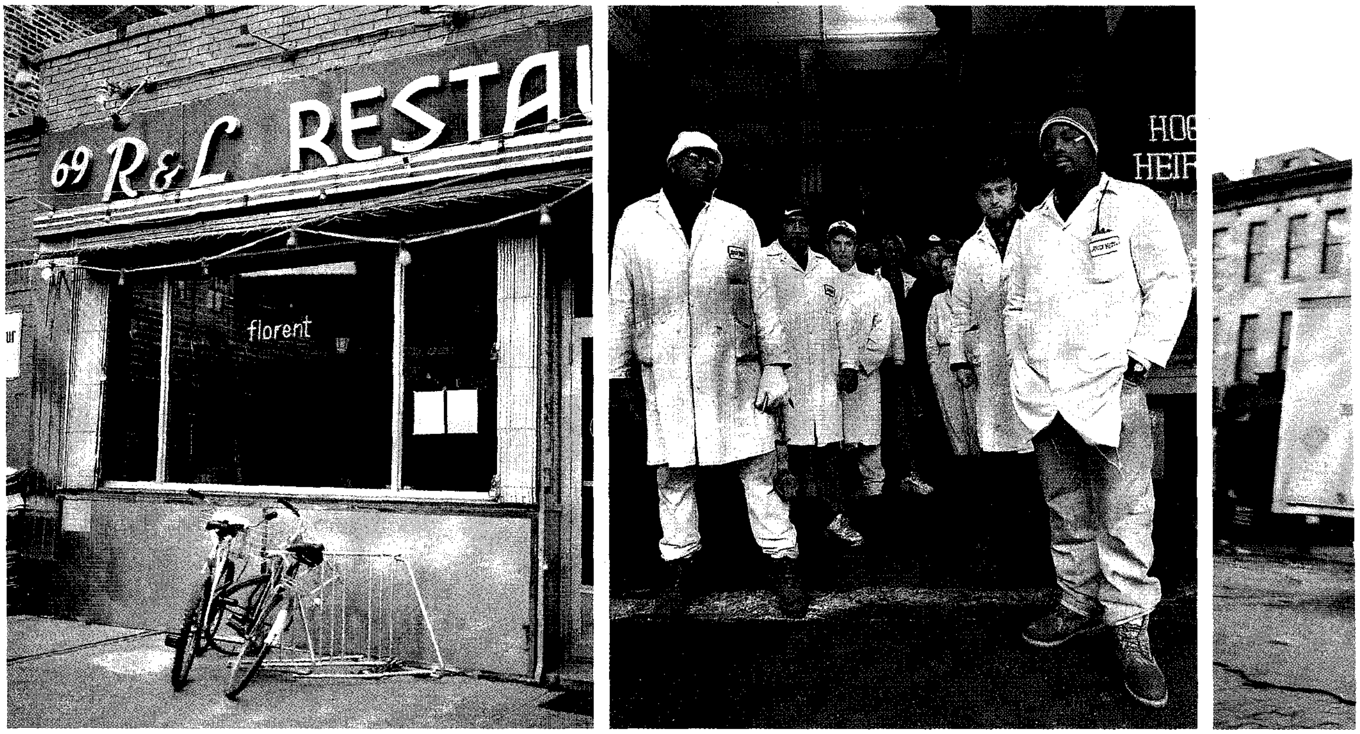
RIO MAR RESTAURANT, *7 Ninth Avenue (242-1623):* This dusty cave of a restaurant is cozy, lively, familial—everything its surrounding stretch of Ninth Avenue isn't. Rigidly authentic, the gently priced Spanish menu includes robust paella and slow-cooked *mariscada;* and the only American on the jukebox is Taylor Dayne, circa 1993.

GANSEVOORT GALLERY, *72 Gansevoort Street (633-0555):* Mark McDonald's gallery feels like a yard sale on a planet where taste has been outlawed. A dramatic jumble of seldom-seen modern pieces, McDonald's exotic stock runs to furniture designed by twentieth-century architects, including a set of ottomans by Frank Lloyd Wright and a tall Eames storage unit. Let the driftwood coffee tables and Coca-Cola posters collect dust in Granny's attic. This is stuff for posterity.

WESTERN BEEF SUPERMARKET, *403 West 14th Street (989-6572):* Soot-faced, fetid, and cruddy around the corners, Western Beef is at once a nightmarish city-supermarket parody and an ode to the countrified general store, a place where a well-balanced meal for four costs as much as a salad at Balducci's. In this forest of institutional-size everything, don't miss the enormous walk-in meat cooler, where a gory display of surf and turf leaves little to the carnivore's imagination.

INDUSTRIA COLLECTION, *755 Washington Street (366-4300):* "These are the clothes you think you already have, but then you look in the closet and you don't have them," says Fabrizio Ferri, who does. The style wizard behind the Industria image factory, Ferri serves up the kind of clothes you wish J. Crew still had—fleece-pocketed jackets, tissue-soft T-shirts, and roomy sweaters.

DIZZY IZZY'S, *408 West 14th Street (627-3777):* Don't let the bagels fool you. Dizzy Izzy's, the neighborhood's only authentic bagel shop—founded in 1938 by Izzy Goldberg—is the nexus of meatpacking nightlife. This delilike watering hole, open 24 hours, does a brisk wholesale business by day, even supplying the New York *Times*'s cafeteria. In the wee hours, a Kaffeeklatsch of transvestites rehashes the workday while club kids *(continued)*



"Greenwich Village is creeping in from the east. Chelsea is comi

abuse," complains Joe Nemecek, second-generation owner of Adolf Kusy Specialty Meats. "Greenwich Village is slowly creeping in from the east. Chelsea is coming south. They'd love this to turn into a new SoHo."

BUT IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN ECONOMIC AND political pressure to wash away the two centuries of blood that meatpackers have spilled on these streets. Herman Melville worked here as a customs agent in the 1860s; thousands of gallons of whiskey flowed through the area during Prohibition; sweatshops and tool-and-die factories came and went in the sixties and seventies. All the while, the meatpackers were unloading sides of beef into 38-degree coolers in the middle of the night.

The entire aesthetic and infrastructure of the neighborhood has its roots in the meat industry, from the low-slung canopies and colorful storefronts that dominate the area to the subterranean brine system that pumps thousands of gallons of Hudson River water to refrigerate the coolers. "What makes this area so exciting is the meat market," explains Florent. "At three o'clock the city is dead, but you come here and you have *mayhem*."

More important, the meatpacking industry also ensured the district's virtual isolation. Largely ignored by police and regulatory agencies, the area had by the early eighties become a grade-B red-light district, a haven for $20 transvestite hookers, minor-league mobsters, and the more extreme elements of New York nightlife.

The meatpackers, after all, worked here only eight hours a day. And though they left entrails and random scraps of meat behind when they went home, until recently the neighborhood's other major tenants didn't seem to mind.

FOR MOST OF THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES, these tenants consisted largely of gay men. At the height of the sexual revolution, it was the meatpacking district that housed now-legendary S&M leather bars and fetish houses, places with evocative names like the Alex in Wonderland, Crisco Disco, and the Mine Shaft. The latter, housed in a crumbling warehouse on Washington and Little West 12th Streets, attracted visitors from all over the world. The basement, regulars say, housed a giant maze, a pool table, and a couple of working jail cells.

By the mid-eighties, however, AIDS had decimated the scene and padlocked almost all of the district's sex clubs. With the brief exception of Rudolf's five-floor colossus Mars—which opened in 1988 on the site of Alex in Wonderland and closed two years later—no mainstream clubs, let alone daylight businesses, even attempted to venture into the neighborhood.

Rudy Giuliani has changed all that. Though the mayor's quality-of-life campaign has made it increasingly difficult for bar and club owners to open in other areas of the city, the meatpacking district has offered a welcome refuge. Real estate is cheap and plentiful: Landlords are unloading thousands of square feet of unwanted cooler space at fire-sale rates. And while six-foot-thick cinder-block walls and an air-conditioning system capable of cooling hundreds of sides of beef may not be ideal for every business, it is a felicitous set-up for a nightclub. Two have opened here in the past two months.

Like Mars, which showcased an installation of leftover torture paraphernalia in its basement, new clubs like the Lure and Hell draw on the area's whips-and-chains folklore. "We were looking for a place that had an element of danger," says Chi Chi Valenti, who presides over the polysexual, polymorphous camp-fest called Mother. "The area has a long history of straight and gay S&M. With the combination of fetish sex and performance going on down here, we have the most fabulous drop-in clientele." At the Lure—a leather bar—the bouncer still enforces a strict dress code, but the basement here features not a dungeon but a gym—a distinctly nineties take on the area's gritty past.

If clubs like Mother and the Lure allude winkingly to the neighborhood's S&M allure, Hogs & Heifers—around the corner

MEN AT WORK: Left to right, Gansevoort Street's Florent has anchored the neighborhood since the eighties; the meatpacking corps from Adolf Kusy Co.; a "suit" on his way to work; party planner Robert Isabell, a district pioneer.

Photographs: left to right, Daniela Stallinger; Christian Witkin; Daniela Stallinger (2).

uth. They'd love this to turn into a new SoHo."

from Mother on 13th Street—is just as unabashedly sentimental. A high-concept, low-rent biker bar decorated with signs from abandoned meat houses, it's a paean to the area's working-class roots. Festooned with discarded bras donated by uninhibited patrons like Julia Roberts, Ashley Judd, and Kirstie Alley, and catering to a redneck Ralph Lauren crowd, Hogs & Heifers has helped make the meatpacking district almost hip—a constant tabloid fixture. Gwyneth Paltrow and Brad Pitt are regulars. Johnny Depp and Kate Moss were turned away at the door.

Unsteadily presiding over the raucous scene is Allan Dell, a self-described "functioning alcoholic" who can often be found sleeping off a hangover in his bright-red Bronco. An imposing man with orange hair and the air of an attention-impaired child, Dell fancies himself the Keith Barish of the meatpacking district. He began poring through real-estate ads three and a half years ago, armed with $40,000 and a hazy scheme to open a bar. Too poor to go anywhere else, he wound up in the meatpacking district, taking over an old chicken cooler and setting up his home in the basement. Last year, Hogs & Heifers grossed more than $1 million.

For the most part, his bar has blended neatly into the neighborhood, though pitched battles have broken out between local transvestites and intoxicated interlopers with sometimes surprising results. One memorable night, drag queens sent a pack of bottle-throwing toughs to the hospital. Despite these incidents, Dell remains a true believer. Next year he intends to bring his bar to the masses, planning a Hogs & Heifers franchise in Los Angeles with actor Tim Roth, and another with New York Giant Jerry Reynolds in Dallas. "I came down here, just a drunk with a dream," gushes the unlikely entrepreneur. "I guess God, if there is one, is smiling on me."

APPARENTLY GOD IS SMILING ON Robert Isabell as well. It's 5 P.M. on a recent Friday, and Sandy Pittman is calling with a dinner invitation. "Tonight? Oh, Sandy," sighs Isabell with a roll of his eyes. He's had a long day, arranging fêtes for the fabulous from a former lobster hatchery on 13th Street just west of Ninth Avenue, and Isabell is tired. At age 44, Isabell is the most sought-after party planner and society florist of the decade, with half a dozen million-dollar weddings, Jacqueline Onassis's funeral, and her son's recent nuptials on his résumé.

A bright-orange sun melts over the Hudson River in front of the twenty-foot-high windows of Isabell's stark, track-lit office.

"When I came down here," he says, looking like an aging movie star, his pin-striped sport coat draped over a leather vest, "this place definitely had a Wild West quality to it. I was a pioneer."

One of the first non–meat professionals to move to the district, Isabell took

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lower their blood-alcohol level before stumbling into a northbound cab.

PATISSERIE J. LANCIANI, *414 West 14th Street (989-1213):* White-bearded Joseph Lanciani is the man behind the patisserie's old-school pink-icing treats. Most business comes from upscale, uptown favorites like Grace's Marketplace and Dean & DeLuca, but confections are also sold retail in the small sidewalk storefront. Doing his best SoHo imitation, Lanciani last summer tried adding sidewalk seating—until the Department of Consumer Affairs stepped in. "Sometimes," he sighs, "Giuliani's quality-of-life goes too far."

HECTOR'S RESTAURANT, *Washington Street and Little West 12th Street (206-7592):* Hector's greasy spoon, a kind of working-man's Twin Peaks diner, is where you'll find the butchers and the drivers cradling their morning cup of joe at 2 A.M., one block from the West Side Highway. Behind the aqua counter, owner Onoufrios Argyros notes that his customers haven't changed in 50 years. "These guys eat like *normal* people eat," he emphasizes. "Mostly meat sandwiches."

RESTAURANT FLORENT, *69 Gansevoort Street (989-5779):* This American café–cum–French bistro has been a 24-hour oasis here since the big eighties. Clients have always been an eclectic bunch, a mix of older diners from the suburbs, ravenous nightcrawlers, and the requisite leather enthusiasts. That's just fine with owner Florent Morellet, who encourages eccentricity despite leanings toward the traditional: a kids' menu, plus a power-lunching crowd of local models, designers, and artists.

JUDD GRILL'S GYM, *809 Washington Street (645-4414):* "Stairmasters and benches have not taken the place of bar stools," declares Judd Grill, the gym's Van Damme–like owner and self-proclaimed "Balducci of Fitness." Two main rooms serve highbrow West Coast Building residents and other neighborhood folk who prefer Judd's personal attention. Grill says "slumming" customers arrive from uptown simply because "people like finds . . . and I definitely consider myself a find."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD RESTAURANT, *56 Ninth Avenue (242-9040):* The all-night neon signs for Greg and Marc Sherry's family-owned landmark are as subtle as the life-size cow out front. But inside is the only steakhouse in the city where you'll find a hand-massaged Kobe steak, guaranteed to melt "like buttah." Since *(continued)*

WASHINGTON ST
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
NO PARKING
SCHUSTER MEAT CORP.
SPECIALIZING IN
BONELESS BEEF CUTS
CASH AND CARRY
OPEN SATURDAYS
INEDIBLE
INEDIBLE
INEDIBLE
RESTAURANT

REMAINS OF THE DAY: Left to right, Hector's Restaurant on Little West 12th Street, a meatpacker hangout; Schuster Meat Corp's leftovers; a jumble of modern furniture at Mark McDonald's Gansevoort Gallery; a coffee break for the locals.

"We love Robert Isabell," says the Lure's Joey Dluzak. "We'd love to

his first space on 13th Street, in the old *Collier Magazine* Building, in 1989. Five years later, he bought his three-story, two-building command center next door to provide more space for his new perfume line—launched last year with backing from Seagram's heir Matthew Bronfman.

At first glance, Isabell's headquarters looks like a hothouse version of Santa's factory. Candle cutters bustle around in one corner, while flower arrangers carrying Romanesque pots dart back and forth to a huge, orchid-filled refrigerator. Next door, a vast former blast freezer (once able to freeze meat in four seconds, brags Isabell) houses a full-service welding operation. In a tiny office on the second floor, a tiny, apron-clad man attends to hundreds of whirring blenders filled with colorful paint.

Escorting a visitor, Isabell enthusiastically talks up his turf. Though he admits it's a long way off, Isabell thinks a certain amount of gentrification is inevitable. He sees the meatpacking district competing with far-west 22nd Street, a trendy, arty bastion known as Little SoHo. "They don't have restaurants over there; they're not accessible. But we have all of that."

HE MAY BE ON TO SOMETHING. WITH REAL-estate prices in Chelsea and the far West Village quickly approaching $20 per square foot per year, artists, photographers, and service businesses are seriously eyeing the meatpacking district just blocks away, with its vast lots of vacant space, priced as low as $6 per square foot.

And, despite its daunting appearance, the district has become surprisingly safe. Around 1989, when the crack epidemic was in full swing, community-activist groups got serious. Raising money from area residents, they blocked off streets to Holland Tunnel traffic, hired Epic Security to patrol the area, and pressured the city to close the pier on Little West 12th Street, ground zero for the area's prostitution activity. By 1996, crime had dropped more than 50 percent.

Besides, the meatpacking district's history of vaudeville and vice does for its recent immigrants what the last remnants of junkie folklore did for the first middle-class settlers of the East Village: It bestows on them a degree of urban credibility. Residents eagerly swap transvestite anecdotes, grossest meat moments, and tales of encounters with the more gruff occupants of the neighborhood. The Calvin Klein models who just moved in to a recently shut-down Mexican bordello gleefully tell of the former regulars who still ring their buzzer looking for some action in the wee hours of the morning. "When I'm in the street with my long hair and leather pants," says Dah Len, "the cars roll down the windows thinking that they want to be my customers, if you know what I mean." Call it upward-mobility *sauvage*.

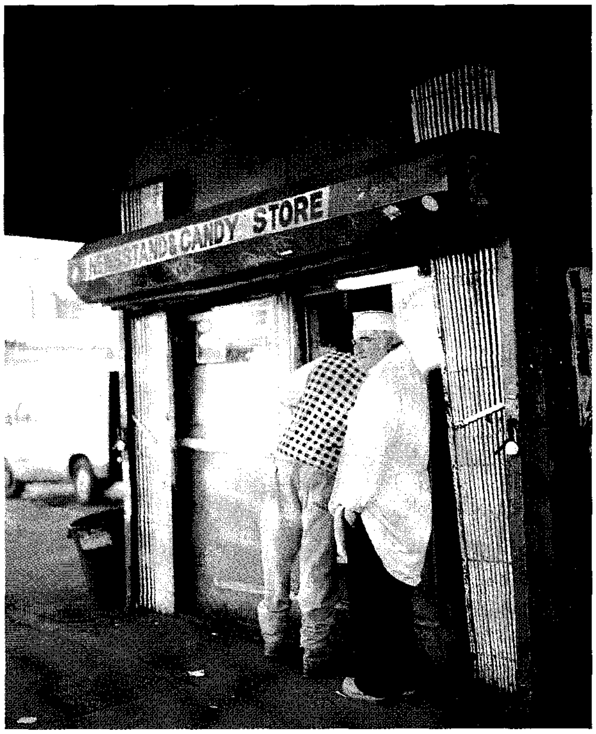
For the moment, the community seems to be enjoying its newfound fabulousness. "We love Robert Isabell," says Joey Dluzak, general manager of the Lure. "We'd like to use him, but we don't have those kinds of parties." Ray DeStefano has discovered Hollywood. "I been in all the movies," he coolly says. "*Black Rain, Perfect Witness*, the one with the blind guy and the deaf guy driving the cab."

His colleague Joe Nemecek has a new appreciation for nightlife. "We're unloading pigs, and the gays and whatnot are walking by," he laughs. "This is what makes New York great. I'm sitting in my office at 3 A.M., and the music from Jackie 60 vibrates through the floor, up my chair, and up my butt. It's a great mix."

And photographers love the vaudeville of the neighborhood transvestites. Steven Klein recalls shooting Naomi Campbell and Kate Moss at 14th Street and Ninth Avenue when a group of transvestites clustered around them, making fun of the two girls they thought were impersonating supermodels. "They were posing more than she was, shouting, 'Swing the mane, Naomi. Swing it, girl!' " recounts Klein. "Then they figured out who they were dealing with."

"When I first moved in, the meat guys were baffled by what we were doing here,"

Photographs: left to right, Christian Witkin; Daniela Stallinger (3).



m, but we don't have those kinds of parties."

says Robert Isabell. "Now every Valentine's Day, a meat guy or two will come down here and ask me, 'Do you think I can get some roses for, like, my wife?' "

In addition to its more glam fixtures, the neighborhood has had no shortage of eccentrics. Take Tommy, the idea man behind Fat Boy, a theme restaurant on 14th Street that has advertised its imminent opening for more than a year. Just after he erected a six-foot neon sign announcing his new night spot, Tommy (who died of a heart attack shortly before Christmas) toured the neighborhood, promising to "clean things up around here, even if we have to crack a couple of heads to do it." Conventional wisdom attributes decreased prostitution activity on 14th Street to him.

And, of course, there's Andrew Crispo, who hovers like a ghost over the district. Since he was acquitted of the notorious Death Mask murder in 1985, the art dealer and onetime millionaire has filed for bankruptcy. But he recently took out a lease on a 22,000-square-foot ground-floor atrium in 416 West 13th Street for his comeback project, Society Hall—"the largest sculpture garden and art flea market in the world." Everyone, from meat workers to transvestite prostitutes, Florent to Robert Isabell, has seen his space, met him, or knows somebody he's tried to pick up. An art dealer and night crawler with a proclivity for S&M, Crispo reportedly travels the area incognito, discreetly calling himself "Chris."

"Gene," a curmudgeonly septuagenarian waitress with an airborne hairdo, has her own cult following. A few years ago, her services were the object of a frantic bidding war between Florent and Hector's. (Hector's won.) Ollie, the homeless man who stands every day in front of Gaslight, at 14th Street and Ninth Avenue, was supposedly the owner of a restaurant in the Triangle building where the Hog Pit now stands. According to neighborhood lore, his wife tragically died a few years ago, and Ollie fell on hard times. Rumor has it that his regular changes of clothes come from the meat guys who, grateful for his years of service, supply him with a new outfit every couple of weeks. And then there's "Tiny," the tranny-chasing midget meat-worker and nightclub fixture who seems to effortlessly bridge the neighborhood's many worlds.

Ultimately it's this lack of boundaries that its current residents are most afraid to lose. At a time when the city has become increasingly stratified, the meat-packing district, for all its in-your-face eccentricity, is an anachronism: a truly diverse New York community. People like Tracey Loggia, a young mother who, with her husband, operates Globe Studios on 13th Street, would like it to stay that way. "There's something so New York here," she says, with a sidelong glance at the prostitutes assuming their posts across the street from her loft. "I'm a fifth-generation New Yorker, and to me this place is heaven. Everything comes together." ■

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1868, this destination spot has received a steady mix of high-rolling Wall Streeters and New York notables. But grunge aficionados beware. Greg made Brad and Gwyneth wait 45 minutes because he didn't like the way they dressed.

HOGS & HEIFERS, *859 Washington Street (929-0655):* Owner Allan Dell proudly cites a list of celebrities who've stopped by his four-year-old establishment but claims that the *faux* cowboy bar caters mainly to "plumbers and electricians and shit." You could've fooled us: Pipe fitters *we've* encountered don't work on clogged drains in three-piece suits.

HELL, *59 Gansevoort Street (727-1666):* By now the jokes have grown tired ("*You* go to Hell"), though not the enchantment of Manhattan's newest lounge, whose tastefully lavish chandeliers and velvet drapes are answered in sinfully amusing counterpoint by bathroom doors gender-identified with photographs of the pope and Mother Teresa.

THE COOLER, *416 West 14th Street (229-0785):* All stainless steel and black lights, the Cooler serves up indie rock, avant jazz, and trendy electronica in a basement decorated with giant scales and meat hooks. Beginning next month, a street-level lounge area will cater to technophiles, with experimental music pumping from the sound system and multimedia entertainment pumping from a high-speed Internet connection.

MOTHER, *432 West 14th Street (366-5680):* Parties at this six-nights-a-week, two-floor fun house are a lot like children—they're all very special in their own way. The new owners (husband-and-wife team Chi Chi Valenti and D.J. Johnny Dynell) gave the former Barroom 432 a Versailles-inspired makeover but didn't touch a thing when it came to its successful long-running parties.

PLUSH, *431 West 14th Street (631-1023):* The name of this all-purpose, bi-level nightspot (atmospheric lounge above, dance floor below) refers to its oversize banquettes of Ultrasuede and vinyl, which deliver an unmistakable SoHo vibe. On weekends, it overflows with Eurotrash; true music aficionados turn out for Monday's Latin-house party, Sugarbabies, and Thursday's Jungle Nation.

THE LIBERTY INN, *51 Tenth Avenue (741-2333):* Love doesn't come cheap, but rooms at the Liberty Inn—"Manhattan's finest hotel for ro-

(continued)

Market Forces

A triumvirate of wealthy landlords holds the future of the meat district in its hands. By Alex Williams

RICHARD KUNIS WOULD LIKE to find a nice little home for pornography in Manhattan. As head of the pro-pornography Adult Industry Trade Association, he has made it his mission. "It's free expression," he says incredulously. "How can you zone out words and pictures? It doesn't make sense. This is New York. It's not Rudyworld."

But with Big Porn being swept out of its world mecca by Times Square redevelopment, and the remaining merchants desperately appealing the 1995 city law intended to push them from residential neighborhoods, the X-rated industry is suddenly looking for a little *Lebensraum*. The thing is, among the few areas where Rudy's initiative allows adult industries are manufacturing zones. And there's just not much cheap, open manufacturing terrain left in Manhattan.

Except, of course, in the meatpacking district, where there is, coincidentally, not a lot of civic squeamishness and resident militancy to stand in the way. There is, in fact, very little standing in the way of any scenario for the future of the meatpacking district. It could be the next SoHo. It could be the next Eighth Avenue. The uncertainty is as exhilarating as it is scary.

Just listen to Tom Duane, councilman for District 3, which stretches up the West Side from Canal to 55th Street. "The reason I'm fearful now is because [adult establishments] are not allowed in so many other places. And since this is a place they can come in, they *will* come in. And if they put in an adult bookstore, then people will drive in from, you know, Brooklyn or Jersey City." But in the next breath, Duane will be off prophesying a rosy future of haute bakeries and art galleries.

In the meantime, everyone seems to be busier talking about plans than enacting them, mainly because some crucial questions need to be answered: How do you "gentrify" a "meat market"? Who wants to step over bloody cow femurs in a new pair of Manolo Blahniks? Even Kunis seems a little put off by the hurdles. "You ever been there at night?" he asks. "That's not a shopping area. You wouldn't put a Waldbaum's there. In one place, you can get tied up and spanked. In another, you can get punished. That's a neighborhood for people who are on the edge."

Elite florist Robert Isabell recalls driving Chelsea art-gallery owner Paula Cooper around the meat district, scouting sites. Her concept was to develop, if not the next SoHo, then at least the next West Chelsea. The trip was not a success.

"With all the meat guys and whatnot," says Isabell, employing maximum politesse, "it . . . wouldn't work for her."

IN FACT, THE ADULT-ESTABLISHMENT ZONING changes that Giuliani spearheaded preclude a dense concentration of adult businesses anywhere in the city, stipulating that no two porn shops can open within 500 feet of each other. But the simple fear of proliferating porn underlines the paranoia that uncertainty brings. "Right now, my sense is that our policy is one of no policy," says Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter. "The meat industry is changing and shrinking. The question is whether or not you try unduly to preserve what's there, like through zoning changes or protections. Our view is that that's not a positive thing. We protected manufacturing zones for twenty years, in an attempt to keep manufacturers here, to the exclusion of anything else. It didn't bring the manufacturing back, and it kept out other things." Reiter presumes the meat business will remain in some form, though she doesn't rule out the threat to it "by market forces."

Even James Ortenzio—head of the Meat Market Association—seems satisfied with the laissez-faire landscape. "I'm a big George Pataki, free-market fan," Ortenzio says. "If change is going to happen, let it happen."

WHATEVER DIRECTION THE FUTURE TAKES, A small cadre of property owners will have an unusually large say in the matter. A de facto triumvirate controls an estimated 80 percent of the floor space in the six-square-block area: the Meilman family, the Romanoff family, and William Gottlieb. Gottlieb alone owns 22 buildings in the district.

Rich Meilman, 31—along with his father, Jack, and his uncle, Myron—now manages six buildings in the district

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mance"—sure do: A frisky Wall Street banker on a budget can purchase a few hours of privacy with the tranny hooker of his dreams for just $28 (that's minus a bathroom) and splurge on a Jacuzzi for a mere three bucks extra.

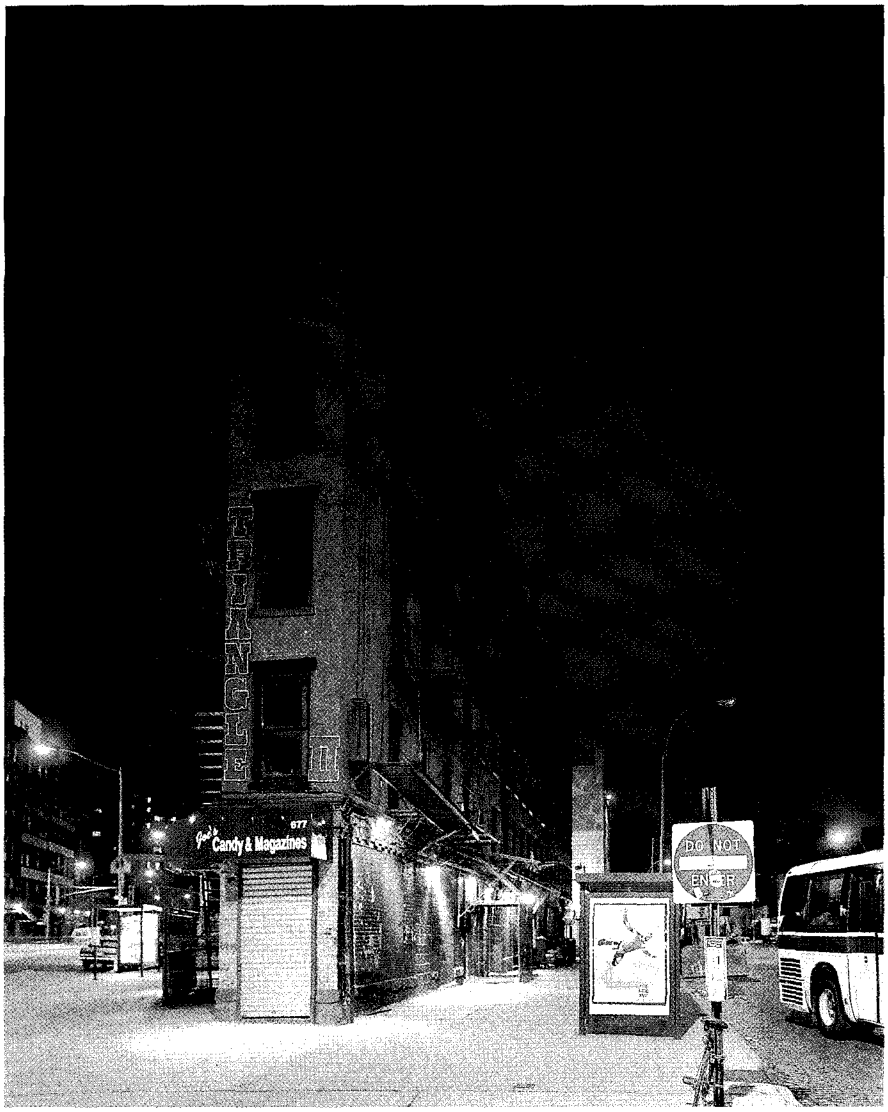
THE LOVE TRIANGLE: Exhibitionists of all stripes flock to this pie-shaped building, which houses three venues for voyeurism: J's Hangout (675 Hudson Street; 242-9292), a midnight-to-8 A.M. gay den of iniquity; and the Manhole and the Hellfire Club, which share the same dungeon on alternate nights (28 Ninth Avenue; 647-1726 and 647-0063)—the former homo, the latter hetero—attracting those for whom "getting medieval on your ass" is more than just a line from *Pulp Fiction.*

THE LURE, *409 West 13th Street (741-3919):* Yet another gay S&M-friendly bar, the Lure eschews the foul-dungeon aesthetic some of its neighbors favor; instead, it offers just a couple of cages along the wall. Depending on the night, the scene ranges from a few beer-sipping fellas to a full-on whips-and-chains bacchanal. The bootblack stand here is in regular use, but beware: In these parts, "spit shine" still connotes an old-fashioned tongue-to-boot application of saliva.

THE VAULT, *28 Tenth Avenue (255-6758):* Reminiscent of the meatpacking district's sex-frenzied seventies heyday, this truly scuzzy three-story dive caters to those whose lack of inhibition is matched only by their lack of imagination. As hard-core porn spews forth from video monitors, exhibitionists enact "scenes" on furniture straight out of *Dead Ringers.* In the place's favor: It's one of the few spots where straights and gays are encouraged to mix. And the employees are amusing hosts, bantering cheerfully as they go about unpleasant duties involving push brooms and Windex.

FAT BOY SALOON, *409 West 14th Street (366-5400):* "This is an adult wonderland," says Dennis DiSarle, the biker manager of the area's newest club, Fat Boy, opening next month. "It's gonna be a big-boys-big-toys kind of scene." This much we gathered from the hanging motorcycles, VIP sports bar, and promised snuggly cigar bar, cellar jazz lounge, and "dance acts." Culinary ideas are more free-form, but savoy-cabbage-and-lobster soup and stuffed quail with escarole seem iffy in a place with a souvenir boutique.

Reported by Sarah Bernard, Vanessa Grigoriadis, James Patrick Herman, and Ethan Smith.



The Flatiron's naughty twin: The Triangle Building straddles 14th Street, Ninth Avenue, and Hudson Street.

(grandfather Louis first bought into the area in the twenties). He says his family has long been open to various scenarios for the neighborhood. "The artists, the photographers—the kind of people who live in TriBeCa or SoHo—would love to see a live-work situation here," he says. "I could even see a 'big box' use, a Home Depot or a Sears, if that's what the city needs. But we're not developers. We inherited the property, and we're basically waiting for some developer to come along with a bright idea. But then, we've been waiting for that for twenty years."

For Meilman, the shrinking meat business has hardly been a problem. "Between 1990 and 1992, I lost three or four meat people in my buildings," he says. "This left three or four buildings in disrepair. When I fixed them up, the art people came in in droves . . . architects, sculptors, businesses with one or two people. There was only a year or so of downtime."

Another important player is Larry Devine. Devine and his partner, Phil Perlman, own only one building—430 West 14th Street—but it's a large one that rises five stories and spans the entire block down to 13th Street. Many see it as emblematic of the district's future. The two partners bought the building in 1978 and slowly transformed it into a distinct meat-district hybrid of flesh and fashion.

The ground floor no longer houses a butcher or chicken wholesaler but instead a more upscale provisioner, who sells hams, frozen shrimp, cheeses, and the like to local restaurants. The upper four floors are home to an amalgam of artsy (painters, jewelry designers) and more conventional (real-estate companies, accountants, a psychiatrist) businesses.

Devine sees the hybrid model spreading throughout the district. The charms, he says, are obvious. The meat guys have their space to operate, and the artsy types, even the business types, have their toehold on minimalist chic (plus their cheap rents).

"Down here, you're close to the Village, and to the river, but you still have the feeling you're off the beaten track," Devine says, reciting the mantra of the moment.

But even Devine's hybrid model might be nothing more than a transitional step. Much of the murmuring lately revolves around the idea of expanding the territory that businesses like the Chelsea Market have already homesteaded: Simply let the market forces shove out the meat guys and replace them with a high-end food wholesalers' souk rerouting truffles, focaccia, and endive to the catering and restaurant businesses throughout the city, a kind of Les Halles along the Hudson.

But even any yuppie-marketplace period might not last. After all, what the city needs most is housing. A town that decades ago would see tens of thousands of new housing units come on line each year now sees a paltry 3,000 or 4,000. "Something has to change," says Meilman. "Landlords just can't sit here with empty buildings. If any developer can come in and rezone at least a couple of blocks, he'll get an early fix on it. There is a legitimate need."

Some major developers are already moving in just along the fringes, where the residential zoning of the Village starts. Hudson Companies will soon start work on converting former printers' factories into luxury condominiums at 345 West 13th Street. Rockrose Development, which has vast real-estate holdings throughout town, started encroaching on the meatpackers in the eighties, converting several large industrial buildings into its West Coast Apartments complex. The firm has recently converted another raw space into tony residential projects on Horatio Street, on the edge of the district.

Still, no matter how much residential building gets zoned in, SoHo remains the clear archetype. But as anyone who's elbowed his way down Spring Street on a Saturday can attest, the SoHo experience can be a cautionary one. Some are already getting nostalgic, not just for the past but for the present.

"Every year, you'll see a little less of what brought us here," says club queen Chi Chi Valenti, with a pronounced air of resignation. "[Eventually] it'll become Chelsea or SoHo." But, she says, sounding suddenly optimistic, "psycho-geographically, 14th Street has this thing where no matter what gentrifies around it, even around Fifth and Sixth Avenues, it's still kind of seedy." In other words, for fans of the classic meat market, there might be some reason for hope. ■

Photograph by Christian Witkin.

All in the Gotti Family

Out in Queens, among tough-talking hard guys, a literary flower grew. Victoria Gotti is a nice person, not a bad novelist, a good mother, and a dedicated volunteer for charity. But does she *really* believe her father was in the plumbing-supply business?

By Nancy Jo Sales

Victoria Gotti at her house in Old Westbury, Long Island.

THE BALLROOM OF WESTBURY MANOR looks like the setting for a wedding by Scorsese. A very large man is standing watch over the door. Chubby little boys with carnation corsages are tearing around grabbing hors d'oeuvre off trays while broad, sturdy men are kissing one another on the cheek, rocking in hugs. The band plays "Embraceable You." The women here have nails, and mink. In the middle of the room, there are tables bearing place cards that say JOHN GOTTI. ■ He's here—that is, John "Junior" (as in JFK "Junior")—but he is not easy to find. People claim not to have seen him, or say he may have left already. Ac-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY/CPi
FOR NEW YORK

tually, he's the wide guy in the white turtleneck standing over there under a bright light, a man who has nothing to hide. John Jr. has said repeatedly that his frequent visits to his father in prison are of a personal nature only.

"I'm in a very awkward position," he says affably, palms going up. He's being asked what he thinks of his sister Victoria's new novel, *The Senator's Daughter.* "I have several copies of it," he offers.

Just then his mother, also named Victoria, jackknifes an arm between her son and a reporter. Since this small, dark-eyed woman once admitted to having thrown a box of something very foul at a woman who dissed her in a supermarket line (with that age-old insult "I spit into your groceries!"), the reporter backs off. "I have something very important to discuss with him," says John Gotti's wife.

John Jr. smiles indulgently at his mom. "Talk to Angel," he says. He points to another sister. "Angel likes to talk."

Angel has a cascade of curls and looks like a cherub, in blue wool. She's excited about her sister's literary debut. "Vicki always wanted to be a writer ever since she was a little girl. We shared the same bed, and she used to read to me at night. All the Judy Blume books. All the Jackie Collins. I never had to read a book—ever!"

The reporter's card is going around the table, and Angel's dinner partners are telegraphing alarm.

"Everybody's cautious," Angel confides, "because no matter how much good Vicki does, it's still gonna be 'the godfather's daughter. . . .' "

The godfather's daughter ascends to the podium; her supporters cheer. We're actually at a fund-raiser for the American Heart Association in Westbury, Long Island. Victoria has been an active volunteer for many years (she's tonight's host). In 1991, before she became a novelist, she wrote a book on women and heart disease.

She suffers from mitral-valve prolapse and ventricular tachycardia, one not-very-serious and one extremely serious condition.

Victoria is 33 and beautiful in the way of soap-opera divas and TV newscasters (perfect grooming, perfect hair), and she is, in fact, about to become a celebrity. This week, when *The Senator's Daughter* comes out (from Forge books), she will be the center of a media blitz not seen since Ivana Trump published *For Love Alone.*

But tonight, Victoria doesn't want to talk about any of that. She wants to read everyone a letter: "This is from a little girl named Sheena, who is waiting for a heart transplant."

Victoria Gotti has the voice of Cathy Moriarty in *Raging Bull*—low, sexy, New Yawk. There is something sad in it.

" 'Dear Victoria, I read your book. It has gotten me through some trying times. You are very beautiful, and I look up to you.' "

Victoria pauses. "No, Sheena, it is I who look up to you."

VICTORIA GOTTI IS CIRCLING AROUND HER KITCHEN, TALKING ON A cordless phone to her mother.

"Mom—Mom—I cannot go to London right now." She holds up a finger with a white nail you could peel a cantaloupe with. "Just a minute," she mouths.

There's a teacup Maltese yapping and dancing behind her; Victoria turns around. "What?" she asks him, palm going up.

"I am a homebody, not a tourist, Mom—"

She rolls her eyes good-naturedly.

Clipped to the back of her slacks is a black metal box—a heart monitor.

Tacked to her refrigerator is a picture of her father, John Gotti, now serving life in Marion (Illinois) prison for murder and racketeering. Here in the photograph he is reclining happily in the sun, wearing a colorful sweater like the ones Bill Cosby used to wear as Cliff Huxtable.

On the kitchen counter, there are several letters addressed to him: JOHN GOTTI. His name is followed by a cell number.

"I was up until six in the morning writing him," Victoria says. She hangs up the phone. "I couldn't sleep. Carmine"—Agnello, her husband—"saw all these letters and said, 'You couldn't condense that into one?' But every time I wrote him, I would seal it and think of more to tell . . . .

"There was so much I had to tell him."

WE'RE ON THE ROAD IN VICTORIA'S WHITE MERcedes-Benz. Everything around her is white: her car, her nails, her house, the dust of snow here in Old Westbury, where she lives. Victoria's clothes, however, are black. "I hardly wear anything but black," she says—as if she were in mourning.

As we zip back to Westbury Manor (she says, "It's the Tavern on the Green of Westbury"; we're going there for lunch), Victoria's talking about how she found the time to write a novel. "It's not easy, once you do the mommy thing, and the daughter thing, and the sister thing—"

Her car phone rings. "Hello? No, I can't right now." Angel wants to go shopping for drapes.

Every Sunday, the family gets together at either Victoria's or John Jr.'s house. "Everybody brings cakes. I make a big pot of sauce. But please, don't make me into this stereotypical Italian housewife, because I'm not."

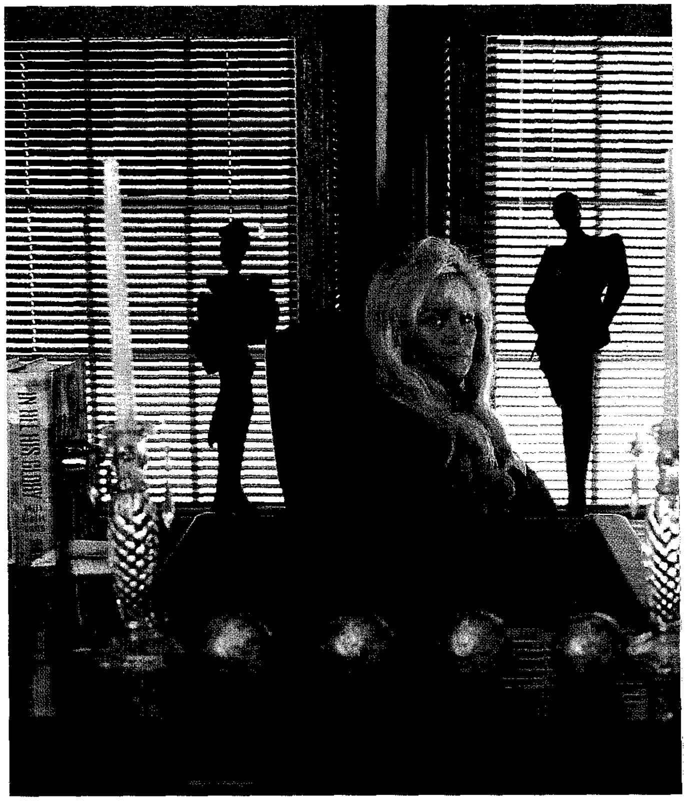
Victoria's conversation often drifts back to her boys—Carmine, 10; John, 9; and Frank, 6. "I have raised gentlemen," she says firmly. Her favorite evening is a bag of junk food, a silly movie (she likes *The Cable Guy*), and "my boys."

Do they know why their grandfather is in jail?

The silky hum of the Mercedes can be heard for a time. "If they come to me with a question, I will never lie. . . .

"We don't discuss it much."

The Senator's Daughter is, of course, a fiction—a portrait of Italian-American crime figures who are "loved and respected," "the working man's hero."



Gotti was always bookish. Then her publisher made her an offer she couldn't refuse.

It all starts when Joe Sessio (a character seemingly modeled on Victoria's grandfather John Gotti senior) is murdered at a restaurant, Paul Castellano–style. Mike Sessio, his son and successor, takes it upon himself to help exonerate a young black busboy who has been set up by the bad guys (politicians, law enforcement) by feeding information to the young man's defense lawyer, the lovely and Victoria Gotti–like Taylor Brooke. (She has "thick blond hair," eyes the "bluish green shade of Bahamian waters," and a "fondness for Italian food" and "popular fiction.")

The novel is partly about how Taylor learns to trust Mike Sessio—a "gorgeous," "charismatic" man who closely resembles John Gotti, down to his penchant for snazzy suits. "You've misjudged me," Mike tells Taylor early in the book. Later, Taylor demands evidence from a woman who says she thinks Joe Sessio was "a hoodlum": "Based on what? Hearsay? The news?"

Mike and Taylor wind up together.

You can't see Victoria's bluish-green eyes behind her dark glasses. She says, "My father was a businessman. He was a good father. He came home every night for dinner at five."

THIS AFTERNOON, THE DOORS OF WESTBURY MANOR SWEEP OPEN FOR Victoria Gotti. It was said of her father that he never had to open a door. There was always someone ready at the door of the Ravenite Social Club or his own white Mercedes-Benz—and now, the door of his jail cell.

Staff members scurry to the ballroom to look for something Victoria has lost: the letter from Sheena. "Oh, thank God you found it," she says, placing the treasured possession in her purse. "I have to call her later," Victoria murmurs.

She often reaches out to young people who have, as she does, life-threatening conditions. Recently, she and her husband paid for a lung-transplant patient to go to Disney World, the boy's dream. Victoria says, "Him and I are great buddies ever since."

"It's not because we have money to throw around," she adds.

The table in Westbury Manor's Polo Lounge is hustled aside for her to slide into the banquette. The waiters tell her she's looking well. Victoria orders calamari, shrimp salad, shrimp pasta with a cream sauce. She says, "God knows I love to eat.

"I live nice now," says Victoria. "People will pull up to where I live and say, 'Isn't this just dandy.' But we've worked hard to have a nice home."

Her husband, Agnello, owns and leases several successful auto-parts outfits in Queens. Twice he has been investigated for running illegal "chop shops."

They started dating when Victoria was 16 and married when she was 21. "My father didn't like Carmine," Victoria says. "But what impressed me about my husband was, the more my father said no, the more he kept coming back. Finally, Carmine approached my father in the middle of a business meeting. My father said, 'You just keep coming back! Why?' 'Because I love her,' my husband said. And my father went"—she shrugs—"and looked at my uncles.

"And he said, 'Fine, take her out.' " Victoria smiles.

"I DIDN'T GROW UP WITH ANY SILVER SPOONS IN MY MOUTH." Victoria continues on a theme. "Nothing came easy to me."

She picks at the calamari, hardly eating. She says, "I grew up with extremely less than modest means. Eighth Street by Prospect Park—that was considered back then a ghetto."

Victoria doesn't discuss the reasons for the family's dire straits once upon a time, but her father's early career as a gangster was less than distinguished. Her mother once took him to domestic-relations court for nonsupport.

"Our mother made our clothing 'cause we didn't have any money. My mother still swears they were gorgeous things." Victoria gives a ladylike shrug. "She tried her best."

Her father had to go away for a while in 1969—to the federal prison in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania—after a truck hijacking on the New Jersey Turnpike went awry.

"When I was a kid," Victoria says, "if you looked at me too long I started crying. My mother would say to my father, 'What is wrong with her?' I was shy, I was a bookworm, I was the biggest nerd you ever saw."

Gotti had to serve another jail term—this time for helping murder the head of an Irish gang—in the seventies; he was released with the help of Roy Cohn. Then his fortunes took a turn for the better. The family had moved to Howard Beach, and Gotti was "made," running the Bergin crew, earning good money for the Gambinos.

"My father was a businessman," says Victoria Gotti. "He was a good father. He came home every night for dinner at five."

"I don't think things got better," Victoria says, "until I was well into junior high. Where there wasn't a worry about groceries and having a decent home."

Victoria Gotti's life has been visited and revisited by tragedy. In 1980, her younger brother Frank, age 12, was killed when his minibike collided with the car of a neighbor driving home from work. "When my brother died, it was the most devastating thing in my life," she says. "I never knew pain like that, ever, ever. To see my parents go through what they did . . . . And I was only 15, and I had the responsibility of college."

A precocious student, Victoria had already enrolled at St. John's University. "My mother was locked in her room for a year. I had to run the house. From that point in my life, it was *Buck up, you gotta grow up.*"

Victoria grows silent. There is something about her that seems to have lived a long, long time.

Not long after the accident, John Favara, the neighbor who hit Frank, was seen being abducted as he came out of the Castro Convertible plant where he worked. He was never found. There's a persistent rumor that John Gotti had him killed, crushing his body in a car.

"I can't really comment about that," Victoria says after a long pause. "I'm just now hearing things. I think a lot of it's made up."

THE YEAR AFTER FRANK WAS KILLED, VICTORIA DEVELOPED mitral-valve prolapse, a condition in which a defect in the valve prevents it from closing properly. In 1992, the same year her father was sentenced to life in prison, her ventricular tachycardia—a severely irregular heartbeat that can send her spinning into terrifying bouts of nausea, dizziness, and shortness of breath—got much worse.

"There was a time two years ago," she says, "when I was very ill. I didn't know what my kids were going to do without me. My oldest, who is so sensitive—he won't sneeze without me knowing it. He was crying himself to sleep at night. I was crying to my mother, saying, 'They need me, they need me.' My mother listened and finally said, 'Why don't you go home and write another book?' "

When she was 26, Victoria wrote her first novel—a book she put away, until now. The rewrite is already in the works. It is, Victoria says, "a big book." Like *The Senator's Daughter,* it will be a thriller with "a lot of romance in it," and an ending that, she says, "I don't think anyone is going to be pre-

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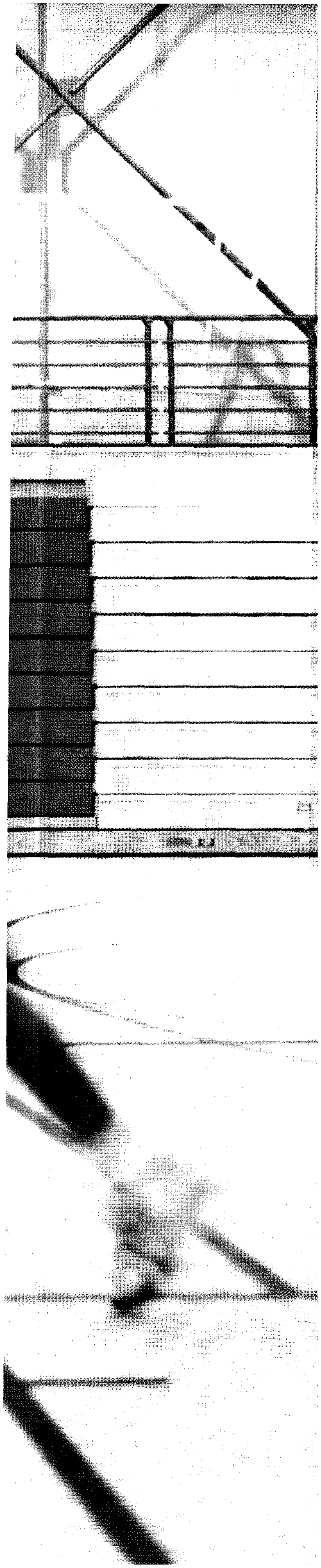


SNEAKER WARS

THE NEXT MICHAEL JORDAN MAY BE PLAYING FOR A LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL, AND NIKE AND ADIDAS WILL STOP AT ALMOST NOTHING—EQUIPMENT DONATIONS, SUMMER PROGRAMS, SCHOOL GRANTS—TO SIGN HIM UP.

BY CHRIS SMITH | PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETE KUHNS

A BUNCH OF BABY JORDANS, EWINGS, AND HARDAWAYS have taken over Madison Square Garden this afternoon, eager to prove they can dunk under the bright lights. Six of the best high-school basketball teams in New York and New Jersey are putting on a frenetic show, and with every slam, the equally teenage fans react in one big squeal. ■ *Yeeeeee!* ■ Sitting in the fourth row, nodding like a proud father, is Don Crenshaw. Tall and regal in a deep-green suit and black mock turtleneck, Crenshaw, 47, a former USC basketball player, is now the No. 2 basketball boss at Nike. He has flown in from Los Angeles to watch—not because some of these players may soon be NBA stars, or because Nike is a major sponsor of the event. No, this is about fostering "Nike values." ■ "For us, it's not about money," Crenshaw says. "It's about being there for the kids. We want to feel that we are involved and giving back to some of the kids, the very kids who support us. We're helping advance the sport."

There are hints, though, of less noble thoughts crossing Crenshaw's mind. When Peekskill High takes the floor and Crenshaw sees that the team is wearing Adidas sneakers, he murmurs, "Ah, the bad guys."

Crenshaw also admits to a tinge of disappointment about today's event, which is called the Sprite Super Six. The superest city player isn't here. All over the New York basketball scene this winter, the same name bubbles up, whispered with awe, a presence greater for his absence.

"Lamar Odom," Crenshaw sighs. "If Lamar were here today, they'd have sold 2,000 more tickets."

Odom was the star of the most prestigious Nike-sponsored high-school team in the city. If he'd stayed with Christ the King, of Middle Village, Queens, Odom would be at the Garden. Instead he's in considerably less pastoral Troy, New York, playing for a peculiar prep school.

And because Lamar's most-trusted patron is the leader of the "bad guys"—a droopy-eyed dissident from the Swoosh empire named Sonny Vaccaro—the most coveted high-school senior in the country now wears Adidas.

THERE'S A SNEAKER WAR RAGING IN HIGH-school hoops. Lamar Odom is merely the shiniest prize. Forget "Catholic school" or "public school" teams; the important identifier is whether squads have chosen sides as a "Nike school" or an "Adidas school."

Nike, to be sure, is the unchallenged champ of quality sports footwear, with a staggering $2.5 billion in sales last year and 37 percent of the market to Adidas's puny 5 percent. But Vaccaro, a paunchy 57-year-old who couldn't sink a layup if his life depended on it, has picked off some of the key talent in the city. He's annoyed Phil Knight, Nike's chairman, enough that Knight recently stormed into a staff meeting and demanded retaliation.

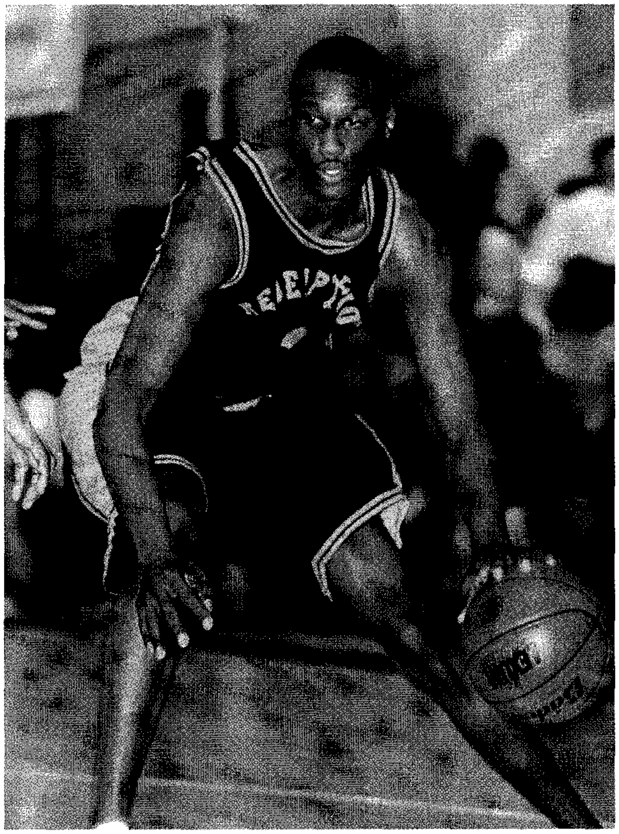
The fight is pushing money further down the basketball food chain: Kevin Boyle, the coach at powerhouse St. Patrick's of Elizabeth, New Jersey, jumped from Adidas to Nike this year and scored $20,000 for his school.

New York State prohibits such deals. "So what?" says one coach. "There's other ways to pay coaches." Including free equipment. The dozen Adidas schools and the seven Nike schools in the area typically receive 45 pairs of shoes and a like number of T-shirts, hats, bags, and warm-ups, for a team of about fifteen kids.

With school budgets increasingly thin, the *gratis* gear is a welcome boost. Yet the corporate largesse arrives with some significant price tags: Coaches develop loyalties to shoe companies instead of the school principal. There's resentment when the high-school baseball team or French club is still holding bake sales to pay for its needs. And there is the murkier moral question about turning teenage athletes into an extension of an ad campaign. "The fabric of high-school sports is changing," says a Nike spokeswoman, "and more schools are becoming dependent on us."

The most conspicuous instigator of this battle, Sonny Vaccaro, admits to some queasiness about the ethics of showering kids with free product, and claims he's all for a cease-fire in which sneaker companies band together to outfit every high-school team in America. "There's incredible hypocrisy. The networks, the colleges, the sneaker companies, the coaches, the NCAA—they all make tons of money. The only ones who don't make money are the kids, and they're the only ones who get punished when something looks bad. Because of

Sonny Vaccaro, once Nike's main basketball man, now pushes Adidas gear to schools like St. Raymond's.



High-school senior Lamar Odom, perhaps basketball's Next Big Thing, may turn pro this spring.

me, at least they get little bit more of what they deserve. Sure, this business is a cesspool. It should be cleaned up."

The return of the two-hand set-shot is more likely, so Sonny contents himself with revenge. He was instrumental in turning Nike into a sports megalith, then was abruptly fired five years ago. "Since I left, Nike's choice would have been to be like Nazi Germany—burn all the books, say I didn't exist," Vaccaro says. "Well, my very presence doesn't allow them to do that."

NIKE MAN DON CRENSHAW SEES THAT PEEKSKILL HIGH IS WEARING ADIDAS: "AH, THE BAD GUYS," HE SAYS.

Phenoms like Brooklyn's Stephon Marbury are shortening the distance between high school and NBA stardom, so it's critical for Nike and Adidas to latch onto talent ever earlier. The companies can see the post-Jordan era, and they're maneuvering for the next spectacular endorser.

All but one of the hottest high-school seniors have declared whether they're going to college or turning pro. Only Lamar Odom, ranked by several scouts as the best of this year's class, must still make a decision. He will either save some college coach's job or scramble the NBA draft.

"The decision," Sonny says, "is totally up to Lamar and his family." The phone rings. It's Lamar's aunt, calling for Sonny.

VACCARO AND HIS WIFE, Pam, live near Los Angeles, with a view of the Pacific. Today, though, they're holed up in a drab midtown hotel room on a gray winter day. Sonny doesn't run around Manhattan conducting business. He reclines and swivels in the center of this mini-suite, not so much meeting people as receiving them.

Fran Frischilla, the first-year head man at St. John's, checks in. Sonny pegged Frischilla as a future star way back, when Frischilla was an obscure assistant coach. "Franny and I are very close," Vaccaro says. "When he got his job at Manhattan College, he signed with Adidas and he requested it would be binding as long as I'm a part of Adidas. So basically he was signing a contract with me. Which shows you the depth of the relationship."

"The respect for each other," Pam says.

A stream of coaches, clinic coordinators, and camp counselors come to seek the wisdom of the visiting guru. The current subject is a new high-school all-star game being organized for the spring, New York vs. the best of the rest of the nation. Four pasty men in V-neck sweaters—basketball coaches and middlemen who are doing the legwork—want to have the game at the Garden.

Too expensive, Sonny advises. "I'll get a hold of Franny, see if we can move the game out there. I have to have it in New York. It's the reason to play for the out-of-town kids. The more I think of it, St. John's is no risk—you can make a buck. I can bring in a couple sponsors."

One of the coaches is catching on: "Plus, it's smaller—if it's sold out at St. John's, it comes off better, as a hit for the kids. The perception is better."

"Especially with recruiting," Sonny says. "Two or three of these kids are going to St. John's! So, shit—we take Shannon, we take our buddy Saunders from New England, we're gonna have, in all probability, Ron Artest, Elton Brand."

No problem: Sonny knows everyone, including the entire cream of the basketball class. "And Lamar. There we are. We make it work."

One of Sonny's oldest friends is George Karl, the coach of the Seattle SuperSonics. Karl dismisses suspicion of Sonny's motives. "Sure there's a little conflict of interest, but it's a *positive* conflict—ultimately, these kids have to make a lot of decisions, and the knowledge Sonny is giving them makes for better decisions. So many people are grabbing at these kids—he has some of those guys around him at camp, the college coaches. But Sonny has never been one of those guys. Why can't it be both for Sonny—business *and* humanitarian interest?"

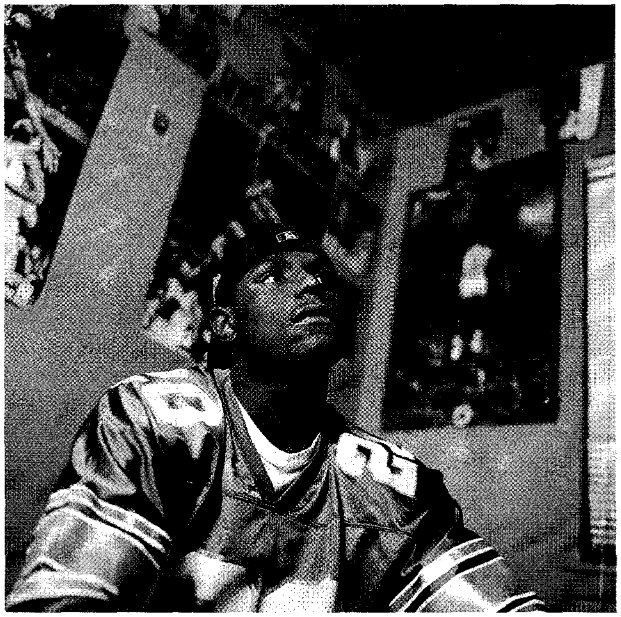
SONNY'S NEW YORK DEPUTY IS AN AMIABLE 29-year-old with a wary furrow to his brow. Five years ago, Anthony Lopez was a hardworking clerk in a midtown photo lab. But Sonny recognized a hidden talent for sports marketing and put Lopez on the Adidas payroll.

Vaccaro had first been impressed by a younger Lopez brother, Felipe, the city's high-school-hoops boy wonder of 1993. "This is an immigrant family busting their butts in menial jobs, trying to get through life, better themselves," Sonny says. Proof of Sonny's altruism: Felipe has worn Nikes throughout his career.

Adidas had unparalleled street credibility back in 1986, when Run-DMC rocked "My Adidas." But the courts have been one long run of Nike cool ever since. Today, Anthony Lopez visits Coney Island, checking whether clients are satisfied. At Lincoln High School, he's happy to hear Don Marbury, Stephon's father, profess his love for Sonny. Less thrilling is that some Lincoln players are complaining about the fit of their Adidas sneakers.

Things are better across the borough, at Tilden vs. Robeson, an all-Adidas contest. The Robeson High coach, Larry Major, is so loyal that he once shaved ADIDAS into his hair before a big game. It was only a couple of years ago that Robeson wore Hanes T-shirts as game uniforms; Major knew he'd turned a corner when Sonny appeared with Adidas merchandise.

Robeson is a strong contender for the city championship this year, and its star is Allen Griffin, a mercury-quick guard who is heading to Syracuse in the fall. Griffin



Allen Griffin in his room. Perhaps the city's best guard, he's heading to Syracuse this fall.

dominates the second half of the game with a variety of soft jumpers and surging drives to the hoop. One reward is a hug from Anthony Lopez after the win.

"How are the shoes?" Lopez asks, glancing at Griffin's dark blue, top-of-the-line Kobe Bryant models; Griffin's teammates are given one of Adidas's lesser lines. Griffin nods his satisfaction. "You should have a second pair," Lopez says. "I'll get you some black ones right away."

Griffin nods again, then grins as he points to Lopez's ankle-length black Adidas parka. "Yo," he says, "*nice* coat."

Griffin is a chatty, thoughtful young man. When he's asked to remember the last time he had to pay for a pair of sneakers, his eyes go wide and he exhales a long whistle, the *fffwhewww* people make when stumped. "Seventh grade?" he guesses. "Wow, a *long* time ago."

When the name Lamar Odom comes up, Griffin's competitive side shrinks his grin. "Lamar's cool, he's not arrogant," Griffin says evenly. Then he offers the highest playground praise: "Lamar's got *game*."

SONNY'S NETWORK STRETCHES ACROSS 30 years and touches nearly every important hoops personage. After growing up in a small town near Pittsburgh, the son of a steelworker, Vaccaro coached a little high-school ball, taught a little special ed. In 1965, he combined the two to create a Pittsburgh charity all-star game that came to be called the Dapper Dan Roundball Classic. Basketball was still a fairly cozy club, and Sonny, charming like a benevolent uncle, showed a talent for collecting friends: Georgetown's John Thompson, Maryland's Lefty Dreisell, USC's George Raveling, North Carolina State's Jim Valvano, plus the ambitious assistants who'd be prime-time before long, including Rick Pitino (now running Kentucky) and Mike Krzyzewski (Duke).

Sonny had plenty of pals, but he didn't have much of a life. *Raw Recruits* (Pocket Books), an excellent chronicle of basketball sleaze, details how Sonny was 38, out of work, and heading for a divorce when he washed up in Las Vegas in 1977. UNLV coach Jerry Tarkanian offered to land Vaccaro, once a serious gambler, a job as a greeter in a casino. But for reasons mysterious even to Sonny, he turned down Tark the Shark's offer and set out for Oregon, carrying the crude prototype for a basketball sneaker-sandal.

Nike never manufactured the Air Sonny, but they did see possibilities in Vaccaro's extensive contacts. In 1978, he was dispatched to buy the allegiance of college coaches and the feet of their players.

"The difference was relationships," Vaccaro says. "And giving the coaches a couple of dollars, treating them like human beings. I had twelve years in the business with the all-star games and camps I was running. So these coaches were now my friends." He smiles. "And I got 'em all."

For the top college coaches, "a couple of dollars" has since become six-figure Nike deals. Krzyzewski's is worth more than a million bucks.

During Sonny's prowl of campus stadiums, arenas, domes, recreation centers, and multi-use facilities, he met a kid from the University of North Carolina. Nike was trying to decide whether to sign the then-higher-profile Hakeem Olajuwon or Charles Barkley for a major endorsement deal. Vaccaro pushed for Michael Jordan.

Suddenly, though, as Nike was becoming ubiquitous, Sonny was in exile. The way Vaccaro tells it, his rough-around-the-edges style no longer fit with Nike's well-manicured berm.

"Have you ever watched the movie *Rollerball*?" Vaccaro says. "I'm James Caan, and [Nike chairman] Phil Knight is John Houseman. Houseman wanted everything, everything is for the corporation. There were no individual heroes; when your time's up, you're out, we'll bring in a new person."

Nike won't comment on Sonny's exit. But the tactics used to build the Swoosh nation are now aimed against it.

"WHO'S HIS GUY?" SONNY ASKS WHEN THE name of a desirable player surfaces. Pros have agents; collegians have coaches; high-school stars have "guys." His guy could be a coach, or it could be a cousin. What's important is that the guy is who the kid listens to.

The most intriguing guy of the moment drops by Sonny's room. He is Gary Charles, a diminutive 35-year-old who favors suspenders and heavily starched

Coach Bob Oliva with the varsity team at Christ the King, consistently one of Nike's showcase schools.

Gary Charles runs a summer team to which Adidas gives $15,000 in equipment per year; he's also Lamar Odom's mentor.

THE POST-JORDAN ERA IS LOOMING; COMPANIES ARE MANEUVERING FOR THE NEXT TWO-LEGGED BILLBOARD.

white shirts. Charles makes six figures at his day job, as a computer-systems manager at the Bank of New York headquarters. But his passion is basketball. Eight years ago, Charles founded the Long Island Panthers, a Queens-based AAU summer team. The summer basketball circuit is a cutthroat, virtually lawless environment—and it's a crucial link to the sneaker companies. The fabled Riverside Hawks, based in a church on Manhattan's Upper West Side, are a Nike flagship that's produced 45 NBA players, including Chris Mullin and Kenny Anderson. Adidas sponsored a team called the Gauchos—until last year, when the Bronx D.A.'s office began an investigation (since closed, with no charges filed) into allegations that the Gauchos' founder had fondled underage players.

Luckily, Vaccaro had been cultivating the Panthers and Charles. "That's basically how I meet players, through the feeder system," Vaccaro says. Back in 1992, the Panther player Vaccaro wanted at his summer camp was Zendon Hamilton.

A dozen pairs of sneakers soon arrived for Charles's team, and Vaccaro now supplies the Panthers with about $15,000 worth of gear each year.

Charles is admirably blunt about how his upstart club appeals to parents for their sons' labors. "I'm the black guy. And then you've got Ernie Lorch [of Riverside, who is white] coming in and Lou D'Almeida [of the Gauchos, who is Latin] coming in. It's different. And black people have been raised to not totally believe in a lot of white people. So kids want to see that black face."

CHARLES FIRST SENT LAMAR ODOM TO SONNY'S summer camp two years ago. "Lamar is totally ebullient," Sonny remembers. "He came right over and hugged me."

"He's a beautiful kid," Charles says. "Because of his personality, his smile, he's gonna become a marketing machine."

Before Lamar can make millions and contribute to the gym Charles wants to build for the Panthers, there's the formality of getting him through high school.

Lamar began life in South Ozone Park. His mother died when he was 11, and he moved in with his grandmother. Between ninth and tenth grades, Lamar grew six inches; he combines the feathery ball-handling skills of a point guard with the force of a six-seven forward. As a sophomore, Lamar scored 36 points to lead Christ the King to victory in the 1995 Catholic league championship. The chase was on.

It was around this time that an aunt, JaNean Mercer, became a more visible presence as Lamar's legal guardian. The next season, Lamar was named to every conceivable all-star team. His test scores, however, came too close to his 24 points per game.

With Lamar in danger of flunking out and his crucial senior year months away, Mercer and Charles delivered an ultimatum to Christ the King: Find a way to keep him eligible without summer school. Otherwise, Odom would be shipped to a prep school in Maine, to lessen the distractions.

Except that the boy didn't want to leave his friends in Queens. He promised to hit the books, but after six weeks of the fall-1996 semester, he was flailing. "Don't blame me," Sonny says. "I wanted him to go to prep school right away."

"In October, there ain't that many prep schools out there got scholarships," Charles says. Fortunately, he'd recently directed another player to the tiny, appropriately named Redemption Christian Academy in Troy, New York. Redemption has five basketball teams, populated by 35 of the 50 male students, including players from Cameroon, Belgium, Liberia, and Los Angeles. The school accepted Odom, and Vaccaro sent them two dozen pairs of Adidas for their troubles.

"I truly believe," Charles says, "especially with black kids, you need to graduate for your own self-esteem. Lamar's goal is to get his academics together, because he wants to be eligible to play Division I basketball." Are there any subjects Lamar is good at or interested in? Charles doesn't hesitate a moment. "No," he says. "I'm not gonna bullshit you here."

And why should Lamar care about studying? He isn't wanted for TV interviews—or by *New York*—because of his diligence in Western Civ. If he's ineligible to play college ball as a freshman, he's told, he can skip straight to the pros. Nike and Adidas are careful to tack on "academic" sessions to their summer camps, but as free shoes are spread to younger feet, kids know why they're getting the attention.

AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, THE ODOMless Christ the King team is preparing for its Super Six game. But the real action is taking place in a tunnel beneath the stands. There, a pudgy, fiftyish white guy in a tweed sport coat is suddenly confronted by a younger, shorter black man whose shaved head is accented by sleek silver-framed eyeglasses. The younger man, whose name is Lincoln Parker, clenches his jaw. He is trying very hard not to explode.

"So," Parker says carefully, "you're running this event?"

"Yeah," answers Rich Kosik, not yet quite sure what he's defending, but sure that standing firm is the correct posture. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm with Nike. And I am not happy. A couple of months ago, I'm told that it's an emergency, that this event would be canceled unless we donated money." Nike kicked in $30,000. "Do you see a Nike presence today?" Parker seethes. "Where are the banners? We're *sharing* a rotating sign with Snapple? Now I'm told we can't give away our trophies to the slam-dunk contest winners!"

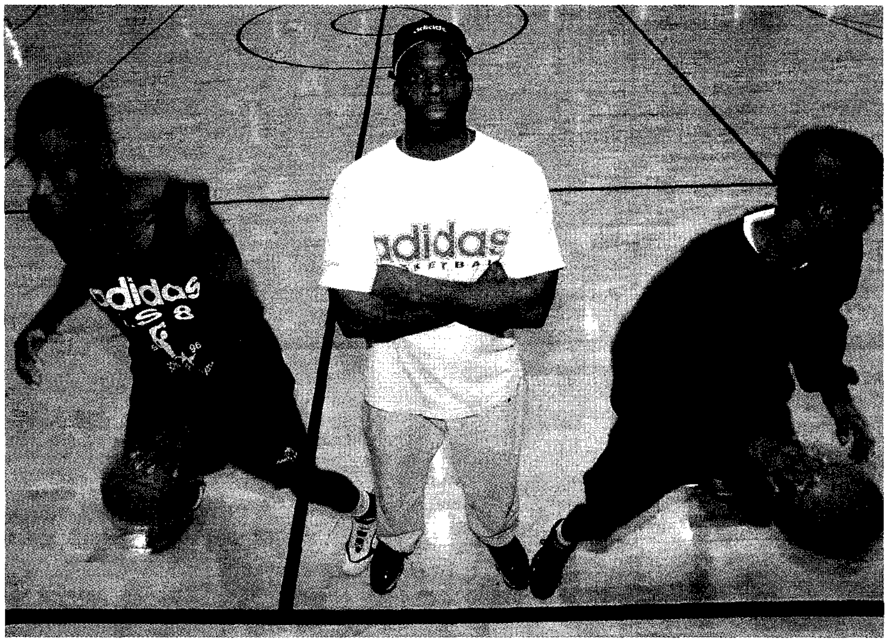
His words pick up speed as he gets to the main point.

"You work for Adidas, don't you?" Parker spits.

Kosik opts for righteous indignation. "I'm independent! Ask anybody!" Kosik thunders. "I'm not an Adidas employee!"

Wellll. . . . Kosik, a teacher at a vocational school, runs an educational foundation that tutors and counsels athletes. However, that program wouldn't exist without the patronage of one of Kosik's best friends: Sonny Vaccaro.

Parker realizes he's wasting his time with Kosik and halfheartedly shakes hands. But he has some rage left. "We should have been given the chance to bring in more of *our* teams!" Parker says, meaning high schools that wear free Nike apparel. "We would have paid. What I want is control!"



Robeson coach Larry Major with Phil Grant (left) and Kenyatta Brown (right). Major once had ADIDAS shaved on his head.

Despite the hassles, Nike's Don Crenshaw seems satisfied with the day. "I think you're going to see more of these kinds of events," he says. "It allows us to pit the best against the best. That way you don't have to worry about teams being knocked off in playoffs and never getting to face one another." Unpredictable underdogs are inconvenient when your goal is showcasing budding stars wearing your shoes, but last week, when the March public school championship games were in danger of eviction from the Garden, Nike and Foot Locker jumped in as sponsors.

Vaccaro, since he's gregarious and cartoonish, has become an easy target for critics of the shoe industry. Nike is hipper and far more sophisticated in dodging complaints, but its influence is exponentially larger. "The next time the U.S. goes to war," says one coach, "I'll bet the troops will be wearing Nike helmets."

Glitzy events like the Super Six are actually a minor part of Lincoln Parker's agenda. As Nike's marketing man in New York, he's created a weekend basketball tournament for 400 kids, ages 10 to 13, at Riverbank State Park. "Most of these kids wouldn't otherwise have the opportunity to play ball in the winter," Parker says. The kids get free uniforms—except for sneakers. That's the reward for winning the tournament.

Parker also has a Nike-sponsored citywide three-on-three tournament for 1,000 boys and girls ages 9 through 14. This summer, the Swoosh will loom over a five-on-five event, with 2,500 boys and girls. Parker will also offer $500, through a Nike project called Participate in the Lives of America's Youth (P.L.A.Y.), to adults who volunteer to coach small children.

"What are Nike values?" says Vizhier Corpuz, the spokeswoman for Nike's basketball operations, who has flown in for lunch after learning Vaccaro will be featured in this story. "Nike values are excellence in what you do; teamwork; authenticity—that's a huge word we throw around at Nike; a passion for sports; and honesty. Sure we help elite teams, but that's a fraction of our entire mission, which is to be a part of every kid's life, in showing them the positive values of sports. Hopefully, we've touched enough athletes that they'll be loyal to the brand, if they believe in the same values we do."

Corpuz grew up in the city; and when budget cuts wiped out junior-varsity sports two years ago, Nike donated $100,000. "We're protecting our own base. But we're also protecting sports," she says.

"Yeah, they do some benevolent things," Vaccaro sneers. "But how come they have to advertise it all over TV? They make P.L.A.Y. look like they're rescuing some Third World country!"

Vaccaro isn't mute about his own good works. He's a soft touch for needy cases who won't come closer to the NBA than a TV set. "He walked in and said he wanted to help, then set up three games that raised $400,000 for homeless health care," says Caroline Thompson, an executive at Comic Relief. "He's just a great guy."

Sonny wishes that some of his charity got less attention. He paid for plane tickets to Las Vegas for Felipe Lopez and Zendon Hamilton of St. John's, provoking an NCAA investigation; the players were forced to reimburse Vaccaro. Last summer, Sonny arranged to have Lamar Odom fly to California and consult with Kobe Bryant, who jumped from high school to the Los Angeles Lakers—and an Adidas endorsement deal. Talking on the phone simply wouldn't have been as educational. "Lamar *spent time* with Kobe," Sonny says. "He went to Kobe's home. He met with his parents. He saw what Kobe was able to accomplish. And Kobe was talking to him like a high-school kid would. This was a *meaningful thing*."

During the L.A. field trip, Vaccaro's wife bought Lamar some jeans and sweaters at a local mall. This became a headline in the New York *Post*'s sports section, which got the attention of the NCAA, which frowns on athletes' receiving gifts. Lamar crossed St. John's off his college wish list, saying he didn't want to deal with New York media sensationalism.

Sonny believes Nike planted the story of Lamar's trip to divert attention from its payments to high-school coaches (not true, says Nike). "The other people"—Sonny won't speak Nike's name—"and the media refuse to think that someone like ourselves can get to where we are and have these kind of relationships with people and not do something clandestine. We've never been clandestine. We've never been immoral with these kids. There's not one kid who can be honest and say I ever did anything illegal for them. Ever."

TENANTS OF THE PARSONS GARDENS APARTMENT complex in Flushing are asking me to step away from the building. I've been lurking in the dark outside the front door

Christ the King's girls' team. CK boys' is a Nike stronghold. Still fighting, Sonny signed CK girls'.

for an hour—an hour past when Lamar's aunt told me to come by—and the neighbors are getting nervous.

Scheduling this appointment, to talk about whether JaNean Mercer would talk about Lamar, required several weeks and one astrological quiz. "What's your sign?" Mercer asks when I finally reach her by phone one night.

Mercer explains that she believes Lamar has been slandered in the tabloids, and she's taking every precaution to protect his image. "He's a mannerable child—he never talks back to anyone," Mercer says. "My sister, when she was diagnosed with cancer, asked me to take care of Lamar."

AS HIGH-SCHOOL SPORTS CHANGE, "MORE SCHOOLS ARE BECOMING DEPENDENT ON US," SAYS A NIKE REP.

Nothing prepared Mercer, a teacher's aide in a Brooklyn special-education program, for the pressures involved in the relentless pursuit of her nephew, and she rambles about being deceived at almost every turn. Perhaps she was wrong to scream at Lamar's coach at Christ the King, she says, but "he never embraced Lamar, he never did anything special for him." Mercer thought she was keeping Lamar's options open by having him with a Nike program during the school year and with an Adidas team during the summer. But ultimately, she says, she had to choose, and sided with Adidas. She's vague about why. Perhaps she'd feel more comfortable if we could meet— "You can take me to a late lunch."

After I ring the apartment buzzer, a window opens somewhere up above. I identify myself. A female voice yells "No!" and the window slams shut. No one answers the buzzer or the phone again.

BOB OLIVA LIFTS A FORKful of the tastiest broccoli rabe in Queens. "Lamar Odom," he says, "is a product of what's wrong with basketball today."

Oliva is the boy's coach at Christ the King, which has produced such NBA players as Jayson Williams and Khalid Reeves. Oliva calls Odom the most gifted of all. Even subtracting for self-interest, Oliva seems genuinely depressed by the circus surrounding his former star. Months earlier Oliva sat in this very restaurant talking about Odom with Rick Pitino, who was curious whether Lamar might possibly be interested in matriculating at the University of Kentucky.

But Oliva says Lamar's classroom behavior suggested a different career path. "I told Lamar he'd be a great night watchman," Oliva says. "For $4.25, you gotta be able to battle boredom, just sitting there and staring out the window. He just looks at me—'Yeah, I know. Ahite.' People forget he's 17 years old. Everybody's tuggin' away at a 17-year-old. It's a damn shame what happened to this kid."

With ten years as an elite team, CK has become one of Nike's showcase schools. This year, as a bonus, Nike designed and manufactured a new CK uniform. ("Obviously, Nike thought they were getting Lamar again," Gary Charles smirks.) Oliva interrupts dinner to pull one out of a bag. The sharp crimson outfit arrived today, so Oliva is taking it home for a test-washing. He didn't dare leave it outside. "I'd rather have the car stolen than this uniform," Oliva says.

Earlier that evening, as Oliva's team finished practice, came a vivid demonstration of the sneaker skirmishing: The CK girls' team, a national champion two seasons ago, jogged in wearing Adidas. Vaccaro, in a nifty tweaking of the Nike nose, signed them up this year.

"Lamar came to us—and left us—a very good kid," Oliva says. "But people were telling him 'Play with me, I'll give you sweatsuits, I'll give you sneakers, I'll give you money.' Even before he was a potential NBA player. He's the most talented kid to ever play at Christ the King. But he left one of the most confused kids I've ever seen."

REDEMPTION CHRISTIAN ACADEMY CAN'T AFford a home court, but the team is in such demand that its travel to San Antonio, Las Vegas, and Puerto Rico is paid for by its hosts. On a Saturday afternoon in February, in a tiny cinder-block high-school gym plunked down in the piney woods outside Atlantic City, Lamar Odom materializes.

He's for real, all right. The opposing team is just mortal teenagers, and Lamar looks bored. Or maybe it's just effortless grace, the gift that allows him, with five seconds remaining in the first half, to flick the ball away from the boy he's guarding, then catch up with it at the other end of the court in time for a soaring, left-handed tomahawk dunk.

Afterward, wearing a blue Adidas parka, Lamar lights up the chaotic lobby with a wide, charismatic smile. Exceptional poise alternates with raw adolescence: "My dream is a productive NBA career. And lots of girls," he says. "Sonny and Gary are great. Everything comes from the heart with those guys. They care a lot about me."

Here comes Gary Charles now, in a black felt fedora, wraparound shades, and a gold opera scarf. "What's with the shoes?" Charles says sharply. "Where's the Adidas?" He gestures down at Lamar's size-15 feet, clad in the same Nike Airs he wore in the game.

"Ah, all I got is those low-tops," Lamar says. "I can't wear *those.*"

"Okay, I'll have new ones for you Monday," Charles says.

Has he grown tired of all the people wanting a piece of him? "Naw," Lamar says. "It's fun. And you know what? This is nothing. It hasn't even started yet."

So he might as well be a kid while he can: Lamar glides over to the team van and starts goofing around with a buddy about whose turn it is to carry the bags. There's plenty of time until April 6, when Lamar Odom will announce his fateful choice, pro or college, in Detroit. At halftime in Magic Johnson's Roundball Classic high-school all-star game.

Sonny Vaccaro is sure to be there. Sonny runs the game. ▬

IF VERDI HAD LIVED TO SEE VEGAS

. . . he might have composed pieces about Elvis, Jackie O, and Superman. Just like MICHAEL DAUGHERTY does.

BY CHRIS NORRIS

IN THE WALNUT-PANELED, INNER SANCTUM OF STEINWAY Hall, pianos the price of Ferraris sit under gilt-framed pictures of Wagner, Rachmaninoff, Horowitz, and Rubinstein. The room is a hushed, softly lit shrine to classical grandeur. Plopped down at a concert grand, composer Michael Daugherty is turning it into a turnpike Ramada Inn.

"Here's the kind of stuff I used to play," says the tall, corn-fed Iowan, sweeping into a flawless rendition of the lounge classic "Misty," all schmaltzy glissandi and runs. Daugherty's own notoriously daffy works—based on the likes of Superman, Elvis, and, most recently, Jackie O—are written for chamber groups and orchestras. But right now, the piano-bar veteran is having stardust memories. After a stroll through "Satin Doll," he starts taking requests.

"Stravinsky?" You got it. Daugherty strikes up an amazing, improvised ballet of exotic melody and subversive rhythms—a note-perfect Stravinsky piano sonata, only it isn't. He's on a roll. "Let's see," he says. "What about Elliott Carter?" Dense harmonies ripple up the keyboard, ending in brooding plinks. "Milton Babbitt?" Stark, atonal pointillism. And on to Schoenberg, Shostakovich, Keith Jarrett—a floor show of twentieth-century composition; don't forget to tip your waitress. He ends with some Sondheim, ad-libbing chatty verses over a Broadway ostinato: "The other *day* / I said that you and me could possibly go / But then a-*gain* / I don't know-what's-happening, but / Then a-*gain* . . ."

Uncouth though he may be, Michael Daugherty, 43, is no interloper in the realms of High Art. He has written for musicians as varied as the New York Philharmonic, the Zürich Tonhalle Orchestra, the Tokyo Wind Ensemble, and the late Gil Evans. But unlike most of his new-music peers, the Yale-trained composer draws from a decidedly bizarre demimonde.

Daugherty's newly released *Metropolis Symphony* (Argo) is a five-movement work based on America's favorite red-caped Übermensch. His opera *Jackie O* premieres this spring at the prestigious Houston Grand Opera. Where Ives had the Transcendentalists and Mahler had Goethe, Daugherty has Elvis, Liberace, and Desi Arnaz. He's a man with one foot in the concert hall and one foot in the bowling alley. "When [I went to hear] the Memphis Symphony perform one of my pieces," he recalls, "they said I was the first composer who ever asked to go to Graceland."

American icons are hardly rare in contemporary classical music—there's Philip Glass's *Einstein on the Beach*, John Adams's *Nixon in China*, operas on everyone from Marilyn Monroe to Harvey Milk. But Daugherty's music manages something charming and unique: a strange, fruitful clash of European avant-garde and multiplex lowbrow.

What distinguishes Daugherty from the pack of contemporary composers is, in part, his decidedly midwestern honesty about his own not atypical composer's résumé: Broadway pit musician, circus organist, Las Vegas accompanist, lounge pianist. "Something I remember from the seventies avant-garde, coming all the way out of Theodor Adorno, was this thing about purging yourself of your past," he says. "You had to forget everything that you learned. You must write *pure* music."

Instead, Daugherty revels in the impure. *Metropolis*'s first movement, "Lex," begins with a frantic steeplechase between a violin and four police whistles; "V. Red Cape Tango" closes with the Latin death dirge "Dies Irae"—set to a tango. It's a swashbuckling, jazz- and rock-inflected orchestral symphony that commands a grand sweep of twentieth-century music, plus "Silent Night." ("It's not a copyrighted tune," Daugherty explains.)

Naturally, Daugherty's pop-minded gimmickry leaves him wide open to accusations of empty postmodernism. In the classical world, the tension between downtown minimalists and uptown academics has long since yielded to general chaos. The random, kitchen-sink style of composition has become abundant.

But Daugherty's work is far from a hipster pastiche. The worlds he crafts from these ersatz sources are kinetic, complex, and engaging. "Compositionally, the material is very well worked out," says David Zinman, 60, music director of the Baltimore Symphony and conductor on *Metropolis*. "The form is very clear, the discipline very academic."

And very effective. "Michael really has found a way of distilling the essence of, say, Elvis, what Elvis *is*, and what Liberace *is*," Zinman continues. "It's an amalgamation of all these impressions. He actually gets the kind of sound you used to get on old television programs, like *I Love Lucy* or *Peter Gunn*." The Boston *Globe*'s Anthony Tommasini found *Metropolis* reminiscent of "Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, but [with] a manic urgency and brashness that smack of American Pop."

There's also a thoughtful and heartfelt authenticity to Daugherty's approach. The inspiration for *Metropolis* was not so much Superman himself as Daugherty's memories of sitting in a hardware store in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, waiting for his tap-dancing class and reading comic books. "I loved the artwork," he remembers. "I liked the colors; I liked the way the stories were short. The minute I started thinking about all that, I suddenly heard music in my head that I hadn't heard before."

While *Jackie O* does have a narrative—its twenty Broadway-style numbers follow Jackie through two days in 1968, with a libretto by *Jackie Under My Skin* author Wayne Koestenbaum—the music itself aims to conjure an era more than to tell a story. "I think *Jackie O* is a meditation on my experiences of growing up in the sixties," Daugherty says. "It sets up an environment for me to deal with my life up to this point. From all the way back to growing up in Cedar Rapids, moving through [the Paris-based New Music academy] IRCAM, studying with [György] Ligeti and Boulez, living in New York, playing in Vegas. It's a way to put all these experiences together."

Daugherty realizes not everyone will approach global events with such a personal vision. With *Achille Lauro* hijackers and Patty Hearst already set to recitatives, the stage is well set for the CNN symphony, for more works by artists with great spin and minimal vision. Can the ultimate Oprah opera be far off?

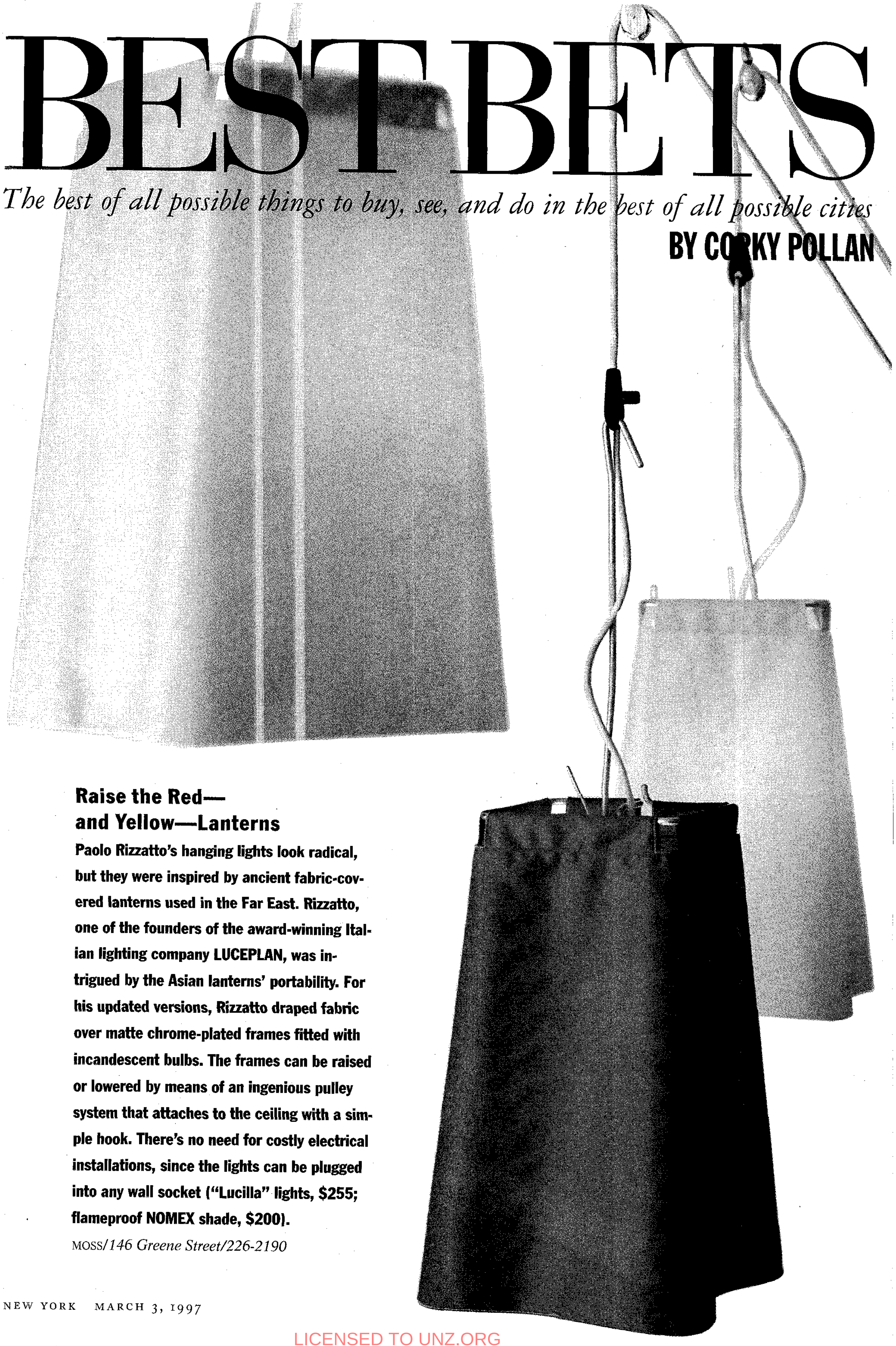
"Yes," Daugherty winces, "somebody did ask me, 'Oh, when are you going to do the O.J. trial?' " ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVIA OTTE
FOR *NEW YORK*

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Raise the Red— and Yellow—Lanterns

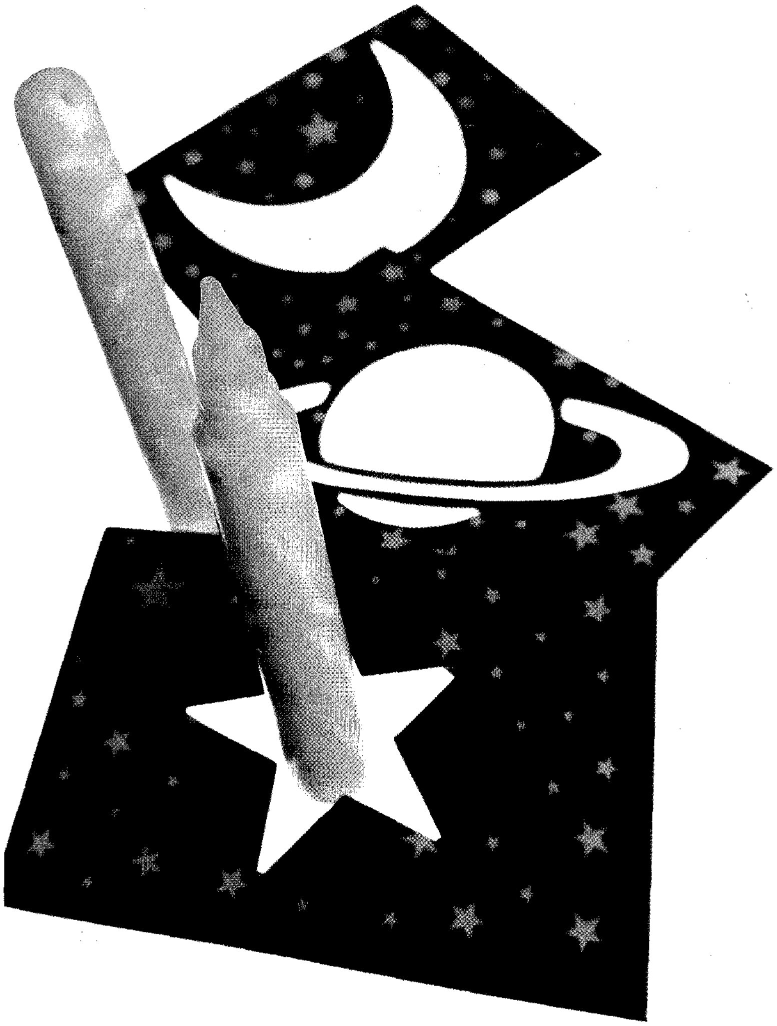
Paolo Rizzatto's hanging lights look radical, but they were inspired by ancient fabric-covered lanterns used in the Far East. Rizzatto, one of the founders of the award-winning Italian lighting company LUCEPLAN, was intrigued by the Asian lanterns' portability. For his updated versions, Rizzatto draped fabric over matte chrome-plated frames fitted with incandescent bulbs. The frames can be raised or lowered by means of an ingenious pulley system that attaches to the ceiling with a simple hook. There's no need for costly electrical installations, since the lights can be plugged into any wall socket ("Lucilla" lights, $255; flameproof NOMEX shade, $200).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

Alpi Centauri

While Upper West Siders are squabbling over the demise of the old Hayden Planetarium, kids can create a version of their own—all they need is a window and Alpi's Glow Window Paint. The set comes with three stencils (star, crescent moon, and Saturn) and two wands filled with nontoxic glow-in-the-dark paint. Simply tape the stencils to the window, squeeze the wand (no brush necessary), turn off the lights, and—behold!—a starry sky. And, unlike with that other planetarium, removal is hassle-free; all it takes is soapy water ($5).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*

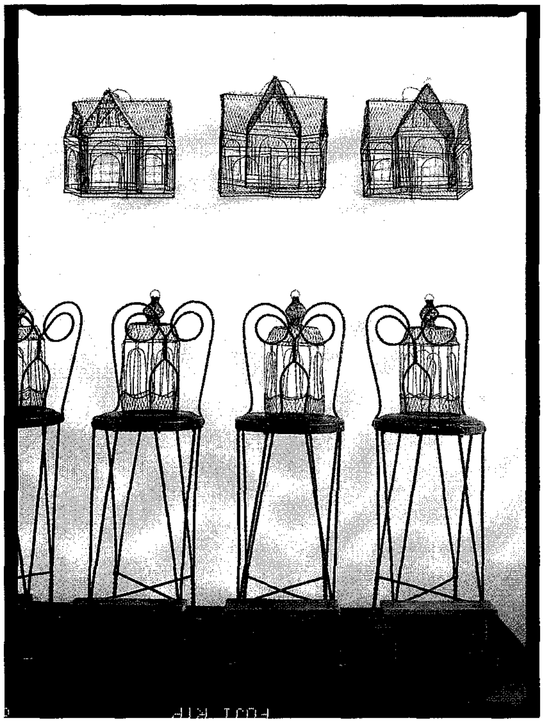


Cool Comfort

Rocket Shoes have nothing to do with trips to outer space, but they do give meaning to the cliché *walking on air.* Shin & Co.'s take on the classic Japanese sandal substitutes foam for the traditional two-inch wooden platform and adds a featherweight stretchy-nylon boot. Patricia Field—the doyenne of funk—is selling them, so you know they're as cool as they are comfortable ($50 for women's sizes 8 to 11; $90 for other sizes, by special order).

PATRICIA FIELD/*10 East 8th Street/254-1699*

HOTEL VENUS/*382 West Broadway/966-4066*



Creating an Uproar

Two years ago, when Kimberly Brown began contemplating opening a store, her life was in a state of turmoil, so Uproar seemed an apt name. She had just dissolved her partnership in Chateau Hip, a snappy SoHo furnishings store, to go off on her own, enlisting her venture-capitalist husband Brian Gilhuly. The resulting furniture-cum-accessories shop they opened in Westport, Connecticut, proved so successful that the couple has now launched a branch in SoHo. Though loft-size, it's already crammed full of sofas, beds, armchairs, armoires, tables, and whatnots of every kind. The armoires and tables can be custom-ordered; sofas come in three sizes; and there's a selection of 700 fabrics to cover them. (From $40 for a vintage vase to $350 for a floor lamp to $2,700 for a leather-covered sleigh bed.)

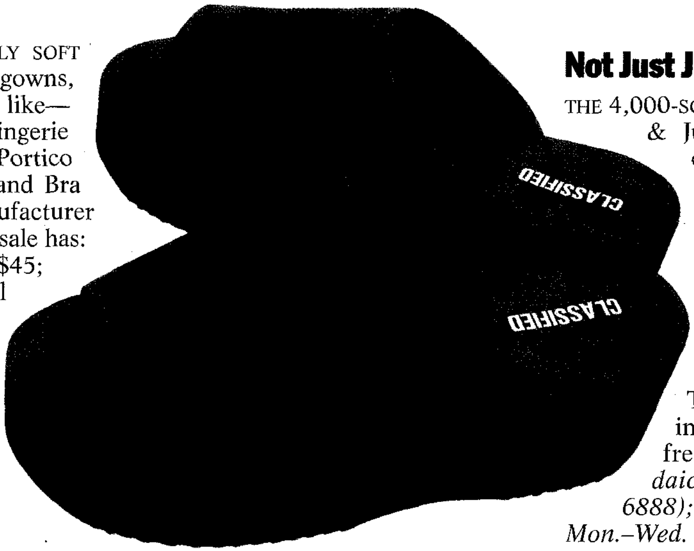
UPROAR HOME/*121 Greene Street/614-8580*

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Doing Without

Flannel *without the gray; platforms without the heft; and handpicked wines without the* **sticker shock**.

MUCH OF THE IMPOSSIBLY SOFT loungewear—robes, gowns, pajama sets, and the like—that dangles on the lingerie racks at shops like Portico Bed & Bath, J. McLaughlin, and Bra Smyth comes from a manufacturer called Lights Out. The sample sale has: pajamas, retail $98, here $35–$45; nightgowns and dresses, retail $55–$95, here $25–$45; robes, retail $90–$150, here $35–$70. *Lights Out, 389 Fifth Ave., near 36th St. (725-5535); M.C., V., and checks; Tues.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. noon–5; 2/25–3/1.*



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Saving Face

THE FRENCH ARE NO SLOUCHES IN THE indulgence department, and Daphné Seligmann follows suit at her University Place salon, D. Esse, where the charm is as thick as her accent. Now discounted are: Karin Herzog oxygen-and-glycolic facial, was $85, now $70; Dr. Hauschka aromatherapy facial, was $85, now $70. Deserving of mention as well is the $22 bikini wax—done with a salve that's bubble-gum pink; it's worth every penny. *D. Esse Salon, 56 University Place, at 10th St. (420-1576); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. noon–6; 2/24–3/24.*

Ten Spot

THE OENOPHILIC ANALOGUE TO THE Everything Under $10 clothing shops that dot our retail landscape is Best Cellars. The wine shop carries 100 wines priced under $10, and has biweekly promos—offering a selection of six vintages for $49.99. This week, order a case, and the pretty little Italian corkscrew the store sells for $12.99 is free. Delivery is available at no additional charge within Manhattan for cases of twelve. *Best Cellars, 1291 Lexington Ave., near 87th St. (426-4200); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9–9; 2/24–3/10.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

The Club House

FROM ITS PLUMMY SECOND-STORY DIGS, Couture Club peddles resale designer clothes for women, most of which are now on sale. Manolo Blahnik shoes, were $200, now $15; Chanel suit, was $500, now $100; Karl Lagerfeld raincoat, was $300, now $75. Shoes, belts, and bags are 50 percent off. Alterations are available for an additional charge. *Couture Club, 789 Lexington Ave., near 61st St. (421-8600); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 10–7, Fri. till 6, Sat. noon–5; 3/1–22.*

Island Hop

HUMMINGBIRDS GALLERY, A POCKET OF JAmaican crafts on Sullivan Street, is now discounting most of its wares. For example, ceramic bowl, was $140, now $105; silk scarves, were $100–$150, now $75–$112.50. Candles, potpourri, and soaps are all 50 percent off. *Hummingbirds Gallery, 142 Sullivan St. (358-9518); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. noon–8, Sun. till 6; 2/28–3/11.*

Not Just Judaica

THE 4,000-SQUARE-FOOT J. LEVINE BOOKS & Judaica has selected merchandise on sale beginning this Sunday: menorahs, were $20–$200, now $14–$140; Passover-seder plates, were $30–$200, now $24–$160. Upstairs, books are 10 percent off and Jewish-marriage ketubahs are 10 percent off. The store's catalogue, "Living Jewish," usually $10, is free. *J. Levine Books & Judaica, 5 West 30th St. (695-6888); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Wed. 9–6, Thurs. till 7, Fri. till 2, Sun. 10–5; 3/2–7.*

Frames of Reference

CHELSEE EYES, A STUDIO-SIZE OPTICAL SHOP filled with designer eyeglasses, has frames that retail $150–$400 for $100–$250; prescription no-line bifocal lenses, retail $160–$400, for $120–$250; lightweight-polycarbonate safety lenses, retail $85–$300, for $55–$150. *Chelsee Eyes, 20 West 20th St., suite 804 (242-4823); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–5, or by appointment; 2/24–3/24.* ■

And This **Margo Manhattan put herself on the map by designing the pink ribbon for breast cancer and the red ribbon for AIDS awareness. But it's her stackable silver rings and pretty earrings, all now on sale, that keep people coming back to her shop: interlocking heart rings, were $125–$225, now $75–$135; necklaces, were $79–$2,500, now $48–$1,500; cuff links, were $95–$2,100, now $57–$1,260. Margo Manhattan, 100 Thompson Street (925-0735); 2/24–3/3.**

Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Blue Route

The mix of voyeurism and violation in 'Lost Highway' promises a great erotic thriller; in 'Prisoner of the Mountains,' betrayal is a way of life.

The ultimate *noir* girl: Patricia Arquette in David Lynch's new thriller, *Lost Highway.*

Photograph by Suzanne Tenner/October Films.

IF AN ANIMAL—A WOLF, SAY—EATS ITS OWN TAIL AND then continues eating until it consumes itself, hoof and whisker, and if it then turns into an antelope that uses its horns to make watercolor drawings of a wolf, we may think that it has pulled off quite a trick. We may also think it's a pretty screwed-up beast. David Lynch's new movie, **Lost Highway,** performs comparable contortions and transformations and undergoes comparable rebirths. The picture is a virtuoso exercise in spooky unintelligibility. It seems to be grinning at itself in facing mirrors.

Formally, *Lost Highway* hangs together: There are recurring images and various "rhyming" devices in the plot and a sustained atmosphere of erotic anguish. But none of it makes any particular sense. A man (Bill Pullman) who is sent to prison for murdering his wife (but did he really murder her?) is transformed, somehow, into a younger man (Balthazar Getty) who falls in love with what appears to be the same woman, who . . . Here also is a ghost, or at least a ghostly personage (played by Robert Blake), who makes home videos; a good deal of mock pornography; and much doomed driving-about at night, headlights penetrating into the unfathomable darkness, which receives the oncoming beams into its womb of annihilation—or something like that.

David Lynch may be a failure as an artist, but he's not a phony. In this two-hour narrative movie, he has sustained the obsessional weirdness of his most extreme works. He's consistently sick, and consistently indifferent about pleasing us. Which is a shame, because the beginning of *Lost Highway* suggests some interesting possibilities. Patricia Arquette and Bill Pullman play a married couple living together in tense silence and distrust. Pullman is all awareness, and Arquette seems completely drugged, so they make a provocative and unstable combination. Erotic tension gathers in the blank spaces between their words. The couple begins receiving videotapes, first of the exterior of their house, then of the interior and the two of them in bed. Some sort of intruder is plaguing them, and we gather he has a mysterious connection to Arquette's past.

This mix of voyeurism and violation could easily power a great erotic thriller—but then Lynch lets everything go but the eroticism. He escapes into visual fantasia, just as he did after the opening episodes of *Twin Peaks,* when it became clear (to our disappointment) that he wasn't going to provide any great payoff to the fantastic mysteries he had created earlier (he seemed to care who murdered Laura Palmer less than we did). We get the usual menacing Lynchian soundtrack, with its moaning wind-tunnel relentlessness. There are hallucinated corridors illuminated by lightning, and much gangsterish violence. Women solemnly pull off their clothes and offer themselves for male inspection; a pornographic image of Patricia Arquette plays on a screen in an endless monotony of ecstasy.

Arquette, who seems thick and dulled, as if she's had too much sex but isn't really interested in anything else, appears first with long black hair, then with long blonde hair. Whether she's two women or one is impossible to say, but she's certainly the ultimate *noir* girl, Veronica Lake and Jane Greer combined and naked at last, an entirely available and inexhaustible sexual possibility. The movie seems to be about the annihilation of conscious-

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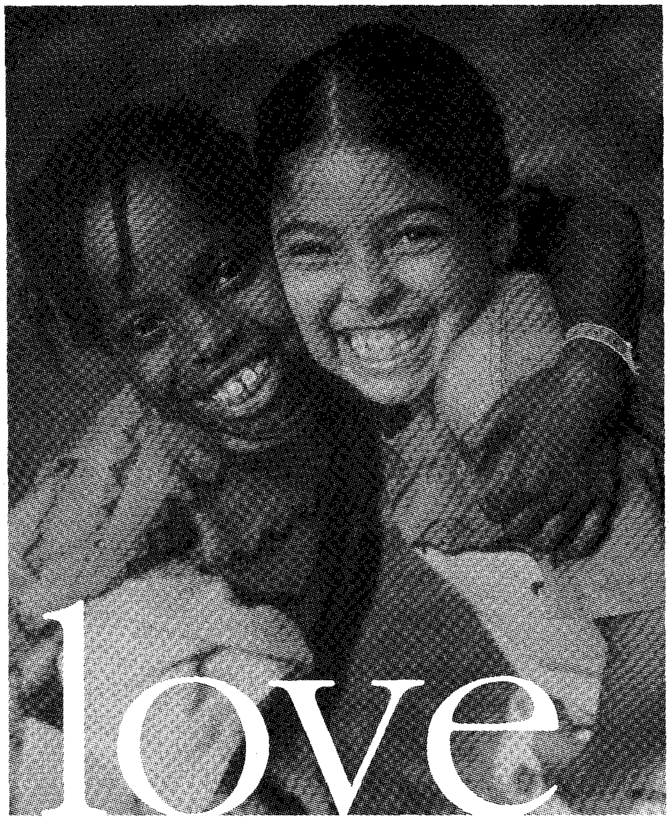

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ness—people wiped out by sex or death or metamorphosis. *Lost Highway*, if it doesn't wipe out the audience as well, might be interesting to talk about in bed. But that's the only place, apart from a few film journals, where it will cause much discussion.

IN **Prisoner of the Mountains,** A COMPANY OF armed Russians fighting in the war with Chechnya is ambushed by the rebels; two Russian soldiers survive and are held as prisoners in a Muslim village in the Caucasus Mountains. The older one, Sacha (Oleg Menshnikov), a professional soldier with a devil-may-care attitude, is disgusted by Vania (Sergei Bodrov Jr.), the raw recruit he's stuck with. Sacha is violent, witty, experienced, Vania a lamb caught in a life-and-death situation. Shackled together, the two men are kept in a stinking, dark hut. In time, they grow to like each other and to admire some of the villagers who guard them. The village elder, an enormous, fierce-looking man (Jemal Sikharulidze), wants to keep them alive so he can trade them for his son, who is held prisoner by the Russians nearby. For a while, a deal seems possible—maybe. This Russian-made movie, based on a Tolstoy novella, is about the decent human emotions that get squashed by the iron logic of war.

Prisoner of the Mountains has great purity of intention and sweetness of feeling, and I wish I admired it more. The director, Sergei Bodrov, stages complex actions in a choppy and fragmentary style that isn't always convincing. And he does more to suggest an emotion than to create it. He does well, however, with the faces of the mountain people (most of them nonactors), which are hooded and closed off. And Bodrov suggests something of the odd, anomalous atmosphere of a sputtering neocolonial war, in which the participants intermingle, talk—then suddenly shoot each other. Betrayal has become a way of life.

There is a good attempted-escape sequence, a mad dash up streams, through ravines, the two men lost in the wasteland of rugged mountains. Bodrov, in his slightly haphazard way, captures the rawness, the unpredictability, the stop-and-go violence of war. The entire movie has a spontaneous and rather casual feeling to it. On the other hand, we don't always know what's going on; some sequences feel half-hearted and arbitrary, dropped in out of nowhere. Bodrov needs to tighten his grip on basic technique; his casualness is cutting off meaning. The humanist message—that what holds people together is more important than the political and religious differences that divide them—seems a little wan and perfunctory when your technique is better at conveying chaos than at evoking the ties that bind. ■

Wild at Art

'Stanley,' a play about a painter and his colorful love life, makes a splash; the Tokyo Shock Boys are a gruesome (but amusing) gross-out.

Wet paint: Antony Sher and Anna Chancellor in *Stanley*.

IN ALMOST ALL RESPECTS, EITHER AT THE $10 MEMbership rate or even at the $45 full price, **Stanley** is a real bargain. The staging is infinitely inventive, the production design compellingly offbeat, the lighting innovative. The score, leaning heavily on Bach, the protagonist's favorite composer, works handily, and most of the major roles are impressively filled. The only thing missing is a play above the boulevard level, something the author, Pam Gems, has never been able to deliver. That this stage biography of the English painter Stanley Spencer (1891–1959) has just won Britain's Olivier Award suggests that playwriting over there is in as precarious a state as it is here.

The artist William Rothenstein, in his recollections, wrote about his friend: "Spencer, with his slight figure, rough dark hair low over his forehead, and something gipsy-like in his small, animated face, might have been taken for a jockey rather than a painter, but for the innocent gaiety of his speech and manner." I am not sure whether innocent gaiety is the recognizable trademark of painters, but Spencer certainly had it. A major reason for his success, I suspect, was the ingenuous blend of religion and sex in his subject matter and the enthusiastic embrace of rural and urban reality in his style. In his work, too, there is innocent gaiety.

The distinguished British actor Antony Sher easefully conveys everything one has ever read about Spencer in a performance of boundless energy, naturalness, and charm. He is both satyr and pixie, visionary and child, buoyer-up and pain in the butt. We can see why Spencer's sweetly naïve conviction that he should have sexual access to twenty women, though his wife should have no such freedom, would drive a spouse crazy, but we see also why Hilda, his first wife, put up with as much as she did. She is played by Deborah Findlay with a simplicity, warmth, and poignancy that make a plain woman come across transcendently lovely and lovable.

But Spencer was also deeply involved with two other women: the mercenary and manipulative Patricia, a spoiled, narcissistic spendthrift, and her lesbian lover Dorothy, both of them painters of sorts. Patricia, who modeled for him, led Stanley on, got him to divorce Hilda, and married him for his money and his house, in which she installed herself with Dorothy, giving Stanley, banished to an outbuilding, no sex and only a little studio space, that too later revoked. After which, things got even messier. How I wish that Miss Gems had managed to penetrate the full horror and pathos of this story, and had made it more profoundly affecting. Although Selina Cadell is a good though slightly too dismal Dorothy, the gawky Anna Chancellor does not carry off the fatal fascination of Patricia.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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The rest of the cast is American, but mostly satisfactory; only Ken Kliban is a sorry excuse for the admittedly underwritten Augustus John. But what compelling direction we get from John Caird, who, with the help of Tim Hatley's cogent scenery, puts the Circle in the Square's inhospitable space to better use than it has ever enjoyed before, one Tarzanesque sequence being especially breathtaking. Peter Mumford's lighting constantly contracts, expands, and transmutes the unit set, which thus achieves cinematic variety and sweep. Brigitte Lacombe's surround of photomurals of Spencer's work, and Ilona Sekacz's savvily deployed, Bach-based music, further immerse us in Spencer's work and world. If only the writing did not remain so resolutely earthbound.

Finally, praise be to Gregory Mosher, the new producing director, who has infused the moribund Circle in the Square with such pulsating life. Not only has he mounted an engrossing production, but he has also dared a lower ticket price, which should yield audiences well beyond what Max Beerbohm once somberly referred to as "the same little public."

THEATER

THE NEW SEASON OF ENCORES!, THE MUSICALS in concert, now with Kathleen Marshall at the helm, has opened auspiciously with Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's **Sweet Adeline** (1929). From the nicely danced overture (John DeLuca's neat choreography performed by Shannon Lewis and Alexandre Proia), where the Coffee Club Orchestra once again dazzled under Rob Fisher's lightsome baton, we knew things were in good hands—and, later, feet and mouths. I'll spare you the balmily inconsequential story about life on and around the not-so-wicked stage of Teddy Roosevelt's America, but I can tell you that the score comprises three incomparable ballads, some perky novelty numbers that the irrepressible Dorothy Loudon delivered with her patented bravura, and a production number, "Some Girl Is on Your Mind," which is one of the most moving blends of music, words, concept, and staging I have ever encountered. Eric Schaeffer was the stylish and sensitive director.

In the sizable cast, only Kristi Lynes and Stephen Bogardus erred by doing, respectively, too much and too little. Particularly fine were Patti Cohenour, with one of the lushest sopranos in the field, munificently deployed; the enchanting Jacquelyn Piro, with her piquant delivery; and Patrick Breen, of the impeccable comic persona and timing. Alas, Gregg Barnes's costuming was, as on some previous occasions, faulty, what with, for example, the as-yet-obscure, Cinderella-ish heroine sporting a gown as grand as, and more daring than, the one she wears later as a reigning prima donna.

In-Betweens IS AN ODD LITTLE ITEM ARRIVING downtown from the Belmont Italian American Playhouse in the Bronx, where the action and three of the four characters are laid. Bryan Goluboff's proletarian melodrama concerns Eddie, a burly, violent Roto-Rooter employee living in a curiously symbiotic relationship with his transvestite brother, Peanut, who works in a movie theater and keeps house for him. Their third-floor walk-up is invaded by Ray, a bourgeois scapegrace who did time in prison at the same time as Eddie, where he underwent especially cruel treatment for refusing to testify against Eddie after witnessing his killing a fellow inmate in a fight.

Ray now expects to be housed and fed while he gets back on his feet, but the not unjustifiably unwelcoming Eddie tries to palm him off on Lolli, a prostitute friend of his. The unscrupulous but ultimately pathetic Ray gets involved with both Lolli and Peanut, as a maelstrom of sex and crime, as well as repression and impotence, envelops all four characters and leads up to catastrophe. There is blood and betrayal in the past and the present, and the only fundamentally decent character ends up holding the bag.

A cast of unknowns to me—Tony Cucci, Andrew Miller, Mark Hutchinson, and Carolyn Baeumler—give thoroughly persuasive performances under Dante Albertie's somewhat overheated direction, which pushes Ken Moreland's lighting and Hector Olivieri's sound design into hysteria. There are grimly comic moments embedded in this bleakly pessimistic piece, whose construction reveals skill and a controlling intelligence but also a predilection for the garish and the overwrought.

THE **Tokyo Shock Boys** ARE JAPAN'S ANSWER to the Blue Man Group: less inventive and more vulgar, but intermittently funny in a fairly foul sort of way. The hair colors and costumes are mostly orange, which wears less well than blue. The four perpetrators, both hampered and enhanced by their comically halting English, perform outlandish routines often embroiling audience members. It all depends on how you respond to milk ingested through the nose coming out through the eye, tunes drummed out on bald sconces, firecrackers launched from the anus, and someone in a chair on coasters being pulled by a rope attached to someone else's scrotum.

There is talent here, albeit of a rather unclassifiable nature. I especially recommend an actor named Sango-San, a punker with a spunkily debunking personality. As for the props, I would single out a live scorpion named Newt Gingrich—gifted, though not quite so good a role-player as his namesake. ■

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Soldier of Misfortune

In the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Berg's haunting 'Wozzeck,' James Levine and his virtuoso orchestra communicate the opera's raw, savage power.

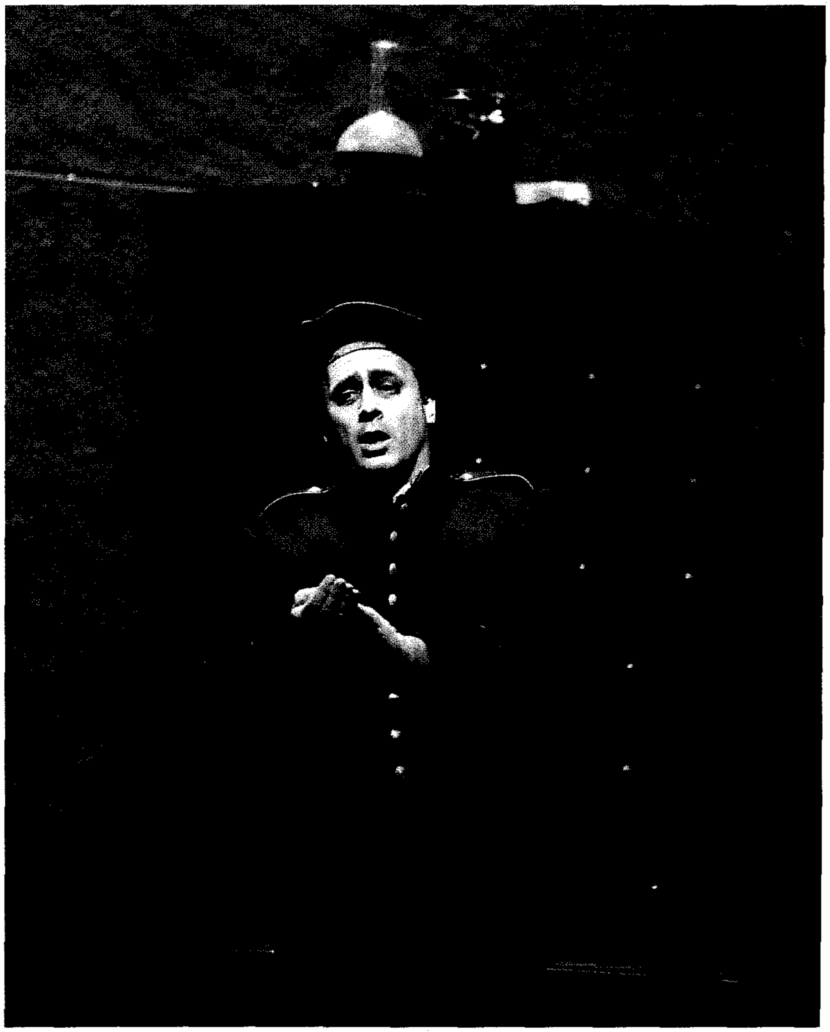
WHEN A PERFORMANCE OF **Wozzeck** HAS ONE yearning to dismiss the singers, ring down the curtain, and let the orchestra continue playing on its own, something has clearly gone awry. Those subversive thoughts occurred to me early on during the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Alban Berg's haunting study of a wretched soldier who murders his mistress, a music drama that still astonishes and disturbs more than 70 years after its sensationally successful premiere in Berlin. But then, ever since *Wozzeck* finally arrived at the Met in 1959, performances have almost always been more notable for the sounds coming from the orchestra pit than for the action onstage.

James Levine continues to refine his view of the score, which he first conducted at the Met more than 22 years ago. Back then, Levine seemed to be aiming for an interesting synthesis based on the polar-opposite approaches of two older *Wozzeck* specialists—Karl Böhm's view of Berg as the last lush flower of German Romanticism and Pierre Boulez's more objective, clinically precise articulation of the opera's structural complexities. That process is now complete. Levine has combined Böhm's expressive warmth with Boulez's passion for exposing every detail, to arrive at his own statement, one of luminous instrumental clarity that also communicates the music's savage power and lyrical majesty in full measure.

If only the production itself could deliver a fraction of the intensity that Levine generates from the podium. Robert Israel's abstract sets, dominated by a towering gray monolith tilted toward the stage, suggest claustrophobic oppression, but the effect is vague, remote, and untheatrical, even when illuminated by the laser-beam ferocity of James F. Ingalls's lighting design. Director Mark Lamos sees few subtleties in the opera, which he gleefully twists into a bizarre comic-strip nightmare drained of all humanity, pity, and terror. By so exaggerating the grotesque character traits of Wozzeck's tormentors—the Captain, Drum Major, and Doctor—and turning them into expressionistic cartoons, Lamos creates a flattened-out drama more chilly than chilling, one that only succeeds in removing us even further from the tragedy of Wozzeck and Marie.

The singers seldom seem convinced by what they are asked to do, and who can blame them? Falk Struckmann might well be a superb Wozzeck under different circumstances—he plays a clumsy man with exceptional grace, his baritone is attractively textured, and he really sings the notes. The rest of the cast doesn't bother much about exact pitches or sustaining a musical vocal line, with Michael Devlin (Doctor) and Graham Clark (Captain) as the worst offenders. Perhaps they are too busy "acting" to sing properly—both, together with Mark Baker (Drum Major), Donald Kaasch (Andres), Anthony Laciura (Fool), and Wendy White (Margret), are capable of finding more music in the opera than they care to. I can't say even that much for Maria Ewing, a hopelessly inept Marie—I doubt that this ravaged voice can now be relied upon to sing even a passable C-major scale.

I'm sorry to be hard on a project that earnestly tries to promote a challenging operatic masterpiece many Met patrons apparently still find too tough to take—the steady stream to the exits, I suspect, was not caused by outrage over the bad singing or disagreements with the production's aesthetic. The Met has my respect for risking *Wozzeck* once again, but no one is served by overpraising the flawed results. If restaged and recast, the revivals in seasons to come may well make a big difference. Until then there is at least the playing of that in-



The horror, the horror: Falk Struckmann as the murderous Wozzeck.

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

credible orchestra to savor, a major listening experience all by itself.

Russell Sherman's CONTINUALLY ABSORBING *Piano Pieces* is a slim volume of instructive and entertaining aphoristic essays that roam over a variety of musical topics in much the same way that this remarkable pianist's infallible fingers travel over the keys. Sherman's prose and his playing seem energized by paradox and opposites—tangibles and intangibles, sunshine and icicles, the musician as both a conquering Saint George and a gentle Saint Francis, and what it means to a pianist when he sits at the keyboard to "dream, fret, rage, and give thanks." The pianist's latest recital at Columbia University's Miller Theater, typically confrontational, was an audible complement to all these stimulating musical rambles.

The two classics Sherman tackled are played so often that one forgets how special they are: the Liszt Sonata and Beethoven's *Appassionata.* Nowadays the latter score tends to be overly domesticated on the one hand or turned into a tantrum on the other. Sherman did neither, and what makes his interpretation so satisfying, I think, is his ability to translate into sound Schubert's perceptive comment about Beethoven as a composer who works at white heat but in cold blood—this was a thrilling performance as well as a rigorously principled one. Liszt's half-hour Sonata can easily come unglued if a pianist fails to relate its restless thematic transformations to its huge, one-movement architectural span. Sherman also succeeds at that, and without sacrificing an iota of the music's creative fantasy.

Sherman's refreshing approach to the classics must surely owe something to his abiding interest in new music. One of the recent pieces on the program was specifically written for him: *Sonata Profondo,* by Ralph Shapey. I assume that this 75-year-old composer, who was sitting across the aisle from me, hears Liszt as a kindred spirit, to judge from his often intense physical response to Sherman's heated performance of his predecessor's sonata. In any case, Shapey's score is also massive, defiant, boldly theatrical, and cunningly constructed as a series of continually evolving variations on a single musical image. *Six Celebratory Inventions,* by George Perle in tribute to composer colleagues, is typical of this fastidious craftsman: direct, elegant vignettes that inhabit a tangy sound world of "twelve-tone tonality" that Perle has developed and, by now, made very much his own. Sherman gave these exquisite inventions a warm embrace and, like everything he plays, a musical life full of character and vitality. ■

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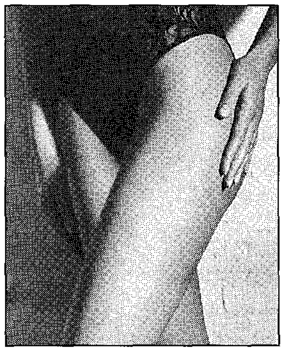

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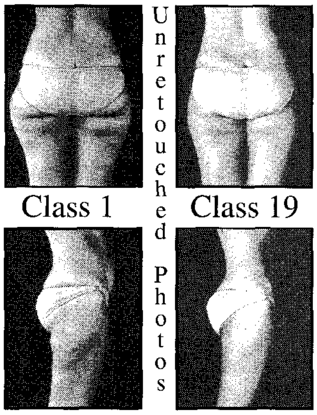


DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Close Encounters

Though the intimate scale of the Joyce Theater works wonders for two visiting classical ballet troupes, it can't quite save them.

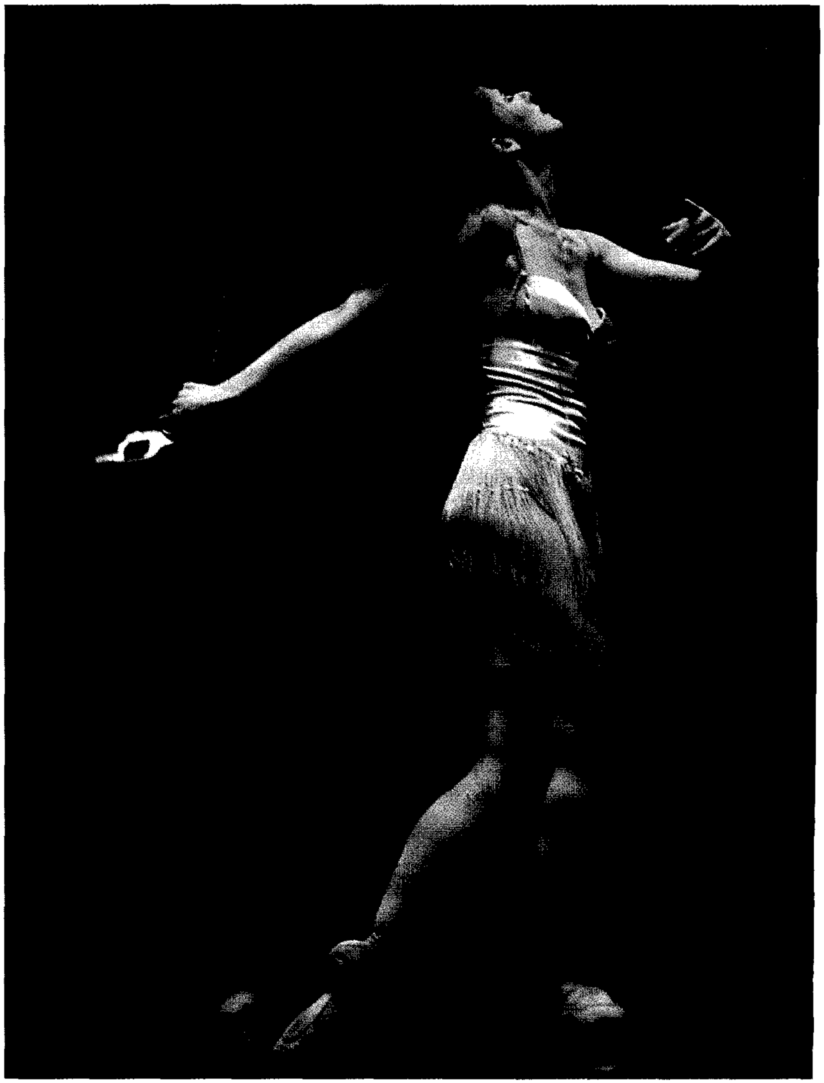
TO MANY MINDS, A CLASSICAL BALLET COMPANY and a modestly scaled theater are incompatible. It's true that blockbuster narrative ballets demand an opera-house stage—if only to accommodate the huge ensembles, elaborate scenery, and ornate costumes that are an expected part of the package. It's equally true that some abstract works (many of Balanchine's best, for instance) make their maximum impact set in a huge volume of unadorned space. Yet there are cherished precedents for chamber-scaled ballet.

Frederick Ashton and Antony Tudor, the most sublime choreographers England has produced, began their careers under the auspices of Marie Rambert, whose facilities could justly be described as a cubicle. Here and now, the Joyce Theater—Lilliputian compared with Lincoln Center's culture palaces—continues to provide a congenial home to Eliot Feld (who led the conversion of the space for dance purposes). The current Joyce season includes three classically based companies in addition to Feld's. Two of them just appeared back to back: **Smuin Ballets/SF** and **American Repertory Ballet.** I wish I could report that they were wonderful; the best I can say is that their performances were greatly enhanced by the Joyce's proportions, which put dancer and spectator in a rapport impossible to duplicate on larger lines.

The failings of both engagements had to do with choreography; dance talent abounded (though it was hardly being cultivated by its assignments). American Repertory Ballet—known as the Princeton Ballet when its ambitions were more local—claims a rep that includes Tudor, Balanchine, Paul Taylor, and other masters. Yet it brought only inferior works to the Joyce. The program I saw opened with the sort of brain-annihilating mechanical ballet—lots of pounding, upbeat energy, signifying nothing—dismayingly popular today. ARB's example, *Metal Spring,* a new work by Daniel Ezralow, combines smart-alecky superficiality with arbitrary quotes from Taylor, with whom the choreographer danced. Kevin O'Day provided another type of standard contemporary fodder with *End Titled*—a love-is-mean duet in which he recycles the mannerisms he absorbed as a dancer with Twyla Tharp and as a choreographer cultivated by Peter Martins. *Fluctuating Hemlines,* by ARB's director, Septime Webre, contrasting fashion's cruelest grotesqueries with pointedly "meaningful" revelations of the ostensibly naked self, is beyond comment.

The centerpiece of the program was Philip Jerry's *Our Town,* based on the Thornton Wilder chestnut that teeters between kitsch and genuine poignancy. Since the company went out of its way to emphasize the fact that it was mourning Jerry's death from AIDS, one is in an uncomfortable position finding the man's work wanting. But this piece, I'm afraid, is not a ballet, merely an ingenuous gloss on the play patched together from tableaux that move a little and some routine set pieces, such as the sweethearts' first shy, then impassioned duet. Jerry's structural model seems to have been Martha Graham's *Appalachian Spring,* and, like Graham, Jerry looked to Aaron Copland for his score. But he lacked not only Graham's appetite and decidedly original gift for motion but also the intellectual and emotional complexity that makes Graham's version of native mythology ring true in both its lovely and its malevolent aspects. Jerry's is an Americana reduced to banality: The good die young; heartstrings are played upon; family values never looked so innocent, appealing, and unlikely.

Smuin Ballets/SF, now three years old, shows the stubborn resilience of veteran dance-maker Michael



Celia Fushille-Burke in Smuin Ballets/SF's *Frankie & Johnny.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

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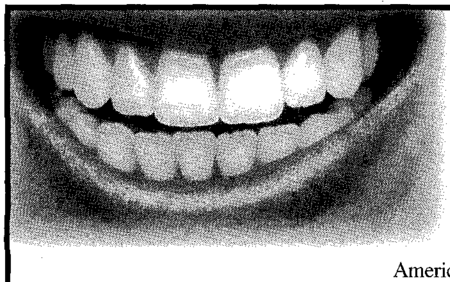

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Smuin, who was removed from the top job at San Francisco Ballet when its board opted for chaste classicism. Smuin is an expert showman; his signature work is gaudy and crudely effective; refined sensibilities are naturally appalled by it. Two thirds of the Joyce program seemed to be Smuin's retort to his detractors: I can be as classical as the next guy.

Brahms/Haydn Variations, which looks as if the music had been chosen after the choreography was completed, attempts to represent the Romantic vein of ballet classicism: All is sweetness and light, with lyricism prevalent in the elegant courtship play between young ladies and gentlemen and the occasional melancholy solo meditation. Contrast is provided by bounding, good-natured camaraderie among the fellows when their lady-loves are absent and a sprite who livens things up with her ebullient jump. Smuin delivers this as if he'd learned the general formula but neglected to make it specific. He uses the classical vocabulary as a tool for creating a superficial—and quickly boring—beauty or for showing off athletic prowess. The subtle dreams-beyond-words that this movement language can be employed to conjure up are either beneath or beyond his notice.

The stark, modern genre of classicism was aped with *One Step Forward to Bach,* equally routine and unfelt. It's just bearable until it starts getting periodically cute. Not even the far more adept Jerome Robbins has been able to bring off cute-to-Bach in tandem with serious-to-Bach. To this doomed ploy, Smuin adds acrobatic and gymnastic stuff and, most peculiarly, a bunch of Famous Images from Balanchine. With the last, it's not clear whether he's provoking the high-brow dance fans to place the quotes or just using them as attractive oddments he found at Terpsichore's flea market. You can't tell because he's the kind of choreographer who'll try anything.

The last and easily the most enjoyable item on the program, *Frankie & Johnny,* showed Smuin operating according to his instincts. It retells, with Hispanic coloring, the romantically tawdry and violent tale of the irresistible lowlife who done his sweetheart wrong. Smuin gives us a cabaret turn of innocence seduced, black sequins, gang rape, soap-operatic heartbreak, and fatal gunfire. And suddenly the dancers come to life, looking natural and wonderful. The men in particular are revivified by the material, comfortable in the seedy-glamorous characters they play, released from the restraint and tension they appear to feel when they pretend to be classical cavaliers. On the whole the choreography does little more than relate the story serviceably, but a few passages, like the tango duet for the second leads, create an atmosphere potent with suggestion. ■

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Mad As Hell

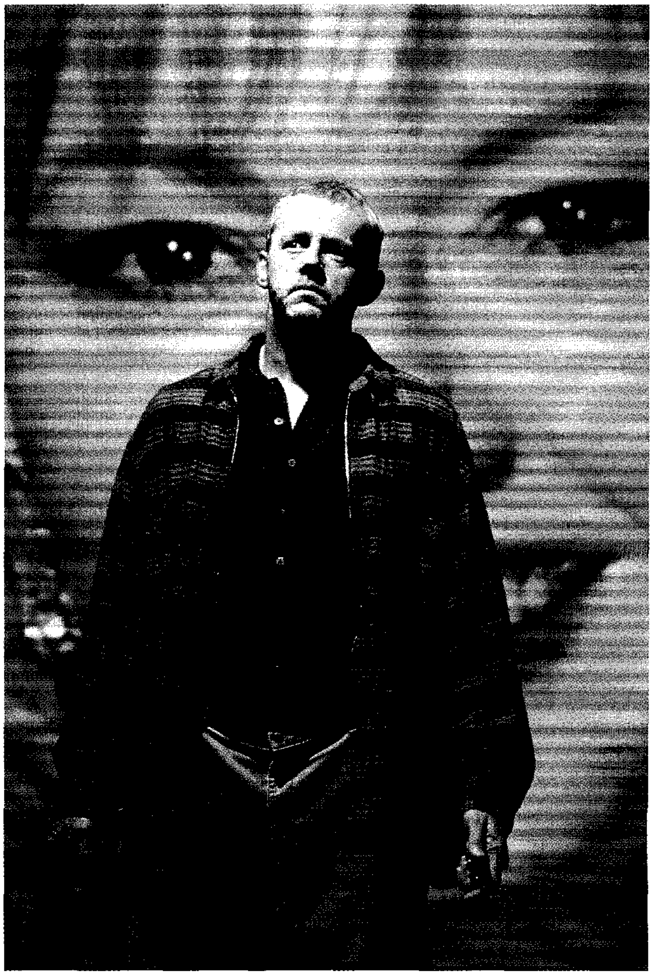
Seething with TV self-loathing, 'Murder Live!' takes on tabloid talk shows; 'EZ Streets' returns, with several of the season's best performances.

TELEVISION SPENDS EVEN MORE TIME DESPISING itself than it does romanticizing newspapers. **Murder Live!** (Monday, March 3; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) isn't the first TV movie full of fear and loathing for its own agency. It just does a better job of self-hate than, say, *Live! From Death Row* (1992), in which Joanna Cassidy and a camera crew, on-site for a ratings-grabbing show-and-tell, were seized as hostages by mass murderer Bruce Davison, who made us more admiring of homicidal maniacs than of the media. Or *Witness to the Execution* (1994), in which pay-per-view producer Sean Young secured the rights to a prime-time telecast of an electrocution by promising 30 percent of the merchandising windfall to the governor. Or all those TV movies and dramatic series that blame the "vampire media" for exacerbating a crisis or compromising a criminal case or slandering an innocent celebrity. Or all those foulmouthed stand-up monologues about moronic Burbank, or cable yakfests about the abuses of electronic journalism featuring thumb-sucking Beltway Ink People.

Murder Live!, which targets tabloid-TV talk shows, was directed by Roger Spottiswoode as if by ambush, in a speed-freak frame of mind—all jumping beans and adrenaline rush, with careening cameras and capsized consoles, superscript and cellular jangle, reaction shots and HOSTAGE CRISIS news breaks, handheld tantrums and instant replay.

"This is the Daytona 500," David Morse tells a captive audience of 70 million, "and you're waiting for the big wreck." As Frank McGrath, he has a gripe: His only daughter, Sally, who was revealed on a previous edition of *The Pia Postman Show* to have been the victim of a brutal gang rape, has killed herself in the glare of publicity. Unrepentant Pia (Marg Helgenberger) and her producers exploit the suicide as they had the rape, with hand-wringing, videotape, and the shrink-wrapped platitudes of a book-promoting psychobabbler (Christine Estabrook). But the distraught Frank, with a gun and a bomb, seizes Pia, her studio audience, her control room, and her cameras. "I feel your pain," says Pia to Frank. "You *are* my pain," Frank replies. He intends a compensatory execution.

And we're trapped, too. The very technology of intimacy is turned on its freaky, hophead self. So compelling is this kidnap of awareness—like a white Ford Bronco going nowhere, like a Symbionese Liberation Army shootout—that the Frank and Pia Show goes network right into the first few innings of a baseball playoff game between the Yankees and the Mariners, which we are also permitted to follow in a split-screen inset box. Meanwhile, unnecessarily, the SWAT cop (Peter Horton) assigned to negotiate the safety of the hostages is carrying around his own albatross of guilty baggage. And Frank's contemptuous wife (Teri Garr) is drinking too much. And a member of the studio audience collapses from hypertension. *Murder Live!* ups the amphetamine ante so high, it has no choice except to self-destruct, which is unfortunate because all by themselves Morse and Helgenberger could have carried the movie to someplace special. He is a walking wound with the born loser's frantic lucidity, but he's also petulant; indignation gives him a buzz. She's so practiced at manufacturing masks and modes of sincerity, she seems almost shamanistic, so blondely inauthentic that she might have been synthesized. But



David Morse takes talk-show host Marg Helgenberger—and her TV audience—hostage.

Photograph by Gary Null/NBC.

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she's also cunning, even witty, even brave, rubbing the fretted edges of his raw ego. "Very Phil Donahue," she taunts him after he's opened a vein on camera. Rage, like empathy, is just another act.

This is where I wonder why there has never been a *Lou Grant* sort of show about television *on* television; why TV is even harder on itself than its eager critics at newspapers and magazines are. That pixels should so often portray print reporters as private eyes, cowboys, and gangbusters, while imagining themselves uniquely craven, is myopic. From decades of experience at the New York *Times* (from which one escapes as if from the Communist Party or Catholic Church, by jumping over a wall), at the old weekly *Life* (before it died for *People*'s sins), and inside the Condé Nast bat cave, I assure you that all big-time news organizations are alike, equally unhappy families at which corruption, paranoia, purge, Oedipal revolt, ulcers, and gripes are as common as colds and salt.

TELEVISION

TELEVISION IS A *PIA POSTMAN SHOW,* BUT it's **Calling the Ghosts** (Monday, March 3; 11 P.M. to midnight; Cinemax) as well. More powerfully than any newspaper or magazine or book, this "Cinemax Reel Life" documentary shows us the face of ethnic cleansing in Bosnia-Herzegovina. Until April 29, 1992, Jadranka Cigelj and Nusreta Sivac, a judge and a lawyer, friends since their Prijedor childhood, fellow Muslim intellectuals, thought they lived in a diverse culture. But when the Serbs took over, these two women were abducted and thrown into the Omarska Detention Camp and, for months, repeatedly beaten and raped. That they aren't dead, from starvation or dysentery or a bullet, is due chiefly to a British camera crew that came upon Omarska almost by accident.

That the victims persevered—on the cattle wagons and Norwegian buses that took them, and in the refugee camps in Croatia where they collected the testimony of other survivors, and at the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia in the Hague where they bore eloquent witness—is flabbergasting. That one of the torturers laughs off their charges as the fantasies of unattractive middle-aged women is a measure of the routine depravity not only of this war and this century but of all wars in all centuries.

This is what the killing fields looked like and Chetnik songs sounded like and how it feels when "raped" is your official identity. From the Hague Tribunal, Jadranka Cigelj sends a picture postcard to her Serbian neighbors in Prijedor: Wish you were here.

FINALLY, **EZ Streets** RETURNS (MONDAY, March 3; Wednesdays thereafter, starting March 5; 10 to 11 P.M.; CBS). If you missed the two-hour pilot and the first episode last fall, you'll have to make do with an abbreviated recap: In a nameless, surreal Rust Belt city, a soft labyrinth of urban blight across the bridge from Canada, Ken Olin is a cop wrongly suspected of being corrupt, now gone undercover to track down his partner's killer. Jason Gedrick is an ex-con, wrongly convicted of robbery, desperate to get his daughter back from a streetwalking and heroin-addicted ex-wife. They converge in the abandoned factories, burned-out housing projects, derelict railroad stations, the bare, ruined choirs of a circle of hell.

They are compelled to deal with Joe Pantoliano, the lunatic gang boss of the wild-side "Easys" whose father was a union organizer in the protection racket; Debrah Farentino, Joe's slinky uptown lawyer, who is into handcuffs and church-pew sex and suborning witnesses; Carl Lumbly, an up-from-the-ghetto, cocaine-addicted mayor who has cut a deal with the local mob; and various corrupt cops, triple-crossing snitches, murderous Rastafarians, and disconsolate strippers.

These, in turn, all have to deal with dead fathers, school-yard stigmata, overdoses and explosions, bodies washed up on the waterfront in barrels of blood, and freezers full of severed hands in Baggies, not to mention sky-cam shots of the blasted heath, as if from a chopper over Belfast, and quite a lot of William Butler Yeats.

It's complicated but often very funny: *Pulp Fiction* meets *Twin Peaks*, or *The Godfather* opens an *X-File* in Beirut. (There is an upcoming burial at sea, in an inflatable rubber boat, as blackly humorous as Vonnegut, Pynchon, or Celine.)

It's also very Irish: not only all that terrible beauty and those lugubrious Celtic sea chanteys, most of them sung by Loreena McKennitt, but the paramilitary class war too. (Everybody's trapped; if loyalty's their only faith, selling out is their only means of upwardly mobilizing; sex is money and betrayal is style.)

Pantoliano's craziness is one of the bravura performances of this or any television season. Mike Starr as his sidekick is equally commanding. I've now seen the first ten hours of *EZ Streets*. Had it been produced in Britain by Granada and serialized on *Mystery!*, it would be called profound. Instead, it goes begging for a precious slot on the prime-time grid. We've heard a lot about what network television has done to the attention span of the American public. It's time we considered what the attention span of the American public has done to network television. ■

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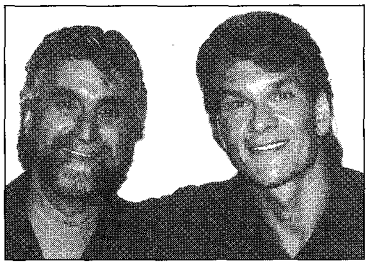

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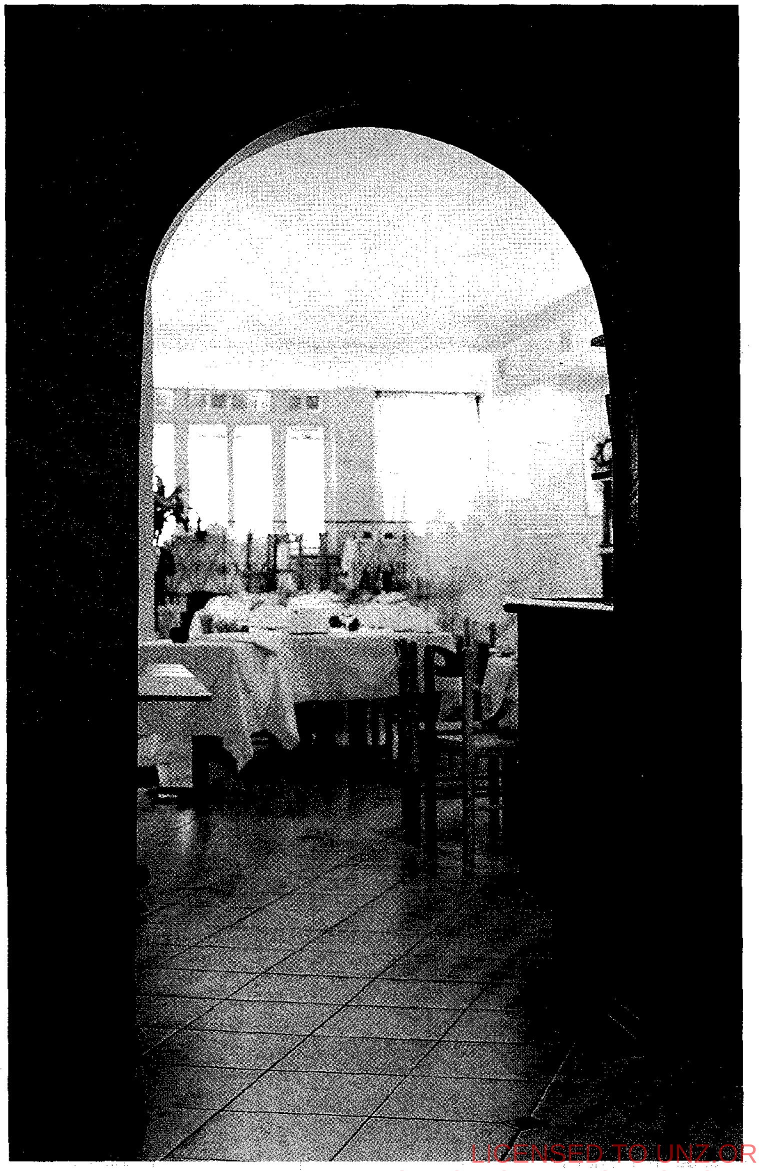
URBAN TRUISM NO. 573: TWO MEN DINING IN A trendacious Italian trattoria will need to shave again by the time their authentic, visa'd waiter refills their water or brings more bread. Meanwhile, the same waiter will treat two women alone as if each had a dowry that could buy Fiat.

So, when the waiter at **Bricco** slams a glass of red wine down in front of one of the two women at the next table and bolts, we figure he's gone scurrying for the what-with to clean up the resulting crimson tide. However, five minutes after we offer our napkins to them, he returns—to *our* table—with neither a greeting nor an offer to take a drink order. Instead, he orates the specials, facing the door and talking over his right shoulder. Informed that we prefer water instead of wine and that we are having trouble understanding his recitation, he rolls his eyes in Mrs. Drysdale–like disdain and says, "I suppose I have to tell you again." Then, turning his back on us, he flips the women their menus as if dealing blackjack in Vegas. And vanishes. "It's not you," say the two women in concert. "We hate him." With that, one of the women gets up and heads for the owner. Five minutes later, Nino fires him on the spot.

The well-mannered trattoria: Bricco on West 56th Street.



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

"Don't worry. It is not just for you. I have had many complaints about him," Nino tells the women as every other waiter swirls around them in obeisance.

"Ego I don't need. Fabulous I don't need. I want a neighborhood place. Good food. Nice people. Nothing complicated," the diminutive owner says of his three-month-old restaurant. "I know what I want."

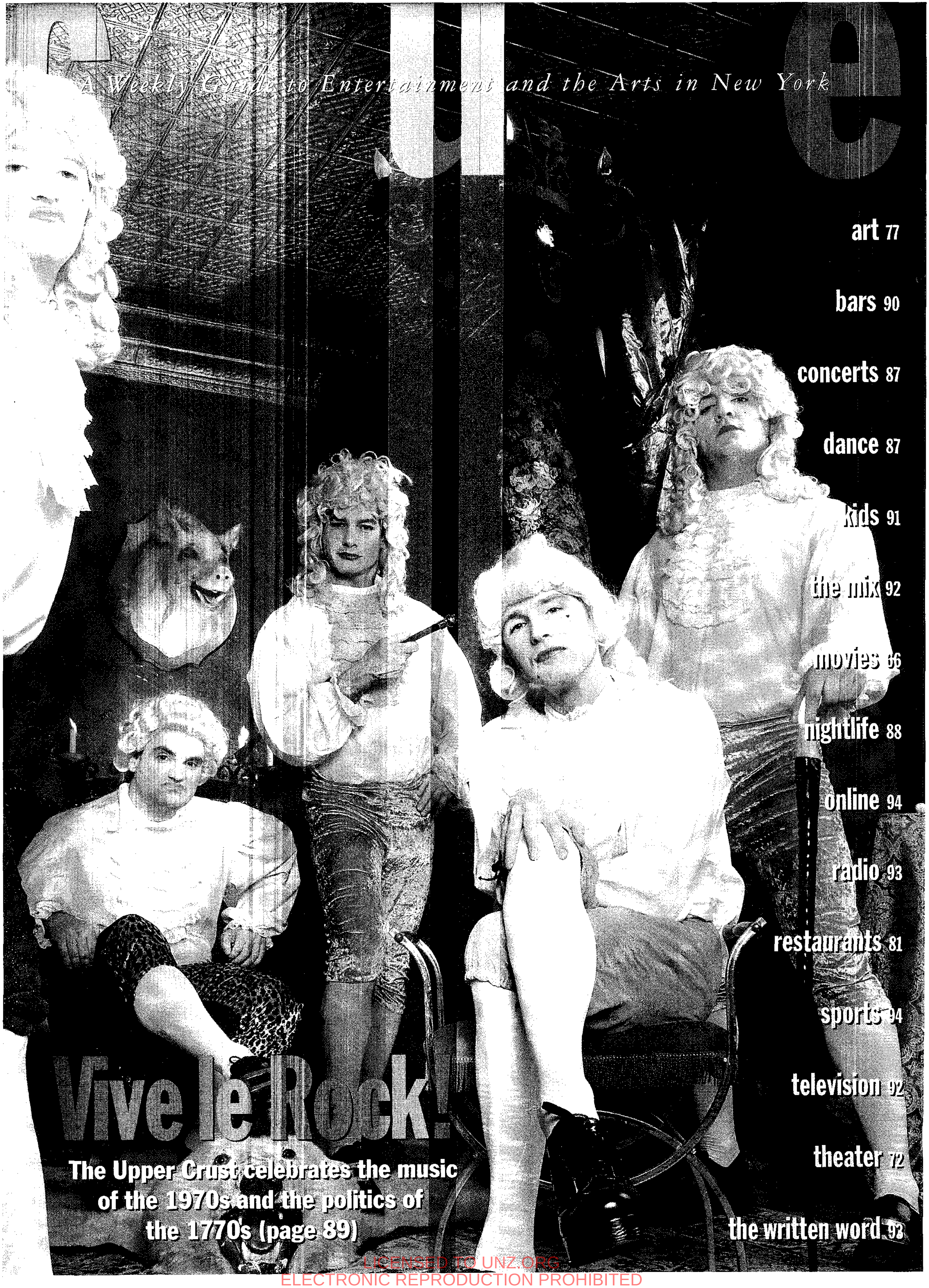
I guess so. Two days later, we are surrounded by a staff as harmonious as a choral group. Some of you don't have relatives this nice.

This unified charm is working as swiftly as Nino's decisiveness, for at a location that offers no visible community, Bricco already exhibits the warmth and ease of a local hangout. With its low vaulted ceiling and autumnal-hued downstairs dining room (the airier second floor appears destined for weddings and business lunches as sure as Nino will always have a pompadour), Bricco has almost a coffeehouse feel. One might expect one of the locals to stand unprompted and spout poetry.

The menu is just as open and straightforward. For better or worse, dishes are prepared as basically as they are described. Don't expect any unexpected seasoning. On dishes like a lightly breaded baked eggplant-and-mozzarella "sandwich" or smoky sautéed mushrooms offset by chewy grilled calamari, such salt-and-pepper simplicity is refreshing. Baby artichokes are bathed only in olive oil and garlic before brick-oven baking. Salmon carpaccio, minus tapénade or any other spreadable goo, goes down bright and clean. Octopus, fennel, and arugula are three distinct but complementary flavors braced successfully with barely more than oil and vinegar. Kidney and cannellini beans get a boost from sautéed red onion in a soothing, homey fagioli. And though both the lentil and the cream-of-broccoli soups are too one-note to warrant spooning a whole bowlful, the baby white clams in Pinot Grigio and enough garlic to eliminate your daily dose of Claritin-D are just spectacular. Forget your Zone diet: Gorge on broth-soaked bread.

There are only two categories where this culinary fundamentalism fails. Pizzas are flat, in one way too many. The tameness of the house tomato sauce and the placidity of mozzarella are not challenged by the choices of feta cheese, wild

(continued on page 76)



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Vive le Rock!

The Upper Crust celebrates the music of the 1970s and the politics of the 1770s (page 89)

movies

Donnie Brasco...Stunt Casting...Le Samouraï

New Films

★**Absolute Power**—Clint Eastwood's latest work as director and star has a terrific opening. Clint plays a serious career thief who enters a Washington, D.C., mansion, disables the elaborate security system, and penetrates a treasure-filled vault situated behind a two-way mirror. Happily emptying jewelry and cash into his sack, he suddenly realizes, to his horror, that the young mistress of the house has returned with a very powerful and famous man, and that she plans to have carnal relations with that man on the other side of the mirror, only a few feet away. When the sex gets rough, and then violent, and then ends in murder, the thief passes through various stages of prurient interest, fear, and disgust. Here Eastwood methodically lays out a sensational scene, keeping the space clear and distinct, so we can enjoy the thief's fear of exposure, the moral ambiguity of the violator passively watching the greater violation—and then on to the scene's murderous conclusion and its coda detailing the thief's attempted escape. Alas, nothing else in the movie is as good as this long opening sequence. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Beautician and the Beast—Fran Drescher stars as a beautician from Queens whose make-over services are requested by a Third World nation. Directed by Ken Kwapis. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) *19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Blood & Wine—The best thing in this doggedly sincere *noir* thriller is the saturnine acting partnership of Jack Nicholson and Michael Caine. Nicholson is the wine dealer Alex Gates, an apparently prosperous man who is broke and desperately eager to end a painful marriage so he can run away with his beautiful young mistress (Jennifer Lopez). Caine is an English ex-con, Victor Spansky, a safecracker with a vile temper and dyed hair. Victor needs to steal something, so he joins Alex and together they rip off a diamond necklace from a Miami mansion. Once they steal it, everything goes wrong. Lust, rage, greed—the usual trio of forties *noir* emotions—send the plot rushing along, but without any particular distinction. Director Bob Rafelson mucks up the movie with earnest, plodding stuff about "relationships," and the conflicts are too familiar to us. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Astor Plaza; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Booty Call—Jamie Foxx and Tommy Davidson star in this comedy about two men haplessly in search of sex, and the women who won't give it to them. (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *Plaza Twin.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**La Cérémonie**—Claude Chabrol has made many malicious thrillers in his long career, but he's never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, and persuades her to come work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband and two children. Sophie, it turns out, attracts a woman friend—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. Their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime, and their pranks seem meaner and meaner. In the hands of these two, civilization falls to pieces. (Denby; 1/20/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Citizen Ruth**—We make the acquaintance of Ruth Stoops (Laura Dern), a white-trash no-good from Anywheresville, USA, a woman who lives to sniff glue in back alleys. Ruth is pregnant with her fifth child (the other four have been given away), and she's facing a jail sentence for endangering the life of her fetus. The judge tells her he will get the charges dropped if she agrees to an abortion. Ruth is discovered in jail by four freshly arrested pro-lifers; she then enters the Christian home of Norm and Gail Stoney (Kurtwood Smith and Mary Kay Place), who feed her, clothe her, and preach to her. Ruth is rescued from the pro-life people by Diane (Swoosie Kurtz) and Rachel (Kelly Preston), a determined pro-choice lesbian couple, yet she remains as untamable as ever. Diane and Rachel know how to put on the face of Intelligent Concern, but they're not much interested in who Ruth is; they press-gang her into service in the endless war for abortion rights. And they pay just as heavily as the Stoneys for their naïveté about Ruth, who swigs Courvoisier in the lovely upstairs bedroom they give her and leaps for joy when the pro-life people announce on television that they will pay her $15,000 to have her baby. Despite its critical intentions, *Citizen Ruth* is an entertainment—an extremely well-written, brilliantly acted movie touched by the spirit of both James Thurber and Preston Sturges. (Denby; 1/27/97) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

Cyclo—A destitute orphan, robbed of his only means of work and transportation, is rescued by a local gang leader (Tony Leung-Chiu Wai)—who has lured the orphan's older sister into a life of prostitution. Directed by Tran Anh Hung (*The Scent of Green Papaya*). (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dangerous Ground—Ice Cube is a South African exile who returns home to search for his missing

Opening
Snow Angels

As an enigmatic figure known only as The Mechanic, Gabriel Byrne (left) pushes shifty local police inspector Bob Peck (right) to the wall in 'Smilla's Sense of Snow' (opening Friday). Based on the Peter Høeg novel, the movie stars Julia Ormond as an emotionally remote woman who, with Byrne, doggedly attempts to solve the murder of a little boy.

Photograph by Rolf Konow/Fox Searchlight

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph by Whitney Ward.

younger brother. With Elizabeth Hurley. Directed by Darrell Roodt. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**Dante's Peak**—Out there in the Pacific Northwest, in the idyllic, clear-aired town of Dante's Peak, which is at the base of a dormant volcano, Linda Hamilton is the mayor, and Pierce Brosnan shows up, a handsome but troubled volcanologist. After some mini-quakes and a couple of lovers roasted while frolicking in the hot springs, the mountain erupts, and the scenes of panic and devastation in the small town are scary enough. Director Roger Donaldson stages a fine scene in which a raging river sweeps away a bridge and a man trapped on the bridge has a passing moment of recognition in which he accepts his fate. *Dante's Peak* is absurdly plotted, but here and there, it strikes a genuine note of awe. (Denby; 2/17/97) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Donnie Brasco—Johnny Depp stars as Joe Pistone, a real-life FBI agent who spent six years of his life undercover as a mobster; Al Pacino is the Mafia bottom-feeder who brings him on and is quickly usurped by his protégé. Directed by Mike Newell. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R). *Area theaters.*

The Eighth Day—A successful salesman forges a unique bond with a young man suffering from Down's syndrome. Written and directed by Jaco Van Dormael. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

★**The Empire Strikes Back**—The second installment in George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. Fiennes's count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katharine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Everyone Says I Love You—In movies, when ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become, like poetry, the strongest way of saying something. But in Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough. So Allen uses actors with no training as singers, actors—Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, which barely reach the microphone, and there's no exhilaration, no release. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family, with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. The movie is easy to sit through and hard to get excited about. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Evita—Eva Perón (Madonna), born in 1919 in a small town, escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. Under his protection, she becomes a political figure in her own right, a benefactress of the poor, a savior, a saint, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keep her husband

AL PACINO

JOHNNY DEPP

In 1978,
the U.S. government
waged a war against
organized crime.
One man was left
behind the lines.

DONNIE BRASCO

Based On A True Story

MANDALAY ENTERTAINMENT presents a BALTIMORE PICTURES/MARK JOHNSON production a MIKE NEWELL film
AL PACINO JOHNNY DEPP "DONNIE BRASCO" MICHAEL MADSEN BRUNO KIRBY JAMES RUSSO ANNE HECHE music by PATRICK DOYLE executive producers PATRICK McCORMICK ALAN GREENSPAN based on the book by JOSEPH D. PISTONE with RICHARD WOOLLEY
mandalay R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN produced by MARK JOHNSON BARRY LEVINSON LOUIS DiGIAIMO GAIL MUTRUX screenplay by PAUL ATTANASIO directed by MIKE NEWELL www.sony.com TRISTAR

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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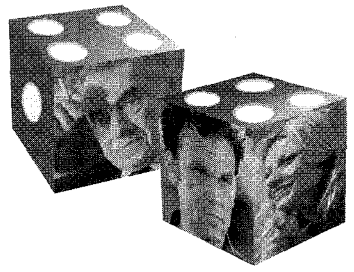
"INTELLIGENT AND ENGAGING, 'HARD EIGHT' IS WORTH BETTING ON."

– Ann Marie O'Connor, MADEMOISELLE



PHILIP BAKER HALL JOHN C. REILLY with GWYNETH PALTROW

HARD EIGHT

RYSHER ENTERTAINMENT Presents a GREEN PARROT Production In Association With TRINITY a P.T. ANDERSON Picture "HARD EIGHT"
PHILIP BAKER HALL JOHN C. REILLY with GWYNETH PALTROW and SAMUEL L. JACKSON as "Jimmy" Costume Designer MARK BRIDGES
Music by MICHAEL PENN and JON BRION Co-Producer DANIEL LUPI Editor BARBARA TULLIVER Production designer NANCY DEREN
Director of Photography ROBERT ELSWIT Executive Producers KEITH SAMPLES HANS BROCKMANN FRANÇOIS DUPLAT
Produced by ROBERT JONES JOHN LYONS Written and Directed by PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON

RYSHER ENTERTAINMENT R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN trinity Distributed through Metromedia Entertainment Group GOLDWYN ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY
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STARTS FRIDAY, FEB. 28TH
AT SELECT THEATRES

in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. Or something like that. The life of the actual Eva Perón is a black comedy of major proportions; it is a life that can sanely be approached only with irony—or with an exuberant appreciation of the grotesque. *Evita* is grotesque, all right, but it lacks even a tinge of self-awareness or wit. Holding pictures of Evita, crowds appear at political rallies; gather outside the palace as she is dying; attend her funeral; engage in vague insurrectionary activities. The crowd throws itself into whatever attitudes are necessary to further the ritual of her enshrinement. *Evita* is a kind of fascists' pseudo-opera: After a while, we realize that we're being pressed into that crowd of awestruck worshipers. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East.*

Fools Rush In—Matthew Perry and Salma Hayek star in this comedy about a young couple who get married after a one-night stand results in pregnancy. Directed by Andy Tennant. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

★**Hamlet**—In the new *Hamlet,* Kenneth Branagh is an extroverted prince, bold, brazen, often noisy, a man who dominates every conversation and enjoys putting people on. Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance. Yet there are many brilliant moments. Branagh straightens out the sexual life of the court: Hamlet and Ophelia (Kate Winslet) have been to bed (Branagh shows the lovemaking), and they have a palpable physical need for each other. When they are wrenched apart by the meddling grown-ups, and Hamlet then mistakenly kills Polonius, Ophelia's insanity is deeply moving—not the usual wan flutter of Elizabethan butterfly wings but grief-struck rage in a padded cell. In all, the play has lost none of its anguish but much of its beautiful melancholy. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Hard Eight—Samuel L. Jackson, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Philip Baker Hall star in this modern *noir* about a calloused gambler whose future is threatened by a dark secret. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The sports agents in *Jerry Maguire* crash through the ceiling on jet blasts of energy. The huge amounts of money they can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that they handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* is a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

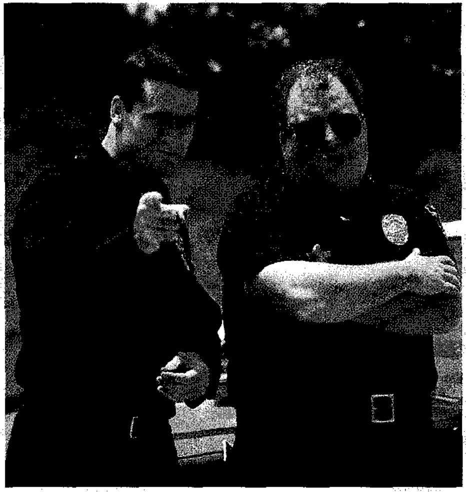
Johns—David Arquette and Lukas Haas play two young hustlers struggling to survive on the streets of L.A. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Kama Sutra—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

★**Kolya**—Franta (Zdenek Sverak), the hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—has lived with dismay for so long that he remains blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. A great musician, he was once a cellist in the Czech Philharmonic, but he was tossed out for making an offhand remark that offended a Prague bureaucrat. Defensive and silent, he has turned into a sneak and a liar, a man who seduces other men's wives. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good

Data

Stunt Doubles



Rollins, left, winking at you—and himself.

Lately, a panoply of rock stars, political figures, and athletes (i.e., any famous person who doesn't *act* for a living) have been sprouting up like weeds in every third movie. Traditionally, these appearances would be defined as *cameos*—big stars who essentially appear as themselves in small, showy parts—but that definition has taken on a whole new subtext. When someone like Henry Rollins—who has quite seriously forged careers as a poet and punk-rocker with a fervent anti-authoritarian, anti-cop stance—plays a police officer in a Charlie Sheen movie (*The Chase*) and a prison guard in David Lynch's *Lost Highway,* the line between sell-out and ironist gets a bit blurry. Distracting, in-jokey stunt casting—get a celebrity of any caliber to *pretend* to be the opposite of who they *appear* to be—has become increasingly prevalent of late, and it's a poor excuse for actual entertainment. Watching Dennis Rodman engage in his psychic house-of-mirrors routine is one thing, but asking us to fork over $8.50 to see him act normal—just for the irony of it—is quite another.

MOVIE	PERSONA-SPOOFING PERFORMANCE
DEAD MAN	Punk-rocker Iggy Pop puts in an appearance as a largely stoic, silent outlaw in Jim Jarmusch's Western. Headliner Johnny Depp gets street-cred for friendship with the cranky rocker.
GIRL 6	The happily domesticated Madonna—who has adopted personalities so feverishly that anything she does is a reference to a former incarnation—is a gutter-mouthed phone-sex operator in Spike Lee's much-maligned comedy.
HALF THE SUPPORTING CAST OF THE PEOPLE VS. LARRY FLYNT	New York City's breakaway First Lady, Donna Hanover, plays born-again evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton (Jimmy Carter's sister); Clinton's zealous former campaign manager James Carville puts in a brief performance as a rabid conservative who causes a ruckus at a lunch hosted by S&L bad guy Charles Keating; Larry Flynt plays a judge who sends his fictional self to jail; Woody Harrelson's actual brother plays his fictional brother.
BASQUIAT	Today's cleaned-up Courtney Love has a bit part as a sluttish, drug-addled groupie; Warhol acolyte David Bowie as Warhol with a vaguely European accent.
PRIVATE PARTS (March 7)	Mia Farrow appears as herself in a fantasy sequence in which she awards Howard Stern—one of the few media figures to publicly and relentlessly excoriate Woody Allen—with an Academy Award.
DOUBLE TEAM (April 4)	Dennis Rodman was originally supposed to have just a cameo as a CIA weapons specialist (!) in this Jean-Claude Van Damme vehicle. But his part was expanded when it became clear that the cross-dressing, tattooed, pierced hoop star with the skunk-striped Afro had some kind of, well, *presence.*

Photograph by Photofest.

money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a five-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman–Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer,* though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lost Highway—See David Denby, p. 53. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Mother—Albert Brooks (who also wrote and directed) plays a mediocre novelist, twice divorced, who moves back in with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) to thrash out his Oedipal kinks. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Metro Cinema.*

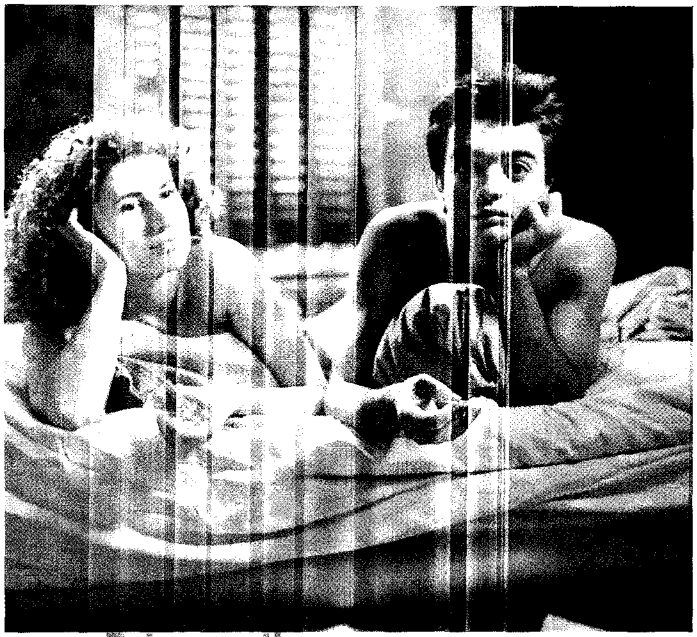
★**The People vs. Larry Flynt**—The talented screenwriters Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski have framed their biopic as a ragtag American epic. In the fifties Larry Flynt and his brother, Jimmy, suffer through a dirt-poor, sub-Huck Finn boyhood in rural Kentucky. Twenty years later, Larry and Jimmy are running topless clubs in Ohio, satisfying customers and hurting no one. (That, at least, is the way the movie tells it.) Larry (Woody Harrelson), who sleeps with all the girls, is a free man, unburdened by refinement or civility. Why *not* put pictures of a naked Jackie O. in his new slick-paper mag, *Hustler*? The money is just lying on the ground. Even in his early Czech movies, Milos Forman demonstrated his pleasure in raffishness, and this time he's raised rotgut courage to the status of truth. Larry and his tarnished inamorata, the dancer Althea Leasure (Courtney Love), deliver pornography without apology or disguise; their ambitions are so straightforward, and they exist on such easy terms with their flesh (their own and other people's), that they burn away the hypocrisy of anyone hung up on appearances. But the filmmakers make the mistake of turning Larry Flynt into a moral hero and martyr. The movie suggests no way of criticizing Larry Flynt that isn't hypocritical, and liberal sanctimoniousness begins to overwhelm this screenplay. (Denby; 12/23/96) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Prisoner of the Mountains—See David Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Rosewood**—Two men work to evacuate an all-black town when neighboring whites—enraged by false reports of a random attack by a black man against a white woman—seek revenge. Based on actual incidents in twenties Florida. Directed by John Singleton. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Salut Cousin!—A naïve young man from Algiers joins his more worldly cousin in Paris and embarks on a personal adventure. Directed by Merzak Allouache. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, postmodern take on scary movies. With Drew Barrymore, Neve Campbell, and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Manhattan Twin; 62nd and Broadway; Olympia Cinemas.*



Retrospective

Drama Queen

Belgian director Chantal Akerman—considered by many to be the most influential avant-garde European filmmaker of the moment—is the subject of a retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image, beginning March 1. On view: a documentary she made about herself, as well as 1991's 'Night and Day' (with Guilaine Londez, left, and Thomas Langmann, right), Akerman's homage to 'Jules and Jim.' (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Watching this stuff, most of it badly directed by Scott Hicks, is a wretched experience. Rush, however, is almost giddy from excitement; his performance is the real triumph. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Smilla's Sense of Snow—Julia Ormond stars as an emotionally remote woman who relentlessly investigates the mysterious death of a little boy she had grown to love. With Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Billie August. (2 hrs. ; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Star Wars**—The early and middle seventies—the time of the *Godfather* movies and great films by Altman, Scorsese, Polanski, and Ashby, the time of De Palma's audacities—offered much to anyone eager to believe that film was the great American art form of the twentieth century. Seeing *Star Wars* after those movies was, for some of us, an exhilarating but also unnerving experience. For here was a master showman, George Lucas, working in hyperpop style, without the earnestness about art that we expected from master directors. Lucas sent people running up and down corridors, zapping each other with laser guns. At the same time, *Star Wars* had moments of great natural beauty and its own kind of wit. In the past twenty years, American big-studio films have become so frivolously pop and so omnivorously commercial that *Star Wars* now seems a model of classical narrative. It tells a story with some feeling for its characters; it has a strong charge of suspense and an epic theme—the search of a boy for his father. It has a touch of mystery, and has retrospectively gained in stature by Lucas's extending the mythical aspects of the story in later parts of the trilogy. What seemed cheesy before—the helmeted lummoxes running up and down corridors, the refuse-dump walls closing in on the heroes—now seems reassuringly human and small-scaled. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

SubUrbia—College dropouts, dreamers, and premature failures hang out every night in a convenience-store parking lot somewhere in suburban Texas. As a group, they have gathered in this gruesome cement corner since high school. Most Americans would see them as posing losers, and in many ways they are. But playwright-screenwriter Eric Bogosian and director Richard Linklater treat them tenderly; the kids are losers of a special kind—embittered idealists trapped in the nowheresville of American pop commercialism. *SubUrbia* is intensely written and played, and though it whirls around and goes nowhere, passages of it are affecting. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

That Darn Cat—Christina Ricci is a bored 16-year-old whose mischievous cat leads her and her cohort (Doug E. Doug) into a web of suburban intrigue. Directed by Bob Spiers. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Touch—Skeet Ulrich stars as a young Franciscan monk living in L.A., whose daily existence—which consists mainly of quietly performing miracles—is destroyed by assorted hucksters, televangelists, and tabloid reporters. Directed by Paul Schrader. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Vegas Vacation—Chevy Chase once again loads the wife and the kids (are they not grown yet?) into the Suburban and relentlessly pursues fun. (1 hr. 30

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; Plaza.*

Waiting for Guffman—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. With Catherine O'Hara, Fred Willard, and Eugene Levy. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight-championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn $5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. Blacks had left in shackles and returned as champions—that was his mantra, and the American party included James Brown and B. B. King, who were caught up in the same spirit. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. We see the routine things onscreen—Foreman punching the training bag, Ali taking body blows from his sparring partner—which are brought to life by Mailer's comments. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Muhammad Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves; Kolya; Shine; Sling Blade; SubUrbia; Waiting for Guffman.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Star Wars; Blood & Wine.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Boyfriends.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Rats in the Ranks; Cyclo.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Johns; Prisoner of the Mountains; Salut Cousin!; Secrets & Lies.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Citizen Ruth; Swingers.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Dangerous Ground; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Absolute Power; Fools Rush In; Lost Highway; Rosewood; Touch.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Scream; Dante's Peak.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Beautician and the Beast; Dangerous Ground; Fools Rush In; Jerry Maguire; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Vegas Vacation.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Everyone Says I Love You.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Evita; Lost Highway; Rosewood; Shine; Star Wars; Touch.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Empire Strikes Back; Everyone Says I Love You.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Absolute Power; The English Patient; Shine; Star Wars.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ridicule.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *The Unforgotten.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Blood & Wine.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Dante's Peak.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Sling Blade.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Fools Rush In; Shine.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Absolute Power; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dangerous Ground; Jerry Maguire; The Pest; Turbulence; Vegas Vacation.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Metro.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Beautician and the Beast; The English Patient; The Relic; That Darn Cat.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Evita.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Scream; Beautician and the Beast.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Dante's Peak; Star Wars.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Fools Rush In; Rosewood; Scream.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Evita; That Darn Cat.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Daylight; Fargo; Mars Attacks!; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Blood & Wine.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Evita; That Darn Cat.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Touch.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Marvin's Room; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Absolute Power; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Everyone Says I Love You; The English Patient.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Absolute Power; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Rosewood; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Rosewood.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Beautician and the Beast.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Scream.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (294-9410) *Blood & Wine; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Vegas Vacation.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *La Cérémonie; The English Patient; Kolya; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies; SubUrbia.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Lost Highway; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Rosewood; Shine; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Touch; When We Were Kings.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Mother.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Blood & Wine; Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; Star Wars.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Rosewood.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Dante's Peak; Scream.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Marvin's Room.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Blood & Wine; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Jerry Maguire; Metro; The Pest; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Absolute Power; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Metro; The Pest; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Dante's Peak; Absolute Power.*

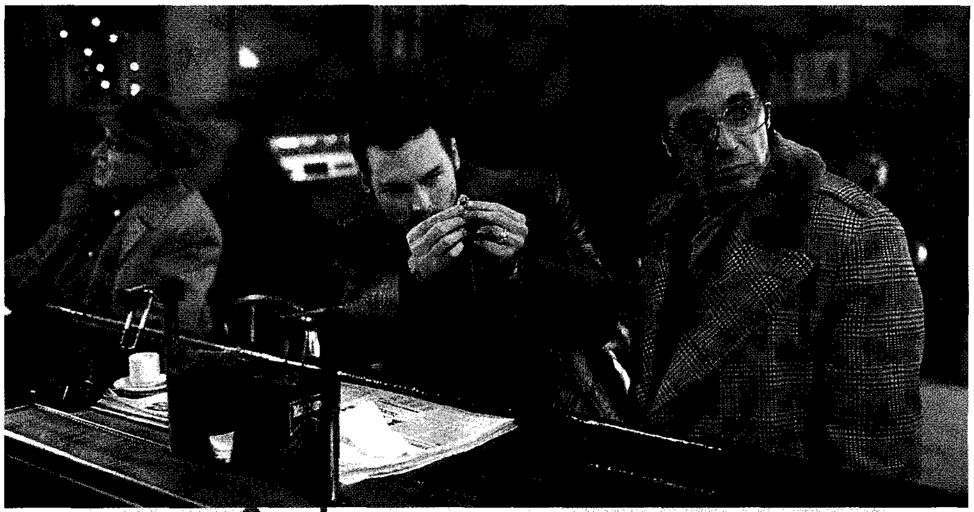
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Metro; The Pest; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Revival

Smooth Operator

In 'Le Samourai,' Alain Delon, as a lonely hit man, kills calmly, constructs alibis with meticulous precision, eludes both cops and thugs without breaking a sweat, and exudes an inordinate amount of style and grace. Jean-Pierre Melville's masterful 1967 thriller begins a two-week run at Film Forum beginning February 28.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Forum.



Opening
Stool Pigeon

In *Donnie Brasco,* Johnny Depp (center, with Al Pacino) is an FBI agent who, in the seventies, gingerly infiltrates the mob by getting familiar with the boys at Mare Chiaro—the infamous Mulberry Street bar (pictured) where slumming hipsters now regrettably outnumber actual gangsters. The movie—based on the extraordinary life of Joe Pistone, an undercover agent who is currently living under another name in an undisclosed location—opens Friday.

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Jerry Maguire; Rosewood; That Darn Cat.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dante's Peak; Star Wars.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dante's Peak; Star Wars.* Opening 2/26: *Booty Call.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Absolute Power; The English Patient; Jerry Maguire; Shine; That Darn Cat.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Dangerous Ground; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Scream; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Dangerous Ground; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars.* Opening 2/26: *Booty Call.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; That Darn Cat.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Beautician and the Beast; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Rosewood; Scream; That Darn Cat.* Opening 2/26: *Booty Call.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Absolute Power; The Empire Strikes Back; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; Evita; Vegas Vacation.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Blood & Wine; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Star Wars; That Darn Cat.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Dangerous Ground; Rosewood.* Opening 2/26: *Booty Call.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Rosewood; Scream; Shine; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Queens
Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Dangerous Ground; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Mother; Rosewood; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Dangerous Ground; The English Patient; Fools Rush In; Rosewood; That Darn Cat.* Opening 2/26: *Booty Call.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *That Darn Cat; Blood & Wine.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Rosewood.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Absolute Power; Blood & Wine; Dangerous Ground.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; The Pest; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Beautician and the Beast; Dangerous Ground; The English Patient; Mother; That Darn Cat.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Shine; Absolute Power.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Blood & Wine; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Star Wars.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; That Darn Cat.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Everyone Says I Love You; Mother.*

Plaza —103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Fools Rush In; Vegas Vacation.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Beautician and the Beast; Dangerous Ground; Fools Rush In; Scream; Vegas Vacation.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Star Wars.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Evita.*

Staten Island
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; Evita; Jerry Maguire; Vegas Vacation.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Blood & Wine; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Fools Rush In; Jerry Maguire; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Chantal Akerman." 3/1: *Jeanne Dielman, 23, Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles* (1975). 3/2: *Meetings with Anna* (1978) and *From the East* (1993). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Aleksander Rogozhkin." 2/24 and 2/26: *Living with an Idiot* (1993). 2/25: *The Chekist* (1992). 2/24-2/27: Marcel Carne's *Children of Paradise* (1943/45). "Mike Leigh." 2/24: *Nuts in May* (1976). 2/26: *Home Sweet Home* (1983). 2/28: *Permissive Society* (1975), *Mike Leigh Season* (1982), and *The Kiss of Death* (1977). "Recent Mexican Cinema." 2/28-3/2: *Angel of Fire* (1992). 2/28 and 3/2: *Anonymous Letter* (1994). 3/1and 3/2: *Between Villa and a Naked Woman* (1994). 3/2: *The Garden of Eden* (1994). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Casa La Femme—3/2: *Notorious* (1946). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—"Hong Kong Sexploitation." 2/27-3/1: *Naked Killer* (1992). Beginning 2/28: Jacques Tourneur's *Out of the Past* (1947). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—3/2: *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1945). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 2/27: *The Graduate* (1967). Beginning 2/28: *Le Samouraï* (1967). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Images of Exile: Films by Raul Ruiz." 2/24 and 2/26: *Of Great Events and Ordinary People* (1979), *Dogs' Dialog* (1977), and *Penal Colony* (1971). 2/25: *Three Sad Tigers* (1968) and *The Suspended Vocation* (1977). 2/28-3/2: *Mammame* (1986) and *On Top of the Whale* (1982). "Movies for Kids." 3/1 and 3/2: *Back to the Future Part III* (1990). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute— 2/25: *Céleste* (1981). 3/4: *Charles mort ou vif* (1969). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"Art on Film." 2/28: *The Story of Shuzenji* (1955). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Rainer Werner Fassbinder." 2/24: *In a Year of 13 Moons* (1978). 2/24 and 2/27: *Lola* (1981). 2/25 and 2/27: *Querelle* (1982). 2/25 and 3/1: *Germany in Autumn* (1978). 2/27: *Veronika Voss* (1982) and *Lili Marleen* (1980). 2/28 and 3/1: *Theater in Trance* (1981). 3/2: *Bolwieser* (1977) and *The Making of Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1980). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Screening Room—Sundays: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100) $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Godard & Co." 3/4: *First Name: Carmen and Gun Crazy.* 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 3/9: "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Photograph by Brian Hamill/Columbia/TriStar.

theater

The Ugliest Pilgrim Sings...Redgrave as Cleopatra

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy,* set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind.* $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/27 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.(307-4100).*

Stanley—Circle in the Square returns with this acclaimed London show about English artist Stanley Spencer. Starring Antony Sher, making his New York debut in the title role. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/20/97. *Circle in the Square, 1622 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.– Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

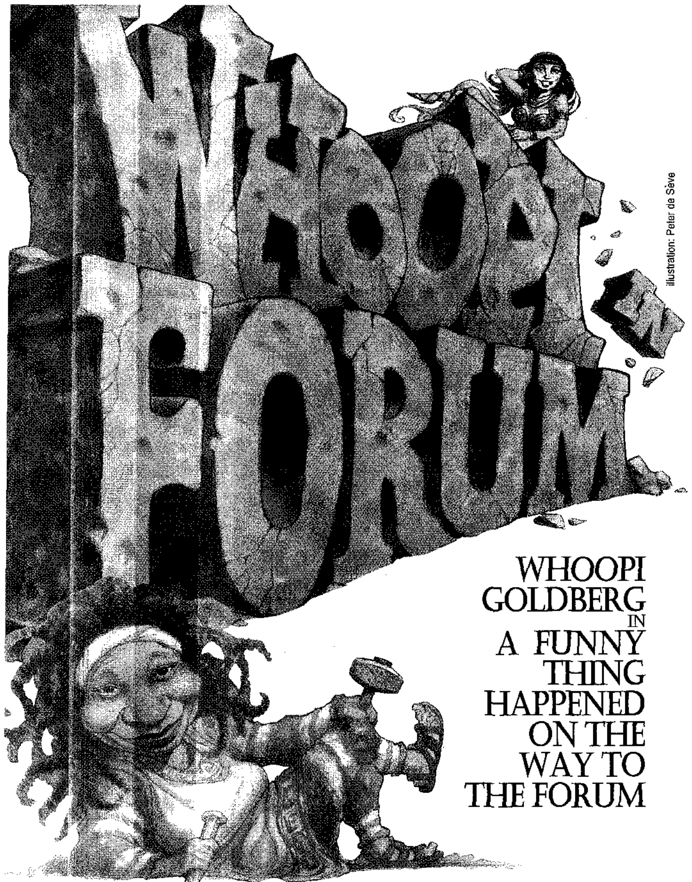
Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Ken Howard.

Previews

Don't Get Mad, Get Even

Jacobean drama runs to tragedy or farce, but rarely are the two combined. Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's 1622 play 'The Changeling' blends the genres, paralleling a young woman's murderous plot with the humorous plight of some non-lunatics in an asylum. Theater for a New Audience's production is directed by Robert Woodruff.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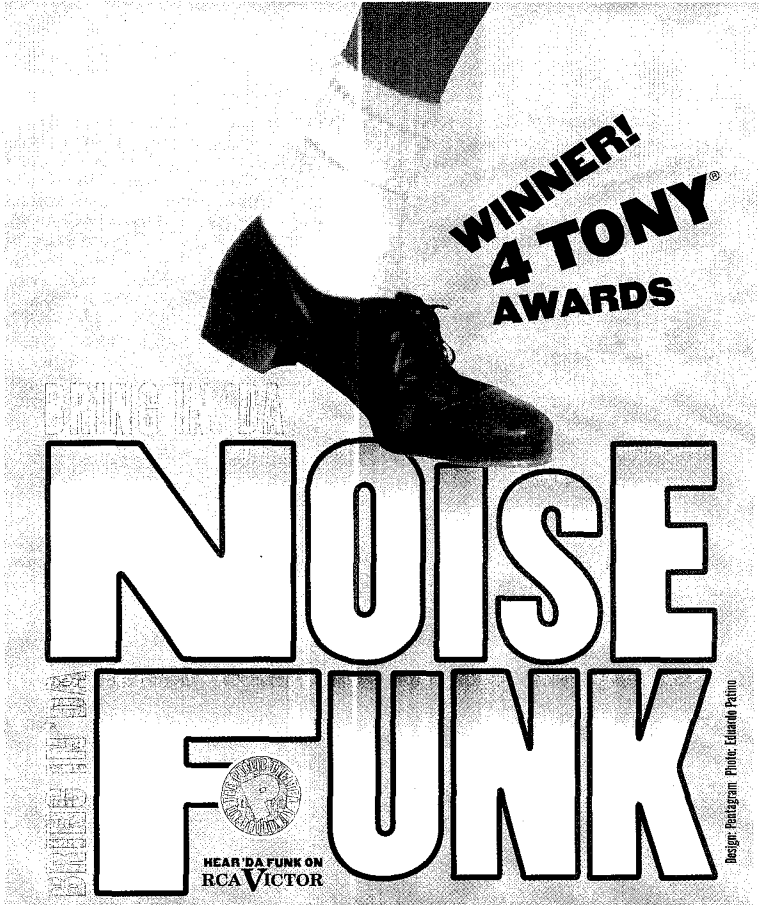
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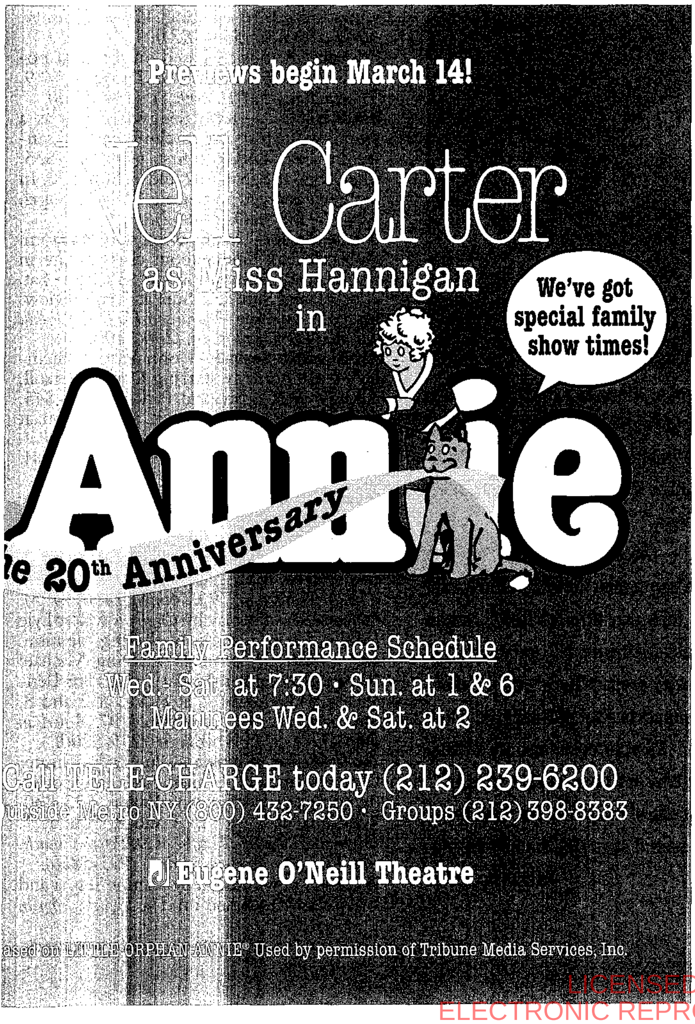
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The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. Through 3/22. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/13/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Alice In Analysis—The world premiere of a new musical based on Lewis Carroll's books, except Alice is 30, in therapy, and living on the Upper East Side. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/10. *West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (628-3251).*

Antony and Cleopatra—Vanessa Redgrave directs and stars with David Harewood in this new adaptation of Shakespeare's Egyptian history. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/13 opening. *Anspacher/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Changeling—Theater for a New Audience's second production of the season, a revival of the Jacobean tragicomedy. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 (at 8 after 2/28), Sat. at 2. In previews for a 3/1 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

How I Learned To Drive—Paula Vogel's new coming-of-age tale, starring Mary-Louise Parker. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. $20. Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/19. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Not Waving . . .—Kyra Sedgwick stars as a young woman trying to climb back to sanity in Gen LeRoy's first play. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/5 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

One Flea Spare—Dianne Wiest stars in Naomi Wallace's dark drama about class warfare in seventeenth-century London. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 3/9 opening. *Martinson Hall/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Psychopathia Sexualis—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Daniel Gerroll, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/26 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Question of Mercy—The world premiere of David Rabe's meditation on assisted suicide (obviously this year's soul-search issue). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 2/25 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Robbers—A new play by *Orphans* writer Lyle Kessler, set in a world of shifting identities and industrial espionage. Starring Michael Rapaport, Jonathan Hadary, and Paul Ben-Victor. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/20/97. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Blue Light Theater Company presents Shakespeare's early comedy, directed by Dylan Baker. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/23/97. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (935-5820).*

Violet—A new musical by Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley based on *The Ugliest Pilgrim*

Previews
Pilgrim's Progress

To us, trapped as we are in an age of plastic surgery, the idea of a young woman heading to a preacher to heal a disfiguring wound seems quaintly anachronistic. But for Violet, the scarred, scared eponymous heroine of the new musical based on Doris Betts's short story *The Ugliest Pilgrim,* salvation certainly isn't coming in Spruce Pine, North Carolina. When the father whose errant ax blade scarred her face in childhood dies, Violet takes off on a bus journey to see a Tulsa televangelist, hoping to be healed and start her real life in one reversed stroke. Along the allegorical way, she meets two soldiers, one black, one white, and comes of age in not-so-old-fashioned ways. "It's really Everyman's journey. Every person's experience with their parents. Everyone has a legacy; it's just with Violet you can see it," composer Jeanine Tesori says. "Everybody else—they hide it or they cover it up. Violet captures the true growing-up: coming into your own with beauty and vision."

Tesori describes the Playwrights Horizons production as "Hopper-esque"—the set is minimal, but the chrome-edged bus seats follow the travelers along their journey, turning up as bar stools, lobby furniture, and chapel pews. Tesori and Brian Crawley, who wrote the book and lyrics, picked their way through Betts's prose plus a lot of southern biography, collecting melodies and accents from motocross-racing uncles and musicians on Memphis's Beale Street. "The music is suggested by the characters," Crawley says. "There's a folk idiom that supports a lot of what Violet sings; there's a blues-and-gospel idiom that supports a lot of what [the black soldier] Flick sings. Monty, the other soldier, has kind of a country rural sound." Most of the songs are written simply, as natural as the dialogue; Tesori and Crawley tried to avoid the stagey "Why are these people singing?" quality of many musicals. A few songs function in the background, setting the scene of mountain Carolina town, Memphis bar and grill—a little folk rock, a little blues. "People who've never seen it say, 'Oh, the hillbilly musical,' " Crawley says. "But that's about as far from it as you can get."

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Performance
Phone Home

Known for her one-woman riffs on her heavily vintage wardrobe, comedienne Linda Hill returns to the Kitchen to play all three parts in 'Star 69,' an of-the-moment tale of a phone stalker; a starlet; and her imaginary protector, Miss Angel Drake.

by Doris Betts; directed by Susan H. Schulman. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/11 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. On hiatus until 3/1. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Boychik—Starring Richard Kline, an exploration of emotions after a father's death. $40–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/13 opening. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Concert Pianist—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. $35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 1/19/97. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Do Lord Remember Me—Esther Rolle stars in the New Federal Theatre's production of James de Jongh's oral history of slavery. $20. Opened: 1/15/97. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

Dreamstuff—A new musical version of the Aladdin's-lamp fairy tale, in a nineties setting. $37.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/17/97. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's midlife breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue.* A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We are all allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith's take on the life of the founder of the Black Panther Party, with sound design by Marc Anthony Thompson. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 3/9. *LuEsther Hall, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

In-Betweens—A new play by Byan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 2/18/97. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Minutes From the Blue Route—A family dismantles its house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/15. Opened: 1/30/97. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children,* presented in rotating repertory through March 28. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Mrs. Cage—A suburban housewife admits to a crime, but is unwilling to take responsibility for her action. By Nancy Barr; directed by and starring Alberta Handelman. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. *Martin R. Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. Opened 1/23/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Peter and Wendy—Mabou Mines's musical puppet show for grown-ups, based on J. M. Barrie's classic "I'll never grow up" book. $10–$25. 2/27–3/1 at 7, 3/2 at 3. *New Victory Theatre, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Portable Pioneer and Prairie Show—A hard-luck tale of Midwestern pioneers, in revue form. $25. Thurs. and Fri at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 3/2. *Theatre of The Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Dr. (279-4200).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/13/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 3/23. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Second-Hand Smoke—A new play by Obie winner Mac Wellman, set in an apocalyptic landscape near

Photograph by Marc Geller.

the riverside town of Gradual. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/16/97. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Three One-Acts by Sam Shepard—*The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife, Killer's Head*, and *Action*; directed by Darrell Larson. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3.Opened: 2/9/97. *Susan Stein Shiva Theater, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

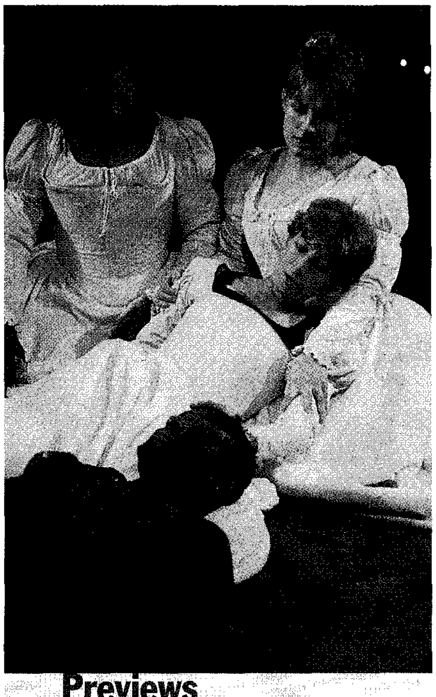
Tokyo Shock Boys—Japanese vaudeville, with a little Stooges mixed in. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 2/19/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, bet. 6th Ave. and MacDougal St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Cymbeline—Shakespeare's light comedy of lost princesses and penniless youths. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. through 3/16. *Theatre at West-Park Church, 165 W. 86th St.(946-5321).*

Don Juan Comes Back From The War—Willow Cabin Theatre Company presents Odon von Horvath's displacement of the legendary lover to the twentieth century. $15. Wed.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (886-1889).*



Previews
Nile Bodies

Vanessa Redgrave directs and stars as the doomed Egyptian queen opposite David Harewood in the Public Theater's new production of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, No. 35 in Joe Papp's marathon.

The Flatted Fifth—The New Group presents the world premiere of Seth Zvi Rosenfeld's multicultural meditation. Starring Danny Hoch; directed by Jo Bonney. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 3/2. *INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Good As New—Peter Hedges's new comedy, starring Laura Esterman, John Spencer and Jennifer Dundas. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 3. Opens 3/26. *MCC Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

The Great God Brown—Eugene O'Neill's psychological thriller. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (219-2085).*

Hedwig & The Angry Inch—A rock-and-roll drag biography about the travails of a Cold War bride in a Kansas trailer park. $20. Thurs. and Fri. at 9, Sat. at 9 and 11:15, Sun. at 8. Through 3/24. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Hysterical Blindness—A dramedy about two working-class girls from New Jersey. Directed by Jared Harris. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. *'A' Theatre, 154 W. 29th St. (995-8949).*

In Circles—The Gertrude Stein/Al Carmines musical. $12. 2/26–3/1 at 8. *The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. (502-0898).*

In a Garden—Philip Barry's 1924 comedy of manners and morals. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (969-0107, ext. 4).*

John Leguizamo: Work in Progress—A new one-man show. $12. 2/28–3/2, 3/6–3/8 at 10:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

The Julia Project—From Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento*. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (604-4222).*

Laughing Wild—Christopher Durang's farce. $10, with a two-drink minimum. Fri. at 10. Through 3/28. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

King Gordogan—A critique of tyranny by Yugoslavia's Radovan Ivsic. $12. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (439-4895).*

The Little Frieda Mysteries—David and Amy Sedaris's new dysfunctional drama. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Mon. and Wed. at 8. Through 3/16. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Night Stalkers—Ernest Abuba stages an adaptation of *Beowulf*. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. Through 3/2. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

On the Road to Victory!—A WWII revue. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *All Souls Players, 1157 Lexington Ave., at 80th St. (642-5068).*

The Quadroon Ball: An American Tragedy—A historical melodrama of race and antebellum society in New Orleans. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 3/2. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Seeing Things—A new gay love story by Michael Boodro. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (642-5303).*

Sganarelle: Three By Molière—*The Imaginary Cuckold, The Forced Marriage*, and *The Flying Doctor*. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/23. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

South—Julian Green's 1955 pre–Civil War drama. $12–$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

Star 69—Linda Hill's black comedy about telecommunications stalking. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/2. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5723).*

Three Sisters—Richard Schechner's time-traveling production of Chekhov's drama reopens due to popular demand. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 3/9. *La MaMa E.T.C. Annex, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

What Party?—A courtship farce amongst the debs, bankers, and charity balls. $10. Thurs.–Sun at 8. Through 3/16. *The Gold Room, 74 Varick St. (334-9594).*

Whiplash—Shelly Mars's "Tale of a Tomboy." $15. Wed., Thurs., and Sun. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. *Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (631-1000).*

Whoa-Jack—Buchner's *Wozzeck* set on a southern army base in 1960. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Miranda Theater, 259 W. 30th St. (279-4200).*

Rubenstein *continued from page 64*

mushrooms, artichokes, or prosciutto. Red-pepper flakes might set any of these on fire, but none will burn brightly.

Fish, too, goes belly-up. Snapper is listless no matter which way it is offered. Grouper exhibits hardly any nuttiness without assist from basil or mint. Monkfish is more the poor man's lotte than lobster when burdened by bland braising. And setting uniformly overcooked seafood adrift in a pallid, watery zuppa di pesce is an unfortunate example of the whole equaling the sum of its parts.

Meat is Bricco's salvation. Garlic and rosemary bewitch a golden Cornish hen with irresistible roasted potatoes. A tenderly grilled breast of chicken served on a bed of mixed greens is the kind of dish that doesn't make a dieter feel like the fat girl at the sock hop. Veal medallions in a thick, hearty stock are garnished with peppers and artichokes. But it's the veal chop that could bring you to this part of town: lean, succulent, bolstered by buttery portobellos, and, at $15.95, an even better deal than the Gucci jeans you saw at Century 21.

Is there anyone out there who hasn't had his fill of tirami su? Save for an iris-widening rendition at Torre di Pisa, this is one dessert that should go the way of the kiwi tart. But a pear tart is crackling-crusted and droolingly caramelized. And for once, the custard doesn't rule the mixed-berry tart. Even a charter subscriber of *Chocolatier* magazine would be satisfied by this wonderful version of a torta caprese. Actually, all three desserts fall just shy of greatness. None is worth falling on your spoon for because of one missing over-the-top ingredient (restaurateurs, listen up): How can you have chocolate cake and pies without vanilla ice cream? This is worse than taking the skin off chocolate pudding, as disquieting as defatted chicken soup, and more wanting than watching a movie with only one Milk Dud.

"You know, it's funny," says Nino. "Back in Italy, where I come from, we never serve torta caprese without ice cream." Then why change this?! "You know, I don't remember. Was somebody's bright idea. Maybe that waiter. See, that's what happens when you forget to be the boss. Okay, you want? I get. From now on, ice cream. And what I says, *goes*. I want everyone here to get what they want." Too bad Bricco stops at food.

Bricco, 304 West 56th Street (245-7160). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Thursday 5 p.m. to 11 p.m., Friday till midnight, Saturday 4 p.m. to midnight, Sunday till 11 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

art

Hannah Höch...James Brooks...Beatrice Wood

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Theodore Earl Butler—Paintings of familial scenes and landscapes by this American artist (1861–1936) who spent most of his adulthood in Giverny, France; through 3/21. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

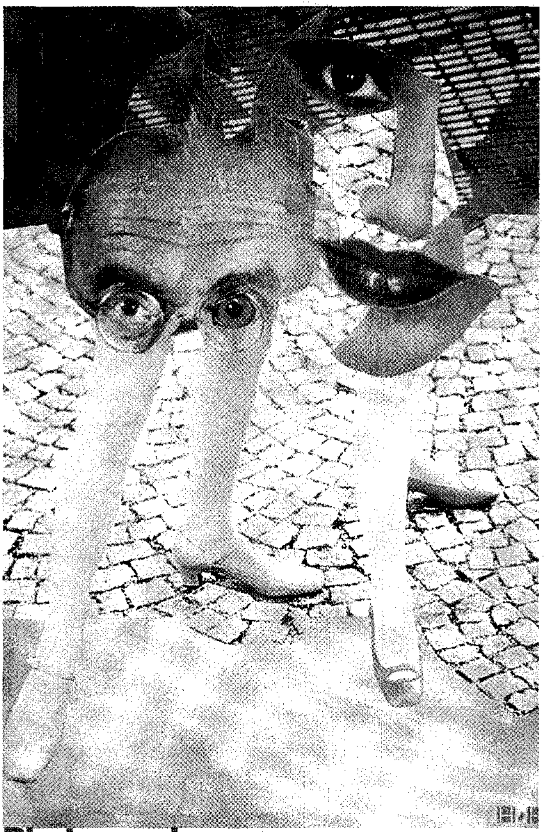
Willem de Kooning—A selection of paintings made between May 1983 and June 1984 that have not been previously exhibited and are characterized by lyrical, ribbon-like contours in red and blue on white grounds, with touches of yellow, green, and purple; through 3/29. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (243-0200).

John Evans/Ron Schwerin—Landscape paintings/Figurative paintings. Through 3/15. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Philip Evergood—A survey of paintings by this artist (1901–1973) whose fantastic images were drawn from everyday activities; through 3/22. Dintenfass in Association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Duncan Grant—Works on paper by the Bloomsbury artist (1885–1978); through 3/15. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Ray Johnson—Collages from the late artist's estate that were made between 1957 and 1990 and have not been previously exhibited; through 3/15. Feigen & Co., 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).



Photography **Besides being the only female member of the Berlin Dada group, the brilliant German artist Hannah Höch (1889–1978) was an originator of photomontage. The first U.S. retrospective of her work in that medium shows her to be an artist whose experiments in style never outweighed her fascination with the media's portrayal of women. At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street; February 27 through May 20.**

57th Street Area

William Beckman—New figurative paintings; through 3/22. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Pierre Bonnard/Mark Rothko—An exhibition exploring the relationship between color and light in selected works by both artists ranging from 1914 to 1970; through 3/22. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

John Bowman/Susanna Coffey—Recent paintings of views of New York/Self-portraits that question contemporary standards of beauty. Through 3/15. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Salvador Dali—Mixed-media Tarot cards; through 4/1. Stein, 56 W. 57th St. (535-0600).

Richard Deacon—New sculptures that utilize such materials as steamed beechwood, epoxy resin, aluminum, oak, animal hair, and thermoformed and welded polycarbonate; through 3/29. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Sonia and Robert Delauney—Paintings and works on paper by both; through 3/15. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

William Kienbusch—A selection of paintings by this artist (1914–1980) that shows his relationship to his antecedents Arthur Dove, John Marin, Willem de Kooning, and James Brooks; through 3/15. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Matta—A selection of paintings and drawings by the Chilean who began as a Surrealist, then developed his own style of organic abstraction characterized by biomorphic forms; through 3/22. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Pablo Picasso—A survey of prints made between 1904 and 1971; through 3/29. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Jeanne Silverthorne—New sculpture; through 3/29. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Sophia Vari/Valerie B. Hird—Assemblages of wood, paper, plastic, cloth, string, and cork on canvas/Abstracted landscapes. Through 3/22. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Anthony Springer—Paintings of architectural scenes in lower Manhattan; through 3/8. David Findlay Jr., 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Louis Comfort Tiffany—A selection of glass vessels, many of which came from the artist's estate, Laurelton Hall at Cold Spring Harbor, which was gutted by fire in 1957; through 4/5. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Not Vital—Works on paper in acrylic paint, charcoal, and oil-stick from the mid-eighties to the early nineties on such themes as man and beast, hunting, and whirling dervishes; through 3/22. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Neil Welliver—Recent paintings of landscapes in inland Maine and of the Allagash in Maine's northern wilderness; through 3/8. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Georg Baselitz—New paintings measuring more than thirteen feet high that couple Slavic folk myths with images of the artist and his family; through 3/15. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-3292).

Robert Beauchamp—A memorial exhibition of paintings by this artist (1923–1995) whose expressionistic figurative images drew on the mobility of action painting; through 3/27. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2525).

Tony Berlant—Recent works in which found sections of sheet metal are painted and collaged onto wood panels with steel brads; through 3/15. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Linda Francis—Drawings of swirling circular forms that evoke such oppositional forces as gravity, entropy, and centrifugal force; through 3/15. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Katharina Grosse—Paintings on paper and aluminum; through 3/15. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Willy Heeks/Adrian Arlo—Recent abstract paintings/Figurative ceramic sculptures; through 3/22. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Ernest Jolicoeur—Abstract paintings assembled from interlocking panels; through 3/22. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Shirley Kaneda—New abstract paintings; through 3/15. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Andrew Keating—Recent oil paintings whose mysterious imagery was inspired by the pictures in an unusual dictionary entitled *I See All* that was published in England beginning in 1928; through 3/15. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Martha Keller—Recent large- and small-scale abstract paintings that exploit the possibility of a line made by a brushstroke; through 3/15. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838), Wed. and Thurs. 11–7, Fri. and Sat. 11–6.

Charles Long—New sculpture; through 3/22. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Jean Lowe—An installation of paintings, furniture, objects, and books that examines society's conflicting attitudes toward nature; through 3/29. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Norm Magnusson—Naive portraits of animals inspired by the artist's recent travels in Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, and the Cook Islands; through 3/15. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Jon McCafferty/Daro Montag—Paintings whose interwoven strands of color evoke the process of knitting/Photographs printed from film that the artist buries in the earth in order to record the forces of growth and decay. Through 3/15. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Arnold Mesches—An autobiographical series that comprises painting, drawing, photography, and text; through 3/11. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Joe Nicastri—Objects and paintings that are the artist's meditation on the plight of Holocaust victims; through 4/10. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Jack Risley/Mary Kelly—Sculptures that combine metal armatures with actual coffee cups, phone books, slide screens, spray cans/Black-and-white photographs recording the intimate activities of child care from the mother's point of view. Through 3/15. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Joana Rosa/Rosa Alemeida—An installation, drawings, and a projection piece inspired by doodles the artist has collected over a period of twenty years/An installation and drawings that conjoin the artist's subconscious musings and the concrete world. Through 3/15. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Jeffrey Saldinger—Figurative paintings; through 3/15. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Kerri Scharlin—A project titled *Diary* for which the artist asked television writers to write five-minute scripts based on her diary chronicling her personal and professional life as an artist in New York; through 3/22. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Hiroshi Sugito—Childlike depictions of buildings, jets, and theatrical drapery in paint, graphite, and crayon on canvas; through 3/22. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Not Vital—New sculpture; through 3/22. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Andy Warhol/Hiram Powers—An exhibit pairing Warhol's versions of Brillo, Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and other containers from 1964 with Powers's neoclassical marble busts dating from the 1840s; through 3/15. Peter Freeman at A/D, 560 Broadway (966-5154).

Lawrence Weiner—New text-driven wall paintings and an interactive computer installation; through 3/15. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Susan Chrysler White/Blanca Lloret—Collages that incorporate crocheted elements/An installation with video. Through 3/15. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

James White/Tim Sheward—Collaborative photographs, drawings, and sculpture by the London-based artists; through 3/15. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (225-6131).

Thomas Woodruff/Michael De Jong—A series of 365 different apple "portraits" painted for the purpose of wishing people good health/Miniature tondo seascapes inset in the gallery's walls and a large-scale watercolor. Through 3/16. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Chelsea

Jean-Marc Bustamante—New sculpture; through 4/19. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Peter Cain/Jonathan Hammer—Paintings of landscapes and figures from the past two years by this artist who died suddenly from a cerebral hemorrhage on January 5, 1997, at the age of 37/New books and works on paper. Through 3/15. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Joanne Greenbaum—New abstract paintings; through 3/23. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Jonathan Hammer—An installation of collaborative books and and the artist's own works on paper inspired by Hugo Ball's influential Dada writings; through 3/29. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Alex Katz—New small-scale portraits and landscapes in oil on board; through 3/16. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Louise Lawler—Large-scale photographs taken at the gallery's new premises before and during its renovation, and two sculpture installations (one of them a collaboration with the artist Allan McCollum); through 3/15. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Joe Letitia/Michael Volonakis—Paintings by both in the first of a continuing series of "conversation" exhibitions in which the works of two artists reflect their interchange of ideas; through 3/9. Art Resource Transfer Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

James Sadek—Recent sculpture; through 3/2. Kravets/Wehby, 529 W. 21st St. (352-2238).

Other

Robert Motherwell—A survey of the artist's works on paper; through 3/29. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). Contemporary abstract art by Latin American and Latino artists; through 3/30.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Works using landscapes to explore formalist issues of light, color, and gesture; 2/27–4/5.

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Drawings of France by American artists; through 3/12.

Leubsdorf—Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4991). "Dead-Fit Beauty," work dealing with creationism, including a sculptural lung and an animated computer fungus; through 3/8.

57th Street Area

Archives of American Art—1285 Ave. of the Americas (399-5015). Photographs and memorabilia documenting the history of the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire; through 3/25.

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Contemporary landscape paintings by Dinsmore, Gregor, and Judd; through 3/22.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5145). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs depicting vessels, as well as antiquities from China and Syria; through 3/29.

Paine Webber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman, 1869–1950," an exhibition of drawings, photographs, and plans chronicling the career of this renowned American gardener; through 4/4.

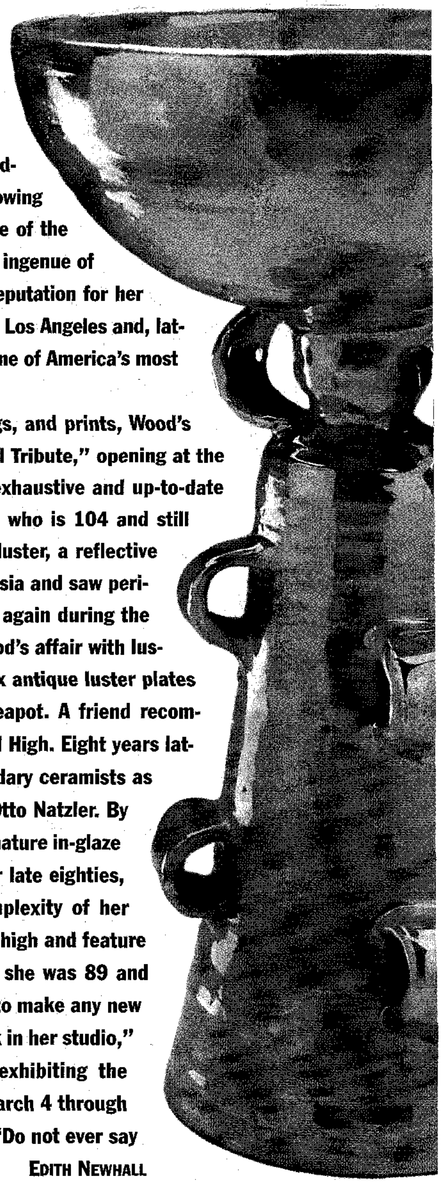
Retrospective

Star Glazing

Shortly after they met in New York in 1916, Marcel Duchamp offered Beatrice Wood, then a young aspiring artist, this career advice: "Never do the commonplace." Over the following nine decades, Wood would prove herself incapable of the ordinary: first in New York, where she became the ingenue of the New York Dada circle and acquired a minor reputation for her whimsical drawings of avant-garde soirées; then in Los Angeles and, later, Ojai, California, where she eventually became one of America's most extraordinary ceramists.

Along with examples of her paintings, drawings, and prints, Wood's third retrospective, "Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute," opening at the American Craft Museum on March 4, offers an exhaustive and up-to-date survey of the artist's ceramic production. Wood, who is 104 and still making vessels, is known for her innovations in luster, a reflective glaze surface that originated in ninth-century Persia and saw periodic revivals in the early nineteenth century and again during the Art Nouveau and Arts and Crafts movements. Wood's affair with luster began at the age of 40, when, after buying six antique luster plates in Holland, she resolved to make a matching teapot. A friend recommended the adult-education classes at Hollywood High. Eight years later, Wood was studying ceramics with such legendary ceramists as Glen Lukens and Austrian émigrés Gertrud and Otto Natzler. By her fifties, Wood had perfected the technique of mature in-glaze lusters, but her true renaissance occurred in her late eighties, when she began increasing the scale and complexity of her forms. Some of her chalices reach twenty inches high and feature multiple handles, like the work at right. "When she was 89 and preparing for a show, I told her she did not have to make any new pieces because there was enough completed work in her studio," says Garth Clark, whose gallery is currently exhibiting the artist's recent ceramics (24 West 57th Street; March 4 through April 5). "She paused, and then said very firmly, 'Do not ever say that to me again.' "

EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of the American Craft Museum.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). African-American art, including works by Alston, Lawrence, others; through 3/26.

Ryan—24 W. 57th St. (397-0669). Images of black American life by American artists of African and European descent, including works by Romare Bearden, Thomas Hart Benton, Adolf Dehn, Mabel Dwight, Dox Thrash, and others; through 3/15.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Late-career work from the sixties and seventies by Daum, Embry, Glankoff, and Rosenborg; through 3/22.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Expressionist works by Beckmann, Klee, others, and by Gugging artists Hauser, Walla, others; through 3/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander Bonin—59 Wooster St. (925-2343). Works referencing the human figure, by Ahearn, Thek, others; through 3/22.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Abstract works by Amrhein, Morgan; through 3/12.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Postgraduate art from Los Angeles; an installation that evokes a fifteenth-century Italian atelier, by Anna Gili; through 3/15.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). Works on paper by Bourgeois, Katz, Martin, others; through 3/9.

Gering—476 Broome St. (226-8195). "Dream of the Fisherman's Wife," with mobiles, videos, and paintings by Albenda, Levine, and others; through 3/15.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (224-1100). Paintings, drawings, and sculpture of New York City subways by 25 artists; through 3/29.

Senior—375 Broadway (941-0960). New works on paper by Humphries, McClelland, and Milhazes; 3/1–4/26.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Contemporary art in the tradition of Abstract Expressionism; through 4/5.

Stendhal—386 W. Broadway (334-4649). "Figment," which Warhol wanted as his epitaph, now the name of this pop-art exhibition, with works by English, Soloco, Tetro, others; through 4/8.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). Computer-driven installations, plus an interactive board game by Kahrl and puppets by Sanko; through 3/15.

Chelsea

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). "Sex/Industry," with works by Anthony, Bluhm, Gianakos, LaChapelle, Picasso, McLelland, Sherman, Warhol, others; through 3/23.

Other

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Bklyn. (718-875-4047)). "Suture," works that use stitching; through 3/8.

Photography

Manuel Alvarez Bravo/Colette Alvarez Urbajtel—An exhibition marking the artist's ninety-fifth birthday/Color photographs taken in Mexico, New Guinea, China, France, and elsewhere. Through 5/3. Witkin, 415 West Broadway (925-5510).

Richard Billingham—Images of the photographer's family, including his father, a chronic alcoholic; his obese, tattooed mother; and his unruly younger brother, all of whom share a cramped lower-middle-class apartment in England; through 3/22. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Maria Martinez Canas—Recent photographs with abstract compositions, including a series resembling totem poles, and another of large-scale piedras; through 3/29. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Lois Conner—Recent photographs of the Navajo people; 3/1–4/19. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Viewing Olmsted," with photographs by Burley, Friedlander, and James; through 3/15.

ICP—"David Levinthal 1975–1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers reenacting World War II and black memorabilia; through 3/21. 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students.

Saul Leiter—Color photographs from the fifties, and painted photographs from the seventies to the present; 2/28–4/5. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Peter Lindbergh—Photographs from the past ten years by this German fashion photographer; through 3/1. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Portraits by Arbus, Wegman, Welty, others; through 3/8.

Joel Meyerowitz—Twenty years of photographs taken by the sea; through 3/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Andrea Modica—Photography of children and their surroundings; 2/27–4/19. Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Barbara Morgan—Vintage photomontages and light drawings; 2/28–4/5. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

New York Academy of Sciences—2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230). *Life* magazine photographs of major scientific events; through 4/11.

Nicholas Nixon—Photographs of the artist's home and family, as well as a new series depicting the students of the Boston Latin School; through 3/15. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Jörg Sasse—Photographs that depict everyday German middle-class life; through 3/15. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Collier Schorr—Photographs of a small town in southern Germany that attempt to portray it as an American town; through 3/9. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

David Seltzer—Large-scale photographs by this New York artist, most dealing with his relationships; through 3/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Andres Serrano—A new series of work, entitled "A History of Sex"; 3/1–4/12. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-5156).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Recent work by Jeannette Montgomery Barron; "Behind the Scenes," photographs of Hollywood in the forties through the seventies; 2/28–3/22.

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). Photography not intended as art, including prints from press archives, film stills, and fashion magazines; through 3/15.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Art: Artists of Our Times." Works by nine mid-career and emerging artists involved with issues of gender, national cultural icons, ethnicity, and dislocation; through 3/29. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; *contribution suggested.*

American Academy of Arts and Letters—"Invitational Exhibition." Works by Richard Haas, Bill Jensen, Louisa Matthiasdottir, Pat Passlof, Harvey Quaytman, Kiki Smith, and others; 3/3–29. 633 W. 155th St., enter on Broadway between 155th and 156th St. (368-5900), Thurs.–Sun. 1–4; free.

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; 3/4–6/8. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940–1960"; 3/4–6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay as you wish from 6–8); $5; $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"The Grand Tour: Travels With the Asia Society, Photographs by Guy Weill, 1969–1995"; through 3/30. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry"; through 3/2. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art;" through 5/18. . . . "A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figural Works." A group of twenty works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural, *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Adornment for Eternity: Status and Rank in Chinese Ornament." Ancient belts, garment hooks, hair ornaments, and other treasures from the Mengdiexuan Collection; through 6/28. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a street like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Conceptual Trend: Six Artists From Mexico City." Works by six young, conceptually oriented artists based in Mexico City; through 4/13. . . . "Alicia Creus." Thirty-five recent collage works by the Argentine artist who has lived in New York and North Carolina since 1977; through 4/13. . . . "Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Severo and the Sea-Monsters." A survey of the Frick's collection of works by the Northern Italian Renaissance master Severo da Ravenna, celebrating its recent gift of Severo's bronze *Sea-Monster*; through 3/9. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of *the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond* D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . . "Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; through 3/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est.' "A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature-film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. . . . "A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his "Charred Journal" series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . . "Charles Rennie Mackintosh." "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; Through 5/4. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's photomontages; 2/27–5/20. . . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . . "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "Projects: Bul Lee/Chie Matsui"; through 3/25. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "Masterworks From the Florene May Schoenborn Bequest"; through 3/11. . . . "A Singular Vision." Prints From Landfall Press"; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists"; through 3/23. . . . "Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; Through 5/11. . . . "Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." Landscape and figurative paintings by The American Impressionist (1847–1926) from Indiana; through 3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn." The first major New York exhibition of the Chilean artist's "Airmail Paintings," in which he folds sections of paintings into custom-made cardboard envelopes and mails them to exhibitions; through 4/13. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints"; through 5/31. . . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"John James Audubon in New York: A Spring Celebration"; 3/5–9/7. . . . "An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. . . . "A Passion for Pictures: Selections From the Charles Carpenter Jr. Collection and Selections From the Charles Simon Collection"; through 3/9. . . . "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." A video installation in which Atlas collaborated with the late British performer and designer Leigh Bowery; through 3/9. . . . "Eleanor Antin." Photographs by the performance artist; through 3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914–1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; through 3/20. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

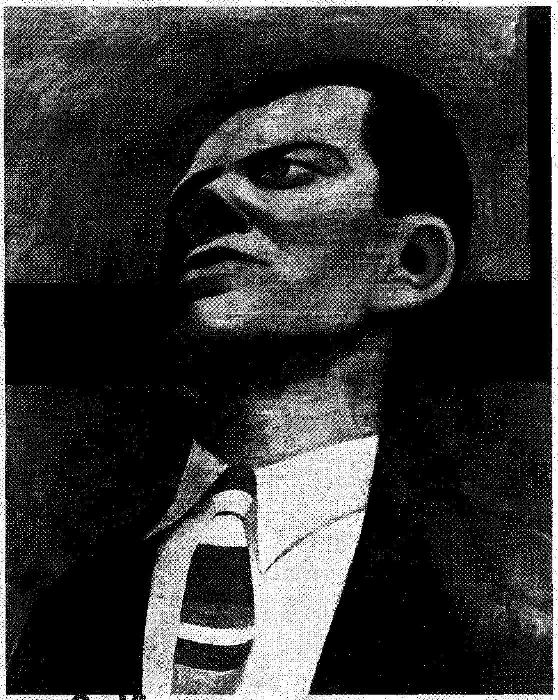
Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/3 at 10 and 2: "Norweb Collection of Brazilian, Bolivian, Colombian, and Chilean Coins." On view from 2/28.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 2/26 at 1: "Old Master and 19th-Century Paintings." On view from 2/22.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 2/26 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorative Arts, and Paintings." On view from 2/22.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/26 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 2/21. 3/1 at 1: "Posters." On view from 2/22.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/27 at 10:30: "Art and Architecture Books, Drawing Reference Collection, Fine Art Posters." On view from 2/22.



On View

Flight of Fancy

Though he eventually became known for his later, abstract works, James Brooks began his career as a realist painter. The careful planning behind his celebrated WPA mural 'Flight' (1938–1940), on the walls of the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia airport, is revealed in a tidy exhibition of the artist's preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies. At the Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; through May 4.

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum.

restaurants

Organic Rice...Matt & Kevin's...Layla Lunch

Manhattan

Lower New York

lison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

aluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

an—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

hanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

iva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

igino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

udson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. *180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Windows on the World—It's tough to compete with the stunning views from this lower-Manhattan perch, but the eclectic American menu makes a valiant effort. A stellar wine program and dishes like baby pheasant in Savoy cabbage and lobster with clam risotto give diners good reason to glance at the table from time to time. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Object of Desire

Pita Pizzas

Lunch at Layla offers specialty flatbreads, a Middle Eastern spin on the regulation Neapolitan slice, with toppings ranging from the Sunday-brunch-style Moroccan cured salmon with curried yogurt and radish sprouts to a sweet and savory Swiss chard, pumpkin, quince, and gorgonzola. (211 West Broadway.)

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

hotograph by Steven Freeman.

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; a fireplace increases the coziness quotient. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. *75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

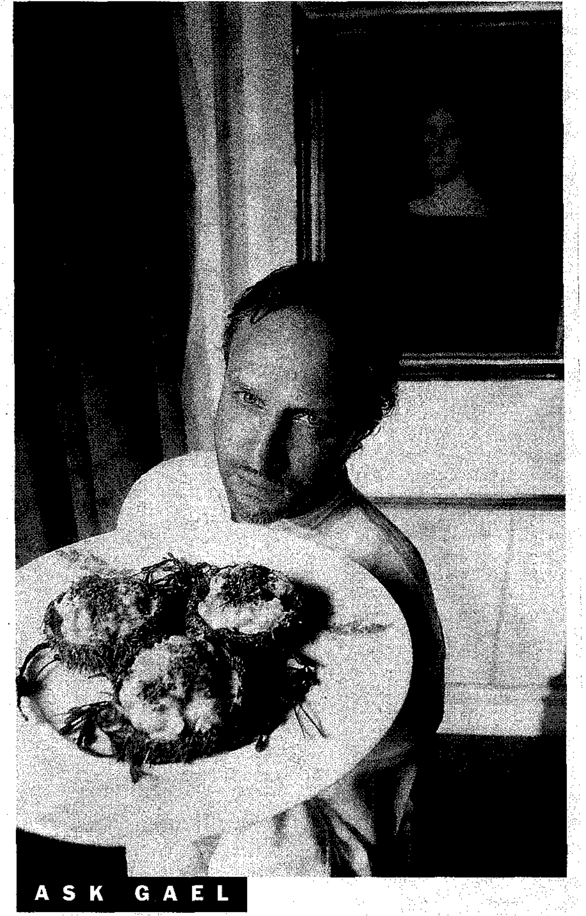
Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in
festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dir
ing room suits the changing mood of diners: brigl
and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Ch
Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a child
hood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may b
the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria
signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Av
So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offe
Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightl
Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and privat
parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th S
(683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scal
dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisin
make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *2
E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photogra
phers who work in the Flatiron district and foodie



ASK GAEL

I just can't get enough sea urchin.

The revved-up explosion of pure sea essence is too much for some. It's a love-it-loathe-it sensation. If like me, you're addicted to that briny flavor, you'll find your champion in chef Tom Colicchio at Gramercy Tavern. Start with his tuna tartare in sea-urchin-and-cucumber vinaigrette or the urchin and crabmeat fondue with potato purée and curry. If you ask, he might even stir up an urchin potion for his pepper-crusted tuna, though it's fine as it is on the $65 prix fixe dinner, with beets, spiced red wine, and arugula. (42 East 20th Street.)

Photograph by Steffen Thalemanr

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Grill—A good place to remember for pre-theater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. *Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prixed fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for pre- or post-theater dining. *242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This Theater District oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes standards like rack of lamb for two, Dover sole, and chocolate soufflé with Grand Marnier ice cream. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

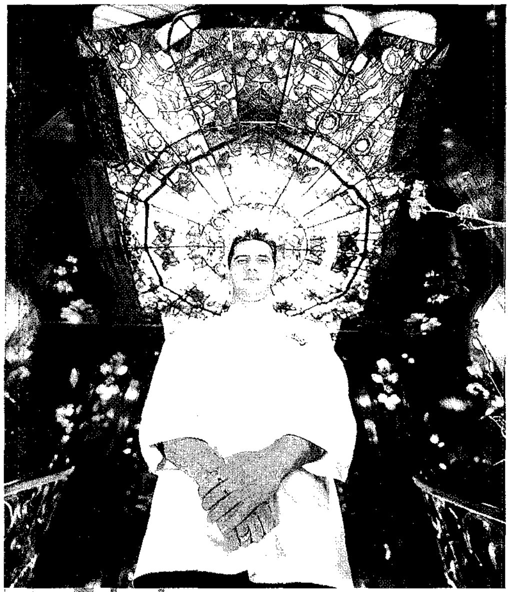
The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tasting Blue-Ribbon Rice

Risotto lovers should rush to San Domenico, where, through March only, chef Odette Fada (above) serves a mind-boggling menu of organic grains imported from a farm outside Milan. Unexpected (but astonishingly delicious) combinations of salt cod and prunes, Savoy cabbage and Speck, and fava beans and chicory, plus a dozen others, are a gourmet bargain at $16.50 each. (240 Central Park South.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



Talent

Sugar Daddy

Drew Nieporent, who coins sound bites as often as restaurants, calls former employee D. Jemal Edwards the Dennis Rodman of pastry. The moniker has as much to do with the peripatetic chef's individualist streak as it does with his ever-changing hair color. (These days, it's aquamarineish.) Two years ago, Nieporent lured Edwards, 30, from San Francisco, where he'd pulled pastry duty for Elka Gilmore at Elka and Liberté. After devoting a couple of years to Nieporent's Montrachet and Nobu, Edwards has surfaced at Pierre Cardin's newly refurbished Maxim's (680 Madison Avenue, at 61st Street).

There's a lot Edwards misses about Nobu, but ultimately, he decided, it wasn't particularly pastry-friendly. "There was fish *everywhere*," he says. The 1,200 desserts he created each week all emanated from a four-foot stainless-steel table in the basement—barely enough space to strew fruit reductions and chocolate sauce, Pollock-style, across the canvas of his plates. At Maxim's mega-pastry station, Edwards has sufficient elbow room to reinterpret French classics. An eggy crème brûlée is topped by a tiny triangle of dense chocolate. A pecan-and-caramel tart—an homage to his Louisiana childhood—is sweetened with muscavado sugar and spiked with bourbon. The molten chocolate-soufflé cake, almost a cliché on dessert menus, is freshened with a scoop of mint ice cream. The unifying factor is the elaborate presentation, multi-layered and syrup-ringed, an artistic compulsion that explains why Edwards is contributing a few recipes to an upcoming cookbook for pastry-porn *Chocolatier* magazine. But unlike his complex designs, Edwards's career trajectory has followed a linear progression, from "the absolute first time I put a piece of chocolate cake on a plate with raspberry sauce and discovered what I could do with a sauce bottle."

ROBIN RAISFELD

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is

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Photograph by Bernd Auers.

wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

River—The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. *345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

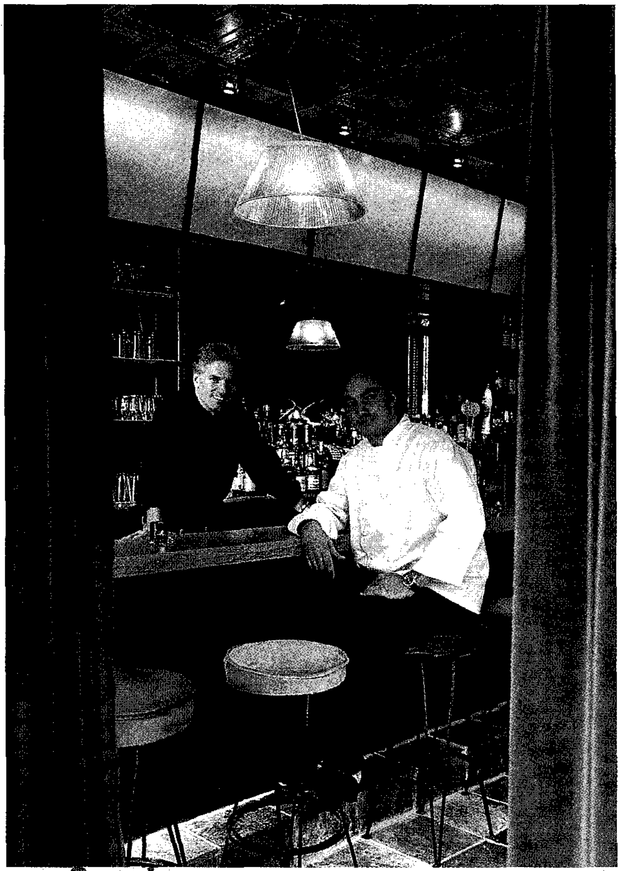
Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Opening

A New Matthew

The prime SoHo real estate that was Nick & Eddie's at 203 Spring Street has become Scully on Spring, named for chef—and former Matthew Kenney underling—Matthew Scully. Sprung from subordination by partner Kevin Lynch (pictured, left), Scully unleashes his own Mediterranean impulses in dishes like chili-and-cilantro-spiced blue mussels, slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce and red chard, and mocha-hazelnut crème brûlée. (Entrées up to $21.)

Photograph by Jason Schmidt.

in concert

Paul Taylor's Company...Kafka and Da Camera

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 25

Swiss Classical Concert—Violinist Katharina Schamböck and pianist Thomas Dratva perform works by Andreas Pflüger. *The Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway, bet. Broome and Spring Sts. (925-2035), at 7; free.*

New York Philharmonic—With pianist Leif Ove Andsnes, performs Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3; Neeme Jarvi, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20–$75.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs an all-Schubert program with violinist Joseph Silverstein and pianist Lee Luvisi. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $22–$30.*

Wednesday, February 26

Tokyo String Quartet—Performs works by Brahms, Schubert, and Debussy. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

New York Festival of Song—"Façade and the English Landscape." *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

Thursday, February 27

Ruth Laredo, Pianist—A concert with commentary featuring works by Brahms and the Borromeo Quartet. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $25.*

Marian Anderson 100th-Birthday Tribute—Robert Shaw leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's, joined by Sylvia McNair, Jessye Norman, Isaac Stern, and James DePreist, in a program reflecting the range of Anderson's repertoire. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $20–$125.*

Ian Hobson, Pianist—Performs works by Benjamin Lees, Beethoven, and Rachmaninoff. *Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

Steven Tenebom, Violist—Performs works by Persichetti, Schubert, and Adolphe. *Landon Gallery, 1926 Broadway at 64th St. (873-7846), at 8; $10–$25.*

New York Philharmonic—With trumpeter Philip Smith, performs works by Haydn, Tamberg, and Brahms; Neeme Jarvi, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Friday, February 28

New York Philharmonic—See 2/27, at 2.

Collegiate Chorale—Performs Schubert's *Fierrabras;* Robert Bass, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$65.*

Sanford Sylvan, Baritone, and David Breitman, Pianist—Perform an all-Schubert program. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Saturday, March 1

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Barber, Dvorak, and Sibelius with violinist Pamela Frank; David Zinman, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Talent
Triple Play

The fruits of choreographer David Dorfman's past year's labors will be on display at the Joyce Theater, February 25 through March 2, as he presents three new works: 'Gone,' 'Job,' and 'Sky Down,' blending vaudeville wit and interpersonal wisdom.

Continuum—Performs works by Giacinto Scelsi. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.50.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs works by Arriaga, Schubert, and Kodály. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

David Finckel, Cellist, and Wu Han, Pianist—Perform works by Beethoven, Chopin, and Previn. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs Schubert's *Lazarus;* Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

I Cantori—Perform works by Tom Cipullo, Chris DiBlasio, and James Wagoner. *Cavalry Episcopal Church, Park Ave. South at 21st St. (439-4758), at 8; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/27.

Sunday, March 2

The Queen's Chamber Band—Performs "Passionate Pavand and Gay Galliards." *St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (932-9462), at 2; $15.*

Emerson String Quartet—Performs works by Beethoven, Webern, and Bartók. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

Anne-Sophie Mutter, Violinist—Performs works by Brahms with pianist Lambert Orkis. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$40.*

New York Youth Symphony—The debut of 14-year-old cellist Alisa Weilerstein, performing Dvorak's *Cello Concerto;* Miguel Harth-Bedoya, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (581-5933), at 3; $5.*

New York Chamber Symphony—See 3/1, at 5.

Monday, March 3

Da Camera of Houston—Readings from Kafka paired with works by Erwin Schulhoff. *Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Alan Chow, Pianist—Performs works by Haydn, Liszt, and Ravel. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$20.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *Aïda,* 2/25 at 8, 3/1 at 1:30; Britten's *Billy Budd,* 2/26 at 8, 3/1 at 8; Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera,* 2/27 at 7:30; Puccini's *La Bohème,* 2/28 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

Così Fan Tutte—Mozart's classic, set in 1911 Stutz society. Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. Through 3/16. *Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Madama Butterfly—Puccini's East-meets-West tragedy. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 3/9. *Regina Opera Company, 65th St. and 12th Ave., Brooklyn (718-232-3555); $10.*

The Turn of the Screw—Britten's dark opera interpretation of Henry James's novella. 2/28 and 3/1 at 8, 3/2 at 3. *DiCapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. (288-9438); $25.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre Studio Company—Performs the world premieres of *Idyla, Temps Perdu,* and *In Vauxhall Gardens.* 2/27 and 2/28 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); $10–$20.*

David Dorfman Dance—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $26.*

New York City Ballet—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Perform the premieres of *Eventide* and *Prime Numbers.* Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. 2/25 at 7:30. Through 3/9. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $15–$47.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

nightlife

The Upper Crust...Schimmel...Maxwell

Concerts

"A Great Day in Harlem"—A musical celebration of the historic 1958 photograph of the era's jazz greats. Three of the few dozen musicians shown in the photo—Milt Hinton, Marian McPartland, and Eddie Lock—are joined by Kenny Davern, Dick Hyman, and others. 3/1 at 8 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $30–$35.*

Donovan—Following the release of his CD *Sutras,* the Sunshine Superman continues on the road to comeback. Funnier and more entertaining than his model-rocker son, Donovan Leitch Jr., Donovan the elder deserves a little spotlight time. 3/3 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $25.*

"Mr. Gershwin Goes to Washington"—The second of the three-concert Ira Gershwin-fêting concert series is a collection of political songs ("Of Thee I Sing," "Let 'Em Eat Cake") whose lyrics Ira penned, performed by vocalists Michael McGrath and William Sharp and pianist Rob Fisher. 3/4 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $35.*

Jewel—Acoustic folk rock's pouty young plaything has won legions of fans with her quasi-spiritual ballads. Call us curmudgeons, but she seems to have more in common with goo-goo-voiced No Doubt frontwoman Gwen Stefani than with Joni Mitchell. 3/2–3/3 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $25.*

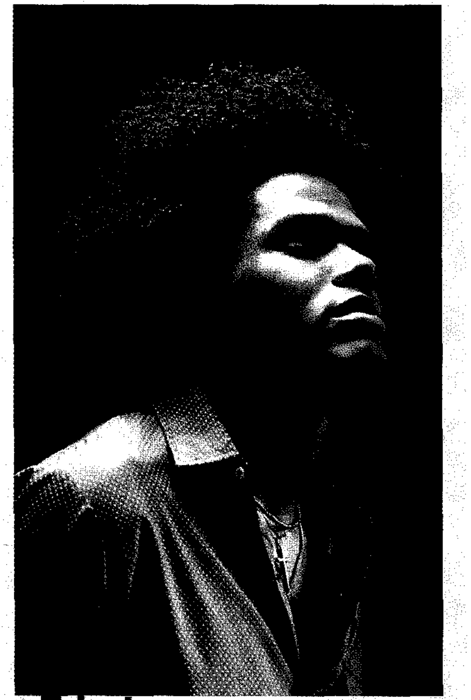
Live—If anyone still thinks Eddie Vedder's self-absorbed grunge whine is the benchmark against which contemporary rock earnestness is measured, they obviously haven't seen Live singer Ed Kowalczyk in action. The York, Pennsylvania, quartet, which has been together so long its members claim to consider themselves brothers, releases its third, spiritually inflected full-length CD, *Secret Samadhi,* on the eighteenth. With Fun Lovin' Criminals. 2/25 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre (307-7171). $25.*

Maxwell—Along with D'Angelo and Tony Rich, Maxwell is one of a growing handful of contemporary soul artists who eschew current mainstream R&B standards in favor of paying serious homage to their sixties and seventies forebears (Marvin Gaye, Al Green, Stevie Wonder) in their songwriting and arranging—without sounding like simple tribute acts. Maxwell's sound is slinky and danceable if just a trifle overslick at times. 3/2 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $20.*

Metallica—By now it's old news that the original speed-metallers cut their hair short, surely signalling the end of the heavy-metal era. But frequently overlooked is the foursome's sad decline from the crisp, brutal sound they forged in the mid-eighties into sludgy, if commercially viable, hard-rock cliché. Their classic material, however, still induces a whopping case of whiplash. 2/28 at 7 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Marshall Field Complex, Uniondale, L.I., (212-307-7171). $27.50–$37.50.*

"Noel Pointer Foundation Benefit Concert"—CD 101.9 celebrates Black History Month with a contemporary soul-jazz quintuple bill of George Howard, Jon Lucien, Regina Carter, Angela Bofill, and the Noel Pointer Band. 2/27 at 8 P.M. *Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (212-307-7171). $30–$40.*

Sting—The erstwhile King of Pain spends nearly a week in Manhattan. Sting's work on his recent *Mercury Falling* is even bolder and more experimental than ever, with forays into country, soul, and the whacked-out, jazz-tinged time changes we've come to expect from his post-Police work. Mercurial, yes. Fickle, never. With Paula Cole. 2/28, 3/1–3/2, 3/4–3/5 at 8 P.M. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, 4 Pennsylvania Pl., near 32nd St. and Eighth Ave. (307-7171). $45.00.*



Talent

Maxwell House

Youthful soul traditionalist Maxwell transforms Roseland into a steaming dance blowout March 2.

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 2/28: Laurence Nugent and Jim Dewan. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/25: Asleep at the Wheel; Bill Kirchen & Too Much Fun. 2/27: Del McCoury. 2/28: Steve Forbert. 3/1: "Required Listening," with the Bad Livers, Jennifer Jackson, and the Nudes. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced Shows nightly at 9. 2/28: The Scene Is Now Wharton Tiers Ensemble. 3/1: the Upper Crus (see essay); Shake Appeal. 3/2: Karate. 3/4: Chalkfarm. 3/5: Lazlo Bane. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couche behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us th best and brightest from the midwestern blue capital. 2/26: Larry Burton. 2/27: Ernie William & the Wildcats. 2/28: Carey Bell. 3/1: Huber Sumlin. 3/3: Mojo-Matics. 3/4: Susan Ryan. 3/5 S'Killit. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy out er-borough ambience and bands picked by Jess Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationist D Generation. Every fourth Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Doo NYC." Jayne County revives the early '70s protopunk scene on a weekly basis with "Max' Kansas City Wednesdays." 2/27: Shootyz Groove Superbug; Stealth. 3/4: Sensefield. *15 St. Marks Pl (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Mark under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patt Smith photo. 2/26: Cul de Sac; Tower Recordings. 2/27: Don Byron; Don McKenzie; Vernon Reid. 2/28: "Famous Monster Party," thrown by D.C.'s the Make-Up, with Danko Jones from Toronto, Taro Bolero, and others. 3/1: Ruins; Dim Sum Clip Job; Thurston Moore; Rashid Ali, and Charles Gale. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all o whom groove to some of the best D.J.s in the city Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox take over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening o Big Room Comedy," featuring members o MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 3/1: Amy Rigby. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

rving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 2/25: John Hiatt. 2/28: Max Creek. The first three Fridays in February, They Might Be Giants. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 2/25: Yo La Tengo. 2/26: Lounge Lizards. 2/27: Laurie Anderson. 2/28: Philip Glass/Cecil Taylor. 3/3: Vernon Reid. 3/4: Michael Gordon; Dr. Nerve; Meridian Arts Ensemble. 3/5: Soul Coughing; Firewater. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 2/26: Hiram Bullock and Will Lee. 2/27: Magic Dick and Jay Geils. 2/28: 32-20. 3/2: Jefferson Starship Acoustic Explorer. Paul Kantner and Jack Cassady. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/27: the Ocean Blue. 2/28: the Gefkens. 3/1: Paul Narvez. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 2/25: Thornetta Davis; Chris McDermott; Flux. 2/26: Daniel Cartier. 2/27: Mr. Henry; Treble Charger. 2/28: Run-On; Ui. 3/1: Bill Janovitz. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the funky, Celtic-influenced band Tara on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 2/28–3/1: Paul Locano and the Renowned Dames Daniel Big Band keep the room hopping to sounds of the swing era. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 2/25: Junior Brown; Jack Ingram. 2/28: James. 3/1: Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers; Milo Z. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/28: Meters guitarist Leo Nocentelli. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 2/27–3/1: Roy Hargrove Quintet. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 2/25–3/2: George Shearing Quintet; Azimuth. 3/3: Vladimir Shafranov Trio. 3/4–3/9: John Abercrombie/Ralph Towner Duo; Marc Copland Quintet, featuring Randy Brecker and Bob Berg. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—2/28: Jean Michel Pilc. Sets at 9 P.M. *29 Cornelia. (989-9319).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 2/25–3/2: Stanley Jordan. 3/4–3/9: John Scofield quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 2/26–3/1: Pete Malinverni, with John Webber. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Match—Smart and trendy, this slick SoHo hang is home to Peggy Cone and her Gentlemen Jazz Trio, every Sunday night. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay what you wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile-and-fluorescent-tube decor any more inviting than your average café, the concept *is* fairly happening. 2/28: Be Natural. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Tuesdays, "Human Feel," featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet, featuring Eric Davis. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).* $.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 2/25–3/2: Oliver Lake Quintet. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 2/25–3/8: Warren Vache Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. 2/24–3/2: the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra's 31st anniversary celebration. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at 11th St. (255-4037).* $.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégé and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 2/24–3/1: Roni Ben Hur, Chris Anderson, and Lisle Atkinson. 3/3–3/8: Pete Malinverni, Dennis Irwin, and Leroy Williams. Sundays in February: Leslie Pintchick, Scott Hardy, and Rich DeRosa. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

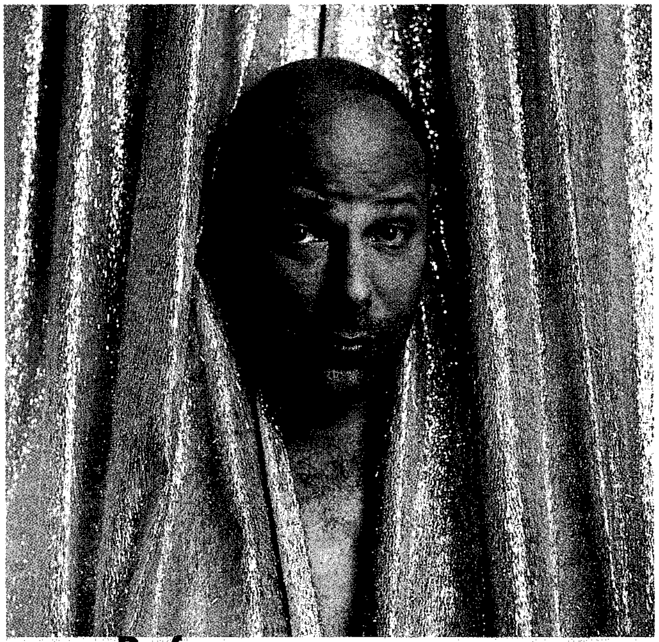
Talent

Men in Tights

Plenty of rock musicians are arrogant. Plenty fancy themselves hybridists. But few can touch the brazen absurdity of the Upper Crust, who bring their AC/DC-plays-Versailles shtick—powdered wigs, beauty spots, lyrics like "I got a divine right to rock and roll all night"—to Brownies March 1. The celebration of *ancien régime* power, sex, and privilege through seventies-style arena-rock tunes ("Monarchy in the USA," "Friend of a Friend of the Working Class") isn't just the result of setting the cultural Cuisinart on random. "There is a kind of brutal sincerity about both periods," says Crust singer-guitarist Ted Widmer, whose *nom de rock* is Lord Rockingham (his bandmates answer to Lord Bendover, the Duc d'Istortion, Count Bassie, and Jackie Kickassis). "We admire the honesty with which people in both eras went straight for the pleasures and necessities that are so important to one's happiness." If Widmer's approach to music still sounds like a study in contradictions, it's nothing compared with his day job as a lecturer in American history and literature at Harvard, or his *other* moonlighting gig—contributing editor at *George*. In his capacity as an academic, Widmer is an aficionado of the New York of the 1840s ("the sweaty, disgusting period when New York was exploding into the cesspool it's been ever since"), and later this year he will publish *Young America: The Flowering of Democracy, 1837–1855*. "I'm really caught uncomfortably between these two worlds," he says. "The difference is incredible: *You work five years on a book that three people will read, versus play two bar chords and a million girls throw their panties at you.*"

ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by Whitney Ward.



Performance
Bathroom Humor

Robert Schimmel (Caroline's, February 27–March 2) takes the venerable art of lowbrow comedy to new heights. The stand-up uses plenty of dirty words, but instead of relying on cheap shocks and embarrassing machismo, he delivers calm, resigned observations of human fallibility.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—On his recent CD, *Robert Schimmel Comes Clean,* the comic addresses standard potty-humor themes such as male anatomy, male lust, and male frustration. Got the picture? Good, because it's not entirely accurate. Schimmel's treatment of his material reeks of none (or little, anyway) of the dumb, macho posturing that usually accompanies such undertakings. He turns the room blue 2/27–3/2. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—After a brief flirtation with cabaret and the like, this high-class variety showplace has shifted its focus back to yucks (though crooners do still make the occasional appearance). Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view "The Loft," a stage set as a NYC apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians perform. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 2/24–3/2: Greg Giraldo; Greer Barnes; Dave Attell; Jim Gaffigan; Rick Crom. Shows Fri. at 9 p.m. and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 2/24–3/2: Gregory Carey; Rich Ramirez; Ben Creed; Nancy Redman; Quentin Heggs; Lenny Varnedoe. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 28–3/1: Rich Francese; Mike Ivy; Marc Maron; Dave Attell. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 2/28–3/1: Larry Amaros; Patrice O'Neil; Joe Matarese; Linda Smith. Mondays, it's Sunda Croonquist and the Femmes Fatales. Every Tuesday in March, "The Big Show," with Kevin Downey Jr., Leighann Lord, and Selected Hilarity. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—The fabulous Eartha Kitt. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (741-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $10; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Danny's Skylight Room—3/3: Earl Fries. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—2/26: Heidi Hoppenfeld's "Definitely Not an Ingenue." $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Dutch Weisman's Winter Follies—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family-values revue, complete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wednesday and Thursday at 9 P.M.; Friday and Saturday at 11, with live music and dancing after the show. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045). $30.*

Maxim's—The monument to hefty art-nouveau interior design. 2/27–3/1: Shirley Horne. 3/2–3/8: Kaye Ballard. $30 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Alle and the New Orleans Funeral & Rag time Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 an 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnass Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th S (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—3/4–3/22: Kare Mason, an understudy for the role o Norma Desmond in *Sunset Strip.* $4 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat at 11; dinner required at early shows *30 Rockefeller Plaza, sixty-fifth floo (632-5000).*

Ed Sullivan's—Despite its name and lo cation (it's tucked practically inside th Ed Sullivan Theater), the old-man ba turned chichi dining spot should no be confused for one of the odiou theme restaurants that surround it Swing jazz (some cutesy, some serious nightly and a waiter who looks *just lik* the place's namesake. 2/26: Ful Swing. Every Friday, Sullivan's is hom to a band whose players cut their teet during the actual swing era, th Harlem All-Stars. No cover; two-drin minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadwa bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly insid an already-discreet second-stor Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suav boîte is the ultimate in low-key hip ness. The management admits only a many customers (about 30) as ther are seats and routinely turns away larg parties, to keep rabble-rousing to minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant St. near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck The extensive and perfectly executed drin selection, the Second Empire décor (whic includes a paint job that matches the moniker) and the French-café-style entertainment al make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass winter evening. If you get stuck standing at th bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse slumming downtowner crowd might be bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21s Sts. (929-5542).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks a the bar look as though they deserve a drink. O Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-press board dive hosts the James Begian Three, a earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper Wes Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St (787-9628).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of th spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, whil the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Dig the nature flicks on th countersunk, rear-projection TV. *200 Orchard St. nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunne whose most architecturally significant object are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a bee with Danny, the best bartender in town. An have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're a it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this sid of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966 3894).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection o Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s giv Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop natio alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

Photograph by Bonnie Schiffman

Kids

High Notes...Low Motives

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Sing Song—Women's History Month provides the excuse for a lively ladies-only concert of traditional music. Women of the Calabash, dressed in African robes, toss handmade instruments in the air as they sing infectious call-and-response songs of the African diaspora. Balladeer Linda Russell accompanies her repertoire of American folk songs on the dulcimer, guitar, and limberjack. After the 11 A.M. concert at Symphony Space, families can stroll south to the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN,** where Linda Russell leads a folk-singing workshop that introduces kids to traditional instruments. Tickets for the concert are $3 for children, $6 for adults (864-5400). With a **SYMPHONY SPACE** ticket stub, admission to the Children's Museum of Manhattan is $2 off the regular $5 admission. (Next month in another Just Kidding concert, folksinger Tom Chapin leads the audience in a "Sing-a-Song for the Environment." Symphony Space is located at 2537 Broadway, at 95th St (864-5400); CMOM is at 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223).●

Sounds Like—Brian Selznick is guest illustrator at "Music Tells a Story," a **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** Lolli-Pops Concert with musical selections to suit the sensibilities of children ages 3 to 5. Included on the program are Aaron Copland's *I Bought Me a Cat* and Camille Saint-Saëns's *The Carnival of the Animals.* March 1 at 10:30 and noon, March 2 at 12:30 and 2. Alliance Française's Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100); $32.

Rhythm—The music of Brahms, Stravinsky, Debussy, and Bernstein is introduced to children in "The Return of Captain Tempo—Where's the Beat," a Meet the Music Concert presented by the **CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER.** Among the cast of performers are the Borromeo String Quartet, soprano Beverly Hoch, pianist Reiko Uchida, actor Tom Alan Robbins, and host Bruce Adolphe. March 2 at noon and 2. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (875-5778); $12.

Where You're Coming From—The Kids Bridge, a traveling interactive exhibit developed at the Children's Museum in Boston, explores cultural identity and ethnicity. Kids draw self-portraits that relate to a person's inner as well as outer life, handle clothing and toys of different cultures, and play with interactive video games that address linguistic and racial differences. (Through July 31.) **YESHIVA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM,** 2520 Amsterdam Ave., at 185th St. (960-5390); $3, $2 children and seniors.

Seuss!—Kids can serve up green eggs and ham, join in art projects, and try out a new CD-ROM in the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**'s new interactive exhibit, an homage to *Cat in the Hat* creator Theodor Geisel. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

Cue

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Barbara Ensor
Kids

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Sports

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Online

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Books
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Radio

Alexandra Lange
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Theater

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Art

Robin Raisfeld
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Ethan Smith
Nightlife
Popular Music
Cabaret

Neverland—Childhood fantasies glide into adult realities in Mabou Mines's bunraku-puppet performance of *Peter and Wendy.* The production's Celtic musical accompaniment brings the story back to J. M. Barrie's Scottish roots. Through 3/2. The **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Don Quixote in the City—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza set out from a country town and as they approach civilization encounter what seem to them to be dragons. The musical is based loosely on the characters in Cervantes's classic Spanish novel. Suitable for children 3 and up. Sundays at 2 through 3/16. **THE PRODUCERS CLUB THEATER,** 358 W. 44th St. (972-0672). Tickets are $8.

Camp Anxiety—Harold S. Koplewicz talks about separation anxiety in a lecture called "Begging to Get Away From Home and Dying to Get Back." He will specifically address issues raised by camp and boarding school as well as the broader issues and implications of the problem. March 5 from 9:30 to 11. Kaufman Hall, 92nd St. Y., 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). Reserve.●●

Lost Shoes—Lyric soprano and puppeteer Susan Delery Whedon—formerly of the New York City Opera—is the voice, creator, and animating persona behind an engaging cast of hand and rod puppets known as the Papageno Puppet Theater. The theater's current production, *Cinderella,* which is 45 minutes long, includes Prokofiev's music from the ballet. February 28 through May 17. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at noon. 462 Columbus Ave., at 83rd St. (874-3297); $5 (free to children under 2.)

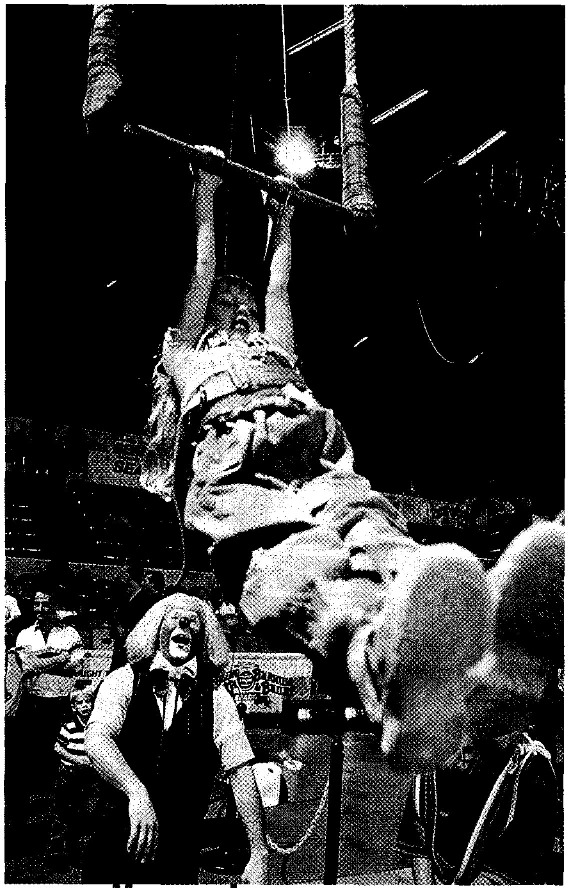
Bread Crumbs—*Hansel, Gretel, and the Jolly Gingerbread Man* plays through March 2 at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE.** Weekends at 1:30, followed by *Snow White* at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

Dreamstuff—A fanciful new Off Broadway musical comedy with a familiar *Aladdin*-ish plot. The story of a teenage runaway who is handed a magical text is set in New York, approximately now. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, and matinees Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. (Through March 30.) **SAMUEL BECKETT THEATER,** 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100); $37.50.

Operatic—**THE METROPOLITAN OPERA GUILD** performs *Gianni Schicchi,* Puccini's engaging one-act comic opera about greed and trickery, in English for family audiences. Afterward, the audience is invited to mingle with the cast at a party. March 1, 2, 9, and 15 at 2. John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St., just west of Lincoln Center (769-7008). Tickets are $25 for the opera and $5 for up to four family members for the cast party. Young love is tested by worldly temptation in an English-language version of Mozart's romantic comedy *Così Fan Tutte* set in 1911. There are weekend performances through March 16. Call for a performance schedule and to reserve seats. **THE AMATO OPERA,** 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.

No Place Like Home—A live dove turns into a rabbit, and a child levitates in "Arnie Kolodner presents the Wizard of Oz," an eclectically themed magic show at the **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATRE,** March 1 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (877-6115). Reserve.●

Flotsam Recycled—Kids can combine wooden spools, pieces of wire, and other household castoffs to create figments of their imagination at Sunday-afternoon workshops at the **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART,** March 2 and 8 at 2. Columbus Ave. bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). Admission is by voluntary contribution; $1 materials fee. Or, a few blocks north, children are encouraged to bring a piece of that beloved blanket or outgrown shirt to add to a crazy quilt any day in March, in honor of Women's History Month. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN,** 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

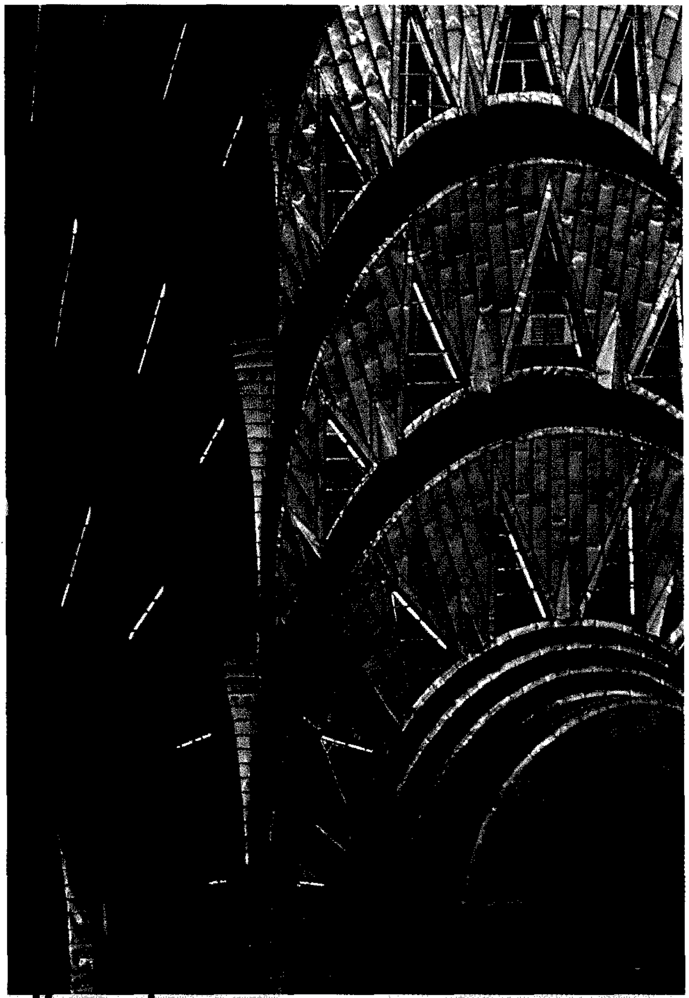


Happening
Local Talent

Before the show, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey invite ticket holders into the sawdust for a supervised hour of bungee-trapeze swinging (above), low-wire walking, and juggling—a practice that makes their performers look ultraslick by comparison. Tri-state engagements are March 4 through April 6. Tickets are $10 to $37.50. (307-7171.)

the mix

Art Deco Tour...Readings From Russia



Happening **The ultimate Art Deco exhibit, our own midtown skyline, is permanently on display. Reconnoiter such icons of European design and American Jazz Age influence as the Waldorf-Astoria and the Chrysler, Chanin, and *Daily News* buildings on the Municipal Art Society's "Art Deco: Midtown" tour. (February 27; see listings.)**

Photograph by S. Weinrebe/Photonica.

John Leonard's TV Notes

Curse of T. Rex (2/25; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) is another entertaining episode of "Nova," this time looking at the mad money scramble around the discovery in 1992 in the South Dakota Badlands of 90 percent of the skeleton of a 65 million–year–old dinosaur named Sue—and not for the nearby Sioux Indians, who were just as grabby for a piece of the lucrative action as the local entrepreneurs, the cunning-as-a-Russian-peasant rancher, the possessive paleontologists, and the storm-trooping Feds, who must have thought they were warming up for Waco. Greed glows in the dark like Three Mile Island. The dinosaurs are well out of it.

What Jennifer Saw (2/25; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is more bad news from "Frontline." By closely examining a 1984 North Carolina rape case in which the wrong man was sentenced to life imprisonment after compelling eyewitness testimony from the victim and ambiguous circumstantial evidence only to be released eleven years later when a DNA test proved him innocent, the program suggests that such miscarriages are more common than we'd like to believe; that the new science versus the old system will be causing a lot more headlines in the future; and that we see, in mug shots, in lineups, and in the courtroom, what we want to see.

Crisis Center (2/28; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) introduces a new weekly dramatic series in the *Homicide: Life on the Street* time slot, with an agreeable bunch of youngish actors— Kellie Martin, Matt Roth, Nia Peeples, Clifton Gonzalez, Tina Lifford, and Dana Ashbrook—providing legal, medical, and psychological counseling services in a San Francisco neighborhood-assistance center. The pilot is fraught to a frazzle, with a hot-line suicide, a premature childbirth, prostitutes who turn out instead to be acrobats, and a grief-stricken, gun-waving father who takes the do-gooders hostage. Maybe it will calm down in a week or two. Meanwhile, of course, Kellie Martin is more idealistic than the Peace Corps and Doctors Without Borders combined.

Dead Man's Gun (3/2; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) consists of a trilogy of mini-movies all set in the Old West and all involving the same hand-carved pistol with a curse on it. John Ritter in "The Great McDonacle" thinks he can make a career out of gunning down anything that stands in the way of his theatrical career as a marksman, until he meets Billy the Kid. Con-man John Glover in "Fool's Gold" intends to shoot his way to a fortune with bullets made of gold dust, until he is conned in turn by hayseed Matt Frewer. Frank Whaley in "My Brother's Keeper" carries sibling rivalry to an extreme. There are many saloon girls and lots of mud and some nice production values, but we've been here before, far too often, with so many other cigars, Excaliburs, and symbolic male sex organs that one wonders why we should do it again.

Journey of the Heart (3/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is what television does instead of *Shine*. Convinced that her blind, autistic young son, Chris Demetral, is a prodigy at the piano, Cybill Shepherd leaves the down-home South behind her for a big-city conservatory, music teacher Stephen Lang, and learning to let go. An otherwise by-the-numbers Feel Good About Adversity movie is nicely written by Dalene A. Young and smartly directed by Karen Arthur, with a strong Cybill and an astonishing Demetral.

Robert Ludlum's The Apocalypse Watch (3/2 and 3/3, 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) glares, grunts, galumphs, stalks, and struts through four mini-series hours of bad acting, during which, because of mad-scientist memory transplants, C.I.A. operatives John Shea and Patrick Bergin, who also happen to be brothers, can't really trust Virginia Madsen not to be in zombie-cahoots with evil neo-Nazis who threaten to infect the world's water supply with a deadly plague, even though both would appear to have slept with her. Besides London, where Big Ben gets hit by a guided missile, and Washington, where there is a fascist bacillus in the highest levels of government, we also get Prague and a castle full of swastika porn. The entire misbegotten enterprise—from the voices to the emotions—seems somehow to have been dubbed in somebody's cellar, as if for immediate shipment to *Mystery Science Theater 3000*. The real mystery is how it ever achieved prime time on a major American network.

Future Fantastic (3/2, 3, 4, 5, and 6; 10 to 11 P.M.; the Learning Channel) borrows Gillian Anderson from *The X-Files* to tell us about flying saucers, teleportation, humanoid robots, life on Mars, and cyborg immortality via nanotechnology. I have seen only the first and last of the five hours, but these were a well-produced mix of science, skepticism, and superstition, and I actually found myself rooting for a nematode worm whose life span was increased sixfold with some genetic fiddling.

Spy Game (3/3; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC), a new winter-replacement series, wants to be both *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* and *The Avengers,* with a nod as well to *Get Smart,* in homage to which one of the kick-butt counterspies is called Max, even though she's really Allison Smith. Others at E.C.H.O. (Emergency Counter Hostilities Organization) include Linden Ashby as the hunk and Bruce McCarty as the martinet. In the first installment, involving an attempted assassination of the president of the United States by downsized and disgruntled ex-Intelligence agents with the help of "cyberspiders," there are ironic walk-on roles for Patrick Macnee, who played John Steed on *The Avengers,* Peter Lupus from *Mission: Impossible,* and Robert Culp from *I Spy*. The only other episode I've seen in preview pits Ashby's best friend, ex–KGB agent and co–tavern owner Keith Szarabajka (Edward Woodward's sidekick on *The Equalizer*) against a defrocked Kremlin torture maven who has kidnapped his mother in order to . . . but never mind. It's at least a series with a comic-book sense of humor, and I like the notion of a post–Cold War world made unsafe by unemployed spies, like those stockpiled nuclear missiles all dressed up with no place to go.

Mailer on Picasso (3/3; 10 to 11 P.M; BRAVO) is an hour-long conversation, with *South Bank Show's* impresario Melvyn Bragg talking, in sun-drenched Provincetown, to the Last Existentialist about his recent book-length misunderstanding of Cubism. Mailer identifies with Picasso, and not because they are both of them nasty, brutish, and short. Norman, in fact, is avuncular, going on about the autopsy Pablo witnessed of a 12-year-old girl, the suicide of his closest Barcelona friend, the theft of the *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre that he managed to blame on his buddy Apollinaire, opium, androgyny, primitive hunters and medicine men, Einstein's relativity, the body as a city and the city as body, and, of course, the vagina. More entertaining, even when it's rubbish, than the solemn and silly recent film *Surviving Picasso.*

Radio Highlights

In the Studio—3/3: Dan Bern talks with Rita Houston. 8 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—3/1 at 10 P.M.: Rosemary Breslin talks about *Not Exactly What I Had In Mind;* Rodney Reynolds, publisher and founder of *American Legacy,* talks about the issues involved in Black History Month; Mark Miano on *Flesh and Stone.* WOR, 710 A.M.

Symphony Hall—2/25: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C, Borodin's Symphony No. 3 in a. 2/26: Ravel's Piano Concerto in G, Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9 in E flat. 2/27: Berlioz's *Rob Roy Overture,* Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 in c. 2/28: Haydn's Symphony No. 102 in B flat, Delius's Cello Concerto. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

St. Petersburg Literary Tradition Abroad—3/4 at 6:30: The culmination of the St. Petersburg Festival Reading Series, with Lucie Brock-Broido, Rebecca Goldstein, Jessica Hagedorn, Ruben Martinez, and Luc Sante. Stuyvesant High School Theater, 345 Chambers St. (334-1660); free.

Dale Peck—2/27 at 7: Reading from *The Law of Enclosures.* Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave. (570-0201); free.

Michael Cunningham and Nicholas Christopher—3/2 at 7: Reading from their recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4 St. (460-0982); free.

David Foster Wallace—2/27 at 6:30: Reading from his new book *A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again.* Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Jonathan Lethem—3/6 at 6:30: Reading from *As She Climbed Across the Table.* Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Laura Simms—3/4 at 7:30: An evening of storytelling entitled "The Mirror to the Invisible World: The Woman in the Garden." The Artisans Guild, 191 Seventh Ave. (503-6200); $12 suggested donation.

Frank McCourt—2/26 at 6: A reading from *Angela's Ashes,* part of the Museum of the City of New York's Gotham Readers. The Cedar Tavern, 82 University Place (534-1672, ext. 207); $5.

Selected Shorts Hosted by Jamaica Kincaid—2/26 at 6:30: At Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $16.

Poetry "Throwdown"—2/26 at 6: A reading with Sister Serenity, Marlene Cash, Drums & Poets Society, and others, with an open-mike section. New York Public Library at 203 W. 115 St. (869-8089); free.

David G. Roskies—2/25 at 6:30: A reading and booksigning. The Jewish Museum, 1109 5th Ave. (423-3271); free.

Ruth Prawer Jhabvala—3/3 at 8: The novelist and screenwriter will talk with George Plimpton, and actress Madhur Jaffrey will read from Jhabvala's work. 92nd St. Y, Unterberg Poetry Center, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $12.

Rachel Blau DuPlessis and Marjorie Welish—2/26 at 8: Readings from their poetry and criticism. St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Lectures and Panels

Randall Robinson, "Africa, African Americans and International Affairs."—2/27 at 6: A lecture by the founder and president of *TransAfrica.* Vanderbilt Hall, Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Square South (998-2130); free.

Wisdom of the Sages—2/26 at 7:30: A lecture entitled "After the Destruction: The Wisdom of the Sages" will be presented as part of a series of three. Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68 St. (787-7108); $20 for the series.

Recycling: Why It's Working—3/5 at 7:30: A discussion with Allen Hershkowitz of the National Resource Defense Council. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230, ext. 233); free.

At Home in Zion: The African-American Presence in the Shaker Society—2/27 at 6: A lecture exploring the rich and varied interpretations of African-American presence in American folk art. Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); free.

Union Square South: Partnership and Precedent—2/26 at 6: A discussion of the collaborative process of renovation. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960); $7, $5 members.

Arthur Mitchell—3/4 at 8: The founder of the Dance Theatre of Harlem discusses his career. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.; for further information, call 996-1100; $18.

"How Artists Happen"—3/4 at 7: A panel discussion on controversial and contemporary issues in art. The Art Students League of New York, 215 W. 57 St. (247-4510); free.

Tours

Art Deco: Midtown—2/27 at 12:30 Discover the history behind the romantic silhouette. Meet in front of the *Daily News* Building, 220 E. 42nd St. (935-3960); $10.

The East Village—3/1 at 1: A tour of the Village's immigrant and radical history. Meet at the Black Cube at Astor Place (439-1090); $9.

Historic Harlem—3/2 at 1: A tour of the center of New York's African-American culture. Meet at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave., at the Schomburg Center (439-1090); $9.

Events

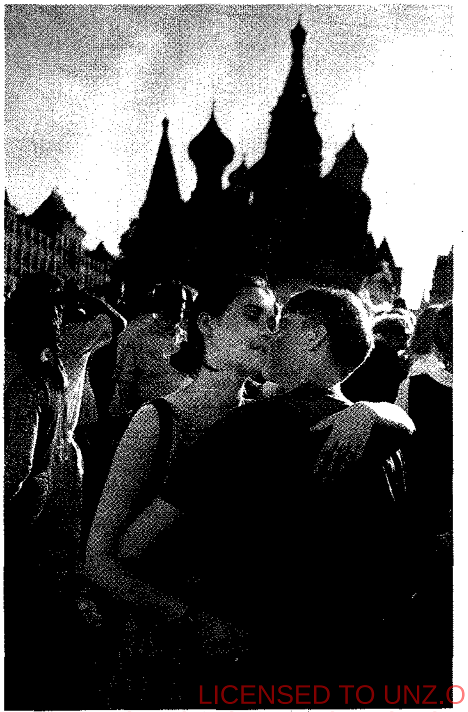
St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration—Through 3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

Institutions

Meta on Madison

Midtown has a new museum, and it's called, somewhat trippingly, the Newseum (580 Madison Avenue, at 56th Street). Like that of its Virginia parent organization, the Freedom Forum, the Newseum's shtick is "Free Press. Free Speech. Free Spirit." And free admission. "Manhattan doesn't have too many free museums these days," says curator of exhibits Cara Sutherland, with a competitive glint in her eye.

The Newseum focuses on the epistemology of media culture—the idea that *how* we know is nearly as important as *what* we know. "We focus not just on the news," she says, "but the choices and influences that help shape it." In her research, Sutherland has uncovered such fascinating arcana as pieces of the *Maine* (as in "Remember the . . ."), the personal effects of the Associated Press reporter who rode into Little Big Horn with General Custer, and the concealed camera that an ink-stained wretch from the *Daily News* strapped to his ankle to photograph the execution of murderess Ruth Snyder. These curios, and more (currently on display in Virginia), help document the mercenary competition between big-city tabloids over the past century, illustrating the point that truth is the first casualty of newspaper wars.



Opening March 15 is a photo retrospective entitled "The Enterprising Eye: How Photographers Documented 1996" that touches on a broad range of subjects, from the Russian presidential campaign to a Rwandan prison camp full of young children who are accused of war crimes. And if Mencken was right that journalism is the first draft of history, then this may be the second.

MATTHEW MCCANN FENTON

Photographs: top, Paula Scully/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Lucien Perkins/Washington *Post.*

The 1997 Advil Runners/Walkers Clinic—3/1 at 10 A.M.: A chance for women who are first-time runners or walkers to get their questions answered. The Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (423-2288); free.

Exhibitions

French Children of the Holocaust—Through 3/6. More than 200 photographs telling the story of Jewish children caught in France at the start of WWII. Based on Serge Klarsfeld's recent book *French Children of the Holocaust*. At the New School, 65 Fifth Ave. (229-5488); $5.

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman—Through 4/4. The life and garden designs of one of the early twentieth century's most important landscape architects is the subject of this exhibition. At the PaineWebber Art Gallery (713-2885).

Sports

New Runners/Walkers Clinic—3/1, 10 A.M.–noon: This is the first event in this year's well-publicized Advil Mini-Marathon series (others include a 5K "Tune Up" run and a 10K mini-marathon). Basically, show up and you'll get a few lectures and a free workout in the company of nine-time New York Marathon winner Grete Waitz, who will let you in on her motivation techniques. If she doesn't inspire you, no one else will. Wear workout clothes. *Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. Call 423-2288 for information.*

Hockey—3/3: Rangers vs. S.J. Sharks at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 2/27: Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/1: Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins at 1:05 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).

Basketball—2/25: Nets vs. Sacramento Kings at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 2/28: Nets vs. Golden State Warriors at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/2: Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/4: Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

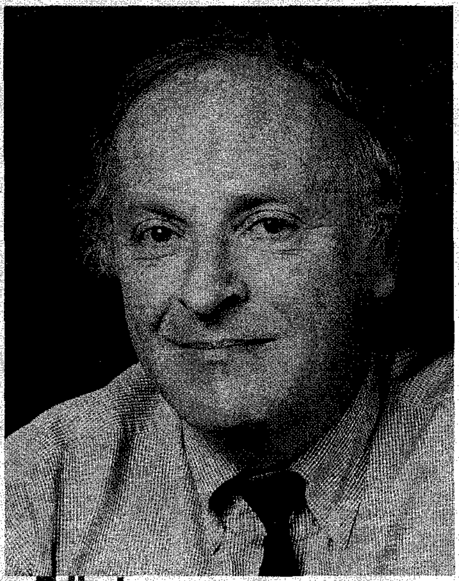
Online

Jet-Set Sites—Now that the pilots at American Airlines are no longer threatening to paralyze the nation's airport hub system anytime soon, you can resume making spring travel plans. These airline Web pages contain information about last-minute bargain fares (sometimes discounted by as much as 90 percent) that are generally not advertised through traditional media or announced to the public in any other way. You can also get essential travel information (such as what movies are scheduled to play on every American Airlines flight through the end of March) and exciting, late-breaking news (like the announcement that USAir is changing its name to USAirways). What's more, you can sign up for free electronic mail bulletins about future discounts. Most of these sites also allow you to book reservations (and pay for them, using a credit card) directly over the Web. In exchange for thus saving the airline a travel agent's commission, you are usually compensated with somewhere between 500 and 1,000 frequent-flier miles. Continental: www.flycontinental.com; USAir: www.usair.com; American: www. americanair.com; Northwest: www.nwa.com; and TWA: www.twa.com. Also, check out charter carrier ATA at www.ata.com.

Jet-lag Site—You might think that by setting your browser to www.panam.com you'd access a site telling you all sorts of terrific things about the new Pan Am. You'd be wrong. This site is a sort of electronic tombstone to the old Pan Am. Pages within the site contain profuse apologies about not being the new Pan Am and more apologies about not being able to help you in any way with claims against the old Pan Am.

For the Discerning Debtor—This independent site (not affiliated with any bank) provides comparative information on hundreds of credit cards. You can specify the criteria you're looking for (which can range from frequent-flier miles to a card with Frank Sinatra's picture on it) and then search for offerings that match. Also featured: a calculator to help you figure what your payments would be at various interest rates, and tips on how to clean up your credit history. http://getsmart.bfc.pilot.net/.

Iconoclastic Sites of the Week—Let's face it: The Web is dripping with dreck. Two merry prankster sites that shine a gleeful spotlight on this fact are Web Pages That Suck (www.webpagesthatsuck.com/) and the Top Ten Ways to Tell If You Have a Sucky Home Page (www.glover.com/sucky.html). Both of these sites highlight a number of painfully embarrassing gaffs made by Web authors ranging from anonymous geeks to Fortune 500 companies to the White House.



Tribute
Leningrad Literati

While St. Petersburg had no trouble turning out literary geniuses like Nabokov and Dovlatov, it did have some difficulty keeping them local. The PEN American Center celebrates the memory of Joseph Brodsky—dissident, Nobel laureate, and knight of the Order of St. John of Malta—with the St. Petersburg Literary Tradition Abroad, a group of readings from the work of Soviet émigrés. (March 4; see listings.)

Sales *continued from page 39*

pared for. In this book, things do not work out as they should."

She puts down her fork. "I don't want my novels to read like Danielle Steel. How often in life do things go so smoothly? Real life is not like that, unfortunately—it's really not. I've been through a lot of stuff. I've seen too much to write like that."

There are few people in the Polo Lounge now. Lite jazz plays. Across the room, a waiter is softly telling some regular customers, an old couple, that he lost his wife.

"I buried a child," Victoria says. "My first child was stillborn."

That was when she was 21. When she was 22, she was diagnosed with an early stage of cancer in her uterus. The treatment was successful, and she managed to have her boys despite doctors' predictions. (She would like more children; she and Carmine are considering using a surrogate mother.)

She says, "I've been sick for a lot of years. I have known nothing but doctors and specialists. If I could trade anything for a guarantee that I could be around long enough to raise my children, I would."

Victoria looks taller when she stands up on her ankle-strap heels; sitting next to her here in the booth, you realize her frame is tiny. Very different from her father.

He is, she says, the one person in the world to whom she can tell anything. She sent chapters of *The Senator's Daughter* to him in prison as she was writing. "My father, he's a very articulate man. His favorite author is John Le Carré." Victoria's proudest day was when he sent back a note from prison saying, "You've got it."

She visits Gotti once a month. "He knows me better than I know myself. I'll walk in, and he'll say, 'You lost about four pounds? I hope it was intentional.' And I'll say, 'No, no, I'm fine.' I'm not even aware of it. Then I'll go home and get on the scale, and it's four pounds, on the money. You can't hide anything from him."

Omertà is the Mob code of silence; it extends, of course, to family members. It is an awkward responsibility for a writer, a person who feels the need to tell.

"When I write," Victoria says, "I can be whoever I want to be, I can travel wherever I want to. I can do whatever I want. . . ."

Victoria gets in her white Mercedes-Benz and drives away.

In *The Senator's Daughter,* Mike Sessio thinks to himself: "His father had been the devil's apprentice, a man who often wielded his power with a complete absence of mercy. . . .

"And yet, good or bad, Joe Sessio had been his father and that connection, of blood and bone, of genes and chromosomes, spoke louder than all the rest of it." ■

Photograph by Nancy Crampton.

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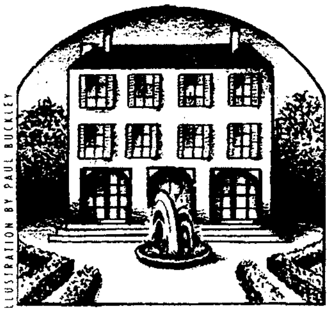

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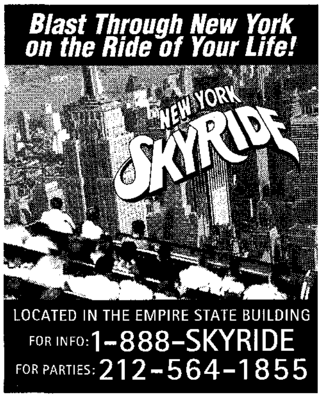

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Mozart, Miles, Monet And Margaux—Athletic entrepreneur, 48, 6'2", seeks dazzling woman, 29-39, with intelligence, enchanting beauty, wit, playfulness, sparkle and warmth. You must appreciate great food, vintage wine and classical music (no vegetarians, smokers or Republicans, please). If you like Vermont leaves, Van Gogh landscapes, lobster in Maine, daffodils in Central Park, brunch in Chinatown, NYT crosswords, bicycling in the country, that would be a plus. Gourmet cooking and back-rubbing skills valued. I'm stable, solvent, nonreligious Jewish (you need not be), a fit teddy-bear type. Note/phone/photo, please. 5204 ✉

Entrepreneur And Cat Available!—Attractive, single white male, 5'8", trim, nonsmoker, sensitive, caring, honest, great friend, romantic, successful business owner who also volunteers with underprivileged kids. Seeking great relationship with single white female, 25-33, NYC, pretty, slim, sensitive, honest, fun, and who likes animals. Note/photo/phone, please. 5254 ✉ ☎

Romantic Partnership—Sought by intelligent, attractive attorney, 40s, 6', emotionally available and looking for loving forever relationship filled with laughter and romance with warm, intelligent, attractive woman, 30s, interested in marriage and children. Note/photo. 5234✉

Accomplished, Adventurous—50s, truly good-looking, fit, open-minded, strong yet sensitive, passionate man. Seeks really sexy-looking lady, sensual and curvaceous, with fire, pizzazz, style, to spoil and share the joys of life. Let's enjoy romantic cafes, fireplaces, piano bars, art galleries, and the mental and physical intimacy of two vital people who care. Photo please. 5181 ✉

Wanted: Very Special Woman—45-55, who is attractive, slender, well-educated, full of life, very sexy and sensual, probably recently divorced (knows what makes a partnership work), and financially independent, who wants to share her life with good-looking Wall Street exec, 59, 5'10", Ivy Wasp who's very caring, sharing and giving in a relationship. If you've never answered an ad, it's time to take a chance. Photo and phone, please. 5230 ✉ ☎

Stop Whining About Being Alone—And do something! TV journalist, fit, attractive, offbeat, love the arts, travel, NYC. Seek available Jewish guy, 55 and under. 5227 ✉

Are You Strong Enough—To be my man? Beautiful, brainy, blue-eyed blond ad exec, 29, 5'6", size 7, seeks strong, smart, sexy, sane man who can make me smile. Note/photo. 5187 ✉

Handsome, Eclectic Physician—With a good sense of humor, seeks female partner for life. Basic compatibility is important. I'm Jewish yet Waspy, athletic, late 40s, 6'1", 175 lbs, and weight-train regularly. Never married but would like to be. I enjoy exploring restaurants, movies and the theater. My travels take me to tennis resorts and to warm climates. I am a jeans guy on the weekends, with an intermittent suit or tux for fund-raisers. Enjoy relaxed, unpretentious atmospheres. You would be in your 30s, very attractive, in good shape, with an interest in fitness, taller than 5'5", emotionally available, financially responsible, and desire a partner who will provide friendship, respect, trust, empathy and passion. I'm an easygoing, fun and supportive guy who believes in the benefits of therapy - so the critical or type A's need not apply. Those who would not normally respond are encouraged to send me a short note and a recent picture for a reply. 5190 ✉

Zest For Life—Seeks a lady, 35-45, with a passion for living, who is upbeat, bright, attractive, and not afraid to laugh, laugh, laugh! For fun, friendship, romance and a committed relationship. I am flexible, honorable, spontaneous, handsome, athletic, youthful 50, with a flair for adventure. Note/recent photo/phone. 5217✉

Short Man Who Makes Me Laugh—Wanted by blond, buxom, petite, outgoing female, 50. Be an athletic man, 40-60, who likes travel, sports, fine dining. Skiing a plus. Photo/note. 5220 ✉

My Baby Blues—Have been looking for you! 34-year-old Jewish male, 5'11", 188, funny, fit, sincere, Bruce Willis-type (but cuter) Doctor searching for a sweet, smart, caring, beautiful woman with exotic dark looks (Isreali, Latin...), 20s-early 30s, nonsmoker who is looking for a loving relationship leading to marriage. Photo is essential for a reply. Go ahead and take a chance... you never know! 5268 ✉

Ready For The Real Thing—Emotionally available, 41-year-old white male professional, 6', 185 lbs, green eyes; passion for boating. Seeking a female with a great sense of humor, who knows how to have fun. Note/photo. 5173 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
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New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Tall, Dark, Handsome, Gay—Hispanic (PR) MD, 31, seeks professional Hispanic or gay white male (30-40), tall, stocky or muscular. Be tough, fun and loving. Note/photo/phone. 5119 ✉

Attorney—Seeks unpretentious woman, 50-60, affectionate, with a sense of humor, who loves movies, Gershwin and Kern. Photo, please. 5248 ✉

True Renaissance Woman—34, beautiful, concert musician, world-traveled, athlete, lifetime student of literature, cultures, human dynamics; great hair, eyes, smile, intellect, passion. Wish to connect with music lover (classical, jazz), very handsome, Jewish, exceptionally successful, talented man (partial to MDs) who thrives on his work and love; internally strong/tender; thoughtfully and assertively communicative; uninhibited in body and soul, with utmost integrity, 30-38. Note/photo appreciated. 5252 ✉ ☎

Adorable, Newly Available—Petite Ivy League consultant/mom, seeks good-looking, fit, successful, warm, Jewish grown-up man in his 40s. Photo. 5191 ✉ ☎

Gentle Wolf—Male, 32, professional, seeking stylish, creative, nurturing female, 26-32. Note/photo. 5192 ✉

Tall, Handsome Indian MD—Seeks a tall, kind, caring, pretty, educated female in 40s. Phone/photo/note. 5232✉

I'm Getting Married—Mom's free! She's a winner: pretty, slim, professional, Jewish. You're a great guy, 50-65. 5243 ✉ ☎

Off-Broadway—Manhattan male, 43, low-key style but lots of substance, quite successful, fit and presentable, seeks intelligent, attractive 30s female. Photo, please. 5242 ✉

Good-Looking, Slim, Muscular—Upbeat Jewish veterinarian, 36, seeks pretty, thin, loving, sweet, smart woman under 34, nonsmoker, for keeps. 5241 ✉ ☎

Raven-Haired And Ravishing—Good-natured beauty with brains, 30, 5'7", into health/fitness. If you are a class guy, under 40 and over 5'11", who loves all that NY has to offer and hates BS as much as I do, we might just have something going here. Recent photo essential. 5223 ✉

Attractive Woman—Affectionate, warm, witty, fit, divorced, LI Jewish professional, seeks attractive, fit, successful, warm, romantic man, 48-58, 5'10" plus, nonsmoking. Note/photo. 5222 ✉

Spirited Shower Singer—Pretty, sexy, fit, playful, happy, bright, affectionate, thoughtful, spiritual female - 37, 5'5", Jewish, with long brown hair and warm brown eyes, seeks musically inclined male under 50, emotionally available, satisfied with who he is, attractive, young at heart, affectionate, stable and fit - for romance and commitment. I enjoy tennis, sand and sea, crossword puzzles, good food and wine, movies and Broadway. Let's see if we can harmonize! Note/photo. 5212 ✉

Fairfield County—Attractive professional female seeking a professional great guy, 45-50. Photo/phone. 5207 ✉

Pretty, Accomplished Artist—With brains, heart, humor, seeks successful, loving man, mid 40s-late 50s, to share culture, nature, each other. 5176 ✉ ☎

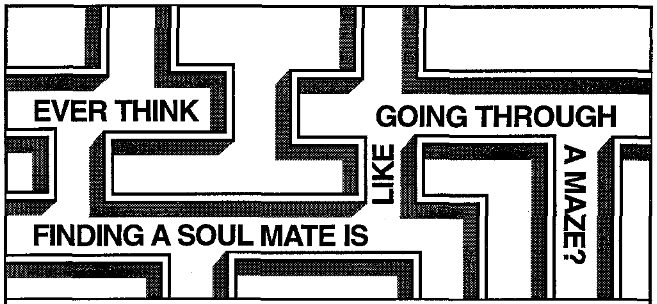
It Takes Two To Tango—Fun-loving, high-powered, sensitive, romantic woman looking for a like-minded man, 40s-early 50s, fit, fun, sensitive, secure and lively. Can you tango? No, I mean really love to dance, play golf, read, attend operas and otherwise enjoy all NYC has to offer. I also love the beach and romance in the Caribbean. Please send note/photo. 5132 ✉

Attractive Female MD—26, US-born Chinese, seeks conservative, US-educated, Chinese or Oriental, MD or Ivy PhD, 26-32, for friendship. Photo/note. 5175✉☎

Dangerously Attractive—Criminally youthful redhead, 56, pretty, upbeat and caring, seeks accomplished mensch for unlimited possibilities. Photo. 5201 ✉

Ross Seeks Rachael—Jewish male, 28, cute, nice bod, fun and funny. 5263 ✉ ☎

Long-Stemmed Rose Wanted—Extremely successful, 6'1", single white male, 37, seeks 5'9"-plus woman for eye-to-eye relationship. We're both ambitious, athletic, attractive and adventurous. Note/photo. 5225 ✉



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Warm And Affectionate—Single white male executive, 33, 6'5", Ivy-educated, athletic, romantic, sincere and stable, seeking the woman of my dreams: a red-blooded, red meat, red wine, red lipstick, red-hot, gloriously feminine femme fatale with an engaging smile, a playful personality and a heart of gold. Please be fit and a nonsmoker, 24-36. Photo/phone/note, please. 5194 ✉

European-Born Jewish Female—33, 5'6", avid skier enjoys tennis, biking and travel, as well as jazz and foreign movies. Seeks accomplished Jewish male, 35-43, 5'9"-6'2" with similar interests for serious relationship. Photo/note. 5269 ✉ ☎

Brazilian—Youthful 50s, attractive Caucasian lady, successful in the arts, loves music and animals, seeks NY man with similar attributes. Photo please. 5270 ✉

If You Are A Man—Who enjoys cycling, skiing and strong tennis, 45-55, loves his friends, cooking and entertaining, and has boundless other interests and energy, perhaps you've met your match - a woman of class and substance who also loves children and animals. 5221 ✉

English Import—Attractive blond female, caring, bright, sensitive, sexy, 5'6", 48, slim. Seeks tall, successful, loving gent to share and enjoy life, laughter and the pursuit of happiness. 5195 ✉ ☎

Gay Jewish Man—29. When I moved to NY, I was convinced that there would be so many 25-33-year-old, Jewish, intellectual Manhattanite men who were out of the closet, lisp-free, healthy, athletic, funny, warm-hearted, good-looking, employed, Jewishly involved, passionate, oversexed-but-monogamous and in good shape - that I'd spend all of my time with them at "nice little brunch places" on the Upper West or West Village and quickly kill myself with an overdose of Eggs Benedict and Mimosas (prix fixe). As it turns out, all of these guys must be hiding in the back room at the Guggenheim, and so I never meet them at all. So, if you're one of them, please give me a call. I'd love to hear from you. 5236 ✉

Do You Like Swedish Meatballs?—I can offer that and other goodies to honest, successful, charming executive. Only nonsmoking, cat-loving, 45-55 male. Photo reply to dynamic European business lady. 5253 ✉

Nay Macarena—5'10", good-looking, fit, athletic, owner of an investment business, mid 30s, seeking a woman in her 20s *or 30s, who feels comfortable and looks* fantastic in a pair of jeans (not just DKNY black), who prefers Neil Young to the Macarena, and who would rather share her time between NYC, Amagansett and the Rocky Mountains than just about anywhere else. Note/photo, please. 5273 ✉ ☎

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

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Photo by Anna Thomson

40-Something - Looks 30-Something—Desires well-educated, successful, personable and physically fit gentleman to share Sunday brunch, the arts, outdoors and a little romance. 5178 ✉ ☎

Renaissance Man—Seeks Asian elegance. Tall, handsome JD, 40s, brilliant, sensitive, creative, humorous, nonsmoker, seeks compatible Asian woman, 29-39. Note/photo. 5251 ✉

Manhattan MD—46, 5'10, 180". Likes restaurants, travel, LI weekends. Seeks very attractive lady, nonsmoker, ambitious, for one-on-one contact. Great legs a plus. Note with age, photo, phone. 5193 ✉

If Music Be The Food Of Love—Play on with me. Let's see if we make music together. Slim, sexy, secure, caring, intelligent, divorced Jewish female - fit, slim, no kids at home, seeks interesting male counterpart, 50-60. Photo preferred. 5256 ✉

Gem Quality—Dix Hills widower, Jewish, 5'11", healthy, handsome, 60ish, slim, unpretentious, humorous - likes classical music, movies, CNN. Seeks long-term relationship with cultured female nonsmoker, 54-64. Note/recent photo. 5226 ✉

Exclusive, Good-Looking—Single Jewish male, 35, professional, seeks pretty, slim Jewish female, 24-36, for fun and romance. Photo and note. 5174 ✉ ☎

Physician And Publisher—Good-looking, Gregory Peck type, 51, 5'11", many cultural interests, compassionate, live on large estate in near suburb of Boston with two modern guest wings. Travel to NYC often. Seeks tall (5'7" or above - taller than I am is okay), slender, educated, unpretentious, attractive woman, 30-55, no children at home, for fun in NY and New England, possible travel, possible? Send note and photo to PO Box 381, Milton, MA 02186.

Very Pretty CT Lady—48, looks 38, blond, trim, with easy humor, private school grace and style - seeks dashing best friend/love with whom to shine. Degreed, HR professional, accomplished artist, former super mom, loves to sail and rollerblade. Photo. 5186 ✉

Somewhere Over The Rainbow—*Looking for a tall, attractive, fit, fun-loving, romantic, 40ish-50ish man to sweep me off my feet at the Rainbow Room. If you don't have innate ability to dance, at least be willing to learn. Financially and emotionally secure, nice guy for this business owner (who also loves opera, sports, travel and the good life full of romance). Please send note/photo.* 5139 ✉

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Awesome Massage—Great cook also. I'm 32, 5'11", 175 lbs, (516), athletic, *caring and exceptionally handsome,* Italian background. I love snowboarding and ornithology. Seeking exotic, educated, non-materialistic woman. Photo. 5266 ✉

GQ Seeks Ebony—Handsome, successful, charming banker, 39, 6'2", seeks smart, sexy, stunning black woman dreaming of being swept off her feet. Note/photo. 5258 ✉

Attractive European—Sophisticated yet down-to-earth, professional Jewish female. Seeks intelligent, attractive, ambitious, Jewish professional male, 27-37, with a spark. 5210 ✉ ☎

Concert-Goer Wanted—*To share cute,* petite, veryclosetо40 Queens music lover's passion for live music. You: male, 38-45, easygoing, like the arts and the City, want to settle down but not settle. I: await your response. 5216 ✉

Extremely Cute Hunk—Jewish, fit, sexy, successful male, 30, seeks slim, pretty, passionate lady to pamper. Photo. 5264 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Face And More—*Brunette,* Jewish, young 40s, in Woodstock area. Rare find for a 50-plus, degreed achiever. Let's laugh and embrace the future together. Photo please. 5182 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Divorced Male, 55—Bright, sense of humor, sensual, athletic. Seeks pretty lady, kind and gentle, for fun, romance, future. Photo a must. 5224 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Rafting The Rain Forest—Divorced, 41 (looks 30s), handsome (most women say cute), successful, in shape, great sense of humor and loving life. You believe in chemistry and destiny. You're in your 30s, pretty (although I prefer cute), nonsmoker, slim, spontaneous, adventurous, and have a zest for life, (212). Phone/note. 5233 ✉

Caring, Generous—Divorced Jewish male, successful dentist, 39 (looks 33), 5'6", 145 lbs, honest, handsome, fit (normal), down-to-earth, fun, witty and *like to laugh. I enjoy all sports,* especially tennis and golf, films, dining, dancing and weekend escapes. Seeking intelligent Jewish female with values, who can laugh and enjoy life, is sensitive, caring and warmhearted. Please be petite, slim and pretty, 27-37. Note/photo/phone. 5238 ✉

Seeking LI Female—35 plus, for friendship, romance and eventual partnership in life. I'm 49, 5'10", *financially secure, with stability,* brains, good looks and a secure future. I'm seeking an honest, monogamous, nonsmoking female who still respects old-fashioned values and fidelity. Respond with note/phone/photo a must. 5229 ✉

Gorgeous LA Woman—New Year's eve she lost a bet, by this ad she pays her debt. 30, fit, JD, entertainment biz, former NCAA athlete and model, seeks male *"J. Crew/investment banker type," 28-40,* 6', very handsome and athletic, with sense of humor, even on the golf course. Is it just a myth that the men are in the East? Nonsmokers only. Photo/note. 5219 ✉

Accomplished Intellectual Man—40s, 5'10", attractive, fit, clean-cut, optimistic, idealistic, refined but unpretentious, passions for politics and classical music, intractable wit, seeks woman of similar depth and heart. Substantial note, please. 5255 ✉

Born-Again Christian—Single white female, full gospel, 12 steps. Seeks Born-Again single male, late 20s-mid 30s, with similar priorities - to hang out at movies, museums, restaurants, LI/NYC. No dittoheads, please. 5179 ✉

Pretty, Blond Manhattan MD—5'10", 32, athletic and curvy with freckles and an infectious smile, likes outdoors sports, eating out, sushi and Italian wine tasting, reading and laughing. Seeks intelligent and successful male, 30-40, to enjoy these things together. Photo/note. 5272 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Loving Professional—5'7", auburn hair, seeks fit man, nonsmoker, financially secure, 59-70, who enjoys politics, travel, laughter. I like theater, music, literature, swimming, bicycling, walking and dancing. 5214 ✉ ☎

Japanese—Silky long-haired, model looks/smile, 5'4", entrepreneur, 38, seeks handsome Wall Street MBA/lawyer, JFK Jr. type, 35-45, financially secure, Park Avenue life style, likes French cooking, piano. Leading to marriage. 5208 ✉

Really Nice Guy—37, JD, 5'10", slim, attractive, soft-spoken, fun. Enjoys dining, bookstores, baseball. Seeks bright, attractive, sincere woman, 29-35, to share life. Photo/note. 5199 ✉

Class, Quality, Character—Affluent Jewish banker, 39, 6'2", JFK Jr's looks, Einstein's mind and Cary Grant's charm, seeks smart, sexy, stunning woman who still dreams of being swept off her feet. Note/photo. 5202 ✉

Friendship And Passion—Are what I seek in a relationship. Beaches, concerts, hiking trails...are things I enjoy. This adventurous, self-aware, divorced Jewish male professional with a warm heart, is seeking a Jewish female, 34-41, to share a life, start a family and laugh a lot. I'm 48, 5'11", fit, attractive and communicative. 5235 ✉☎

Size 6, Stunning—Blond knockout seeks adoring man, 45-55. Photo. 5209 ✉ ☎

Me: Pretty Brunette—39, great personality, smile, shape and sense of humor, sensitive and passionate. You: handsome, smart, funny, confident, with a good heart, 35-45, looking for serious relationship. No response without photo. 5188 ✉

Beautiful Blond—5'8", fit, 42, Jewish professional, mom of one, seeks nonsmoking single dad, 40s. Photo helps. 5211 ✉☎

Lover Of Words Seeks Other—Smart, vital journalist, very cool life, widowed after happy marriage, seeks man, 43-53, who's smart, funny and ready for a relationship with a woman who really knows how to have one. 5237 ✉☎

Sharp, Striking—Single Jewish female, 30s, warm, witty, gregarious, enjoys travel, skiing, swimming, the arts and more. Seeks accomplished, single Jewish male, 37-43, fun-loving, sophisticated, warm, for everything special in life. 5206 ✉

Labor Relations Executive—Introspective, politically involved Jewish professional, 47, 5'10", 210 lbs. I enjoy meandering trips, classic movies, ethnic food, Scrabble, golf, etc. Seeking a nonsmoking professional woman, 30-50, for quiet evenings, exploring the mind and lots of laughs. Photo appreciated. 5200 ✉☎

Let's Tee It Up, Your Club Or Mine—Avid golfer, blond, beautiful, Jewish, smart and fun, seeks fabulous guy for golf and more. If you are a professional man, 40-55, with a passion for golf and a zest for life, let us talk about romance on and off the green. Note/photo/phone. 5231 ✉☎

Don't Waste Time—Handsome, trim, financially secure, open-minded, white professional male, 42, 5'10", 175 lbs, seeks bright, sincere, attractive lady under 35, for the best life has to offer. Photo appreciated. 5249 ✉☎

Are You A Full-Figured Woman?—If so, then this cute, warm male, 35, would love to hear from you. 5246 ✉

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Sleek, Sexy, Warm Female—34, 5'7", fun to be with, seeking fine gentleman, 33-48, for romance, friendship and long-term love relationship. Must be educated, charming, fun-loving, witty, sensitive and kind. Note/phone. 5177 ✉☎

Brainy, Sexy Blond—Slim, upbeat, well-traveled, sophisticated, athletic Jewish professional - enjoys theater, classical music, museums, dancing, tennis and skiing. I like smart men who know what they want; warm, fun-loving, educated, accomplished, sensual and worldly, 50-60. Photo/phone/note. 5261 ✉

Lovely Italian-American Professional—This slim, 5'4", pretty, youthful 45, classy lady is sensitive, soft and truly genuine. Dreaming of caring, trustworthy gentleman, 40s-50s, with whom to share life. Note/phone/photo, please. 5218 ✉

Marriage A Conspiracy?—For two goodhearted eccentrics, yes! Beautiful, gifted editor and cartoonist, 31, funny and offbeat, white with chestnut hair and soft brown eyes, slim and fit, seeks the right loving, artistic, accomplished, liberal Christian, 35-45. Burly (but gentle) a plus. Note/photo/phone. 5244 ✉

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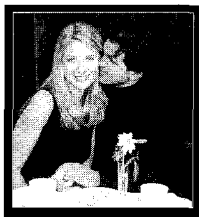

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MARY ANN MADDEN #875

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

LAMP ONTO MY FEET—Velcro-attached pedal pin spot. Nite aid for slipper or shoe. New from *Footlights.*

SOCIAL SECURITY—The board game.

RANGER, TEXAS WALKER—High-tech movement aid made in Dallas. Specify brand.

Above, Senior Class, a Catalogue for the Upscale Old. Competitors are invited to invent and describe (briefly) one item therein.

Results of Competition 872, in which you were asked for double dactyls: *"Two quatrains of which the last line of the first rhymes with the last line of the second. All lines except rhyming ones, which are truncated, are composed of two dactylic feet. First line, a nonsense line. Second must be a double-dactylic name. Then, somewhere in the poem, preferably in the second stanza and ideally in the antepenultimate line, one double-dactylic line must be one word long."* —from *Jiggery Pokery,* ed. by Hollander, Hecht. Atheneum: 1967.

Report: Bless you for your efforts to crack the double-dactyl code. It's a strict form (see above). We did not include rules, reasons of (1) space and (2) we've run them in the past. Much brilliance follows. Please read and rejoice. Gallant foxes, all of you. Women, too. Thanks.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Tippety-tappety
Rodgers and Hammerstein
Gave the world musicals
Tuneful and smart.

Rodgers so brainy, so
Multidimensional;
Blessed by good fortune, he
Also had Hart.

Jacob Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

Exita-closeta
Ellen Degeneres
Stuck in a sitcom and
Saddled with doubt.

Playing inaptly a
Heterosexual.
Moving to 10 is the
Only way out.

Bill Harriman, Niantic, Ct.

Eightily Weightily
Catherine of Aragon
Seventh gestation and
Sonless again.

Fearing more failures in
Filiogeniture,
Henry enrolls in the
Heir Club for Men.

Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.;
also prize to: Joan Monkacsi, Woodstock, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Piggery Skinnery
New England Patriots
Parcells resigns and then,
Out of the blue,

They get relief while the
Semiprofessional
Jets take a hosing from
Tagliabue.

Mike Kretzmann, Hillsdale, Mich.

Tippeca Grippeca
William H. Harrison
White House inhabitant,
Briefest to date.

Sworn into office with
Bronchopneumonia,
Thirty days later was
Lying in state.

Joan Ruttenberg, Rockville, Md.
also prize to: Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

Steadily Readily
Angela Lansbury
Sleuthing in Cabot Cove
Week after week.

Dropped by the network quite
Unjustifiably,
Murder, She Wrote written
Off by some geek.

Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Dinkety-dunkity
Lemuel Gulliver
Stomps into Lilliput,
Fifty-foot-six.

Endocrinologists
Called to examine him
Ask if he'd like to try
Out for the Knicks.

Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.
sp ment.: O. M. Neshamkin, M.D., N.Y.C.

Scribbledy Scrabbledy
Rosemarie Williamson
New York competitor,
On with the game.

Could it be possible,
Double-dactylic'ly,
Fate will reward her be-
Cause of her name?

Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.
sp. ment.: Sheila Laiks, Parsippany, N.J.

Drippity Droppity
Madame du Pompadour
Heedless of thunderclouds.
Dabbed at her rouge.

Louis, who suffered from
Pluviaphobia,
Hollered, *"Allons! Avant*
Nous le déluge."

Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

Higgledy Piggledy
Robert L. Stevenson
Wrote of the demons
We all have inside

Cruel, destructive, and
Egomaniacal,
When they appear even
Jekyll must hide.

Daniel Sitomer, N.Y.C.

Jingledy Jangledy
Susan B. Anthony
Suffered and strove to be
Equal to men.

Pack crats at Treasury
Characteristic'ly
Shrunk Sue from usage, and
Lion-sized Ben.

Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

History Mystory
Eleanor Roosevelt
Lived out her life as a
Woman of grace.

Met a new challenge most
Surrealistic'ly
Cheering up Hillary
Leaving no trace.

Marie R. Reno, N.Y.C.

Trollery Scrollery
J.R.R. Tolkien
Anthropomorphical
Beings with wings.

Hobbits and goblins and
Elves all inhabit his
Middleterrestrial
Lord of the Rings.

Marc Doyle, Wilmington, Del.

Caesarus Sleazzerus
Heliogabalus
Emperor, Roman, but
Holy you ain't.

Lost in libidinous
Overindulgences,
You make Caligula
Look like a saint.

Tanner Foust, Boulder, Col.

Jurister Purister
Anthony Kennedy
Newest reruit to the
Pro-life brigade.

Antiabortionists
See a majority

Voting to nullify
Roe *vs.* Wade.

Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

Higgledy Piggledy
Alan M. Dershowitz
Part of the Dream Team on
You-know-who's case.

With his advisers, quite
Monochromatic'ly:
Ruling out jurors
Because of their race.

Boris Loring, N.Y.C.

Rickety-rackety
Robert Kardashian,
Kato, and Cowlings, all
Friends of the Juice.

Trials of the century,
Supersensational.
Woe to espousers of
Spousal abuse.

John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Toothily Soothily
Edward de Grazia
Lawyer for Burroughs' ob-
Scene *Naked Lunch,*

Counseled his client, "Please
Act like a mensch. "No," the
Diabolologist
Quipped, "I'm a munch."

Blossom Kirschenbaum, Providence, R.I.

Reddledy-peddledy
Cardinal Richelieu
Statesman and diplomat
Nobody's stooge.

Helena Rubinstein
Cosmetologically
Honored le Duc with her
Éminence rouge.

Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

Higgledy-piggledy
Dr. Ruth Westheimer
Offers these sexual
Words to the wise.

"Men must remember that
Erotogenesis
Isn't a matter of
Genital size."

Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Clickety-clackety
George Stephanopoulos
Boyish, articulate,
Quick with a quip.

Network execs see his
Telegenicity
Keeping the ratings from
Taking a dip.

Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.;
similarly: Frank Wilkinson, N.Y.C.

Ooh la la, ooh la la,
President Mitterrand
Died and was honored
By mistress and wife,

Making political
Franco-Americans
Muse, "Why can't Clinton get
On with his life?"

J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

Swimminin Sinnonims
Maura B. Jacobson
Puzzles New York with words
Down and across.

Thus she amuses us
Diagrammatic'ly,
Keeping our neurons from
Gathering moss.

Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

Manica Panica
Emily Dickinson
Fearful of visitors,
Stayed in her room.

Classical symptom of
Agoraphobia.
Poetry probably
Lifted her gloom.

Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

Hunkily Punkily
Matthew McConaughey
Hitchhiked from Texas
With timing to kill.

Sandra was speedy and
Unhesitatingly
Eager to coach him
She busses him still.

Ronald J. Grucza, Buffalo, N.Y.

Higgledy Piggledy
Saxo Grammaticus
Poet who chronicled
Danish regimes.

Wrote an account of a
Certain Prince Amleth, the
Anagrammatical
Hamlet, it seems.

Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

Hopaday Sackaday
Doris von Kappelhoff
Always the virgin, a
Movie cliché.

Oscar Levant knew her
Long before Hollywood
Cinematographers
Made her that way.

Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Dittity Dottity
Oliver Heaviside
Worked on the tellies,
Both graphic and phone.

Pictured a layer, so
Ionizational,
Keeping the radio
Waves in the zone.

Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

Higgledy Piggledy
Taylor, Elizabeth
Hilton and Wilding and
(Tragically) Todd.

Fisher and Burton, then
Warner, Fortensky. Her
Marriageability?
Fading, thank God.

Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Ct.

Piecera Silvera
Judas Iscariot
Opens a deli, The
Kosher Knish.

Nonvegetarian
Tzimmes does well, but his
Quiche of betrayal's the
Best-selling dish.

Wendy Gottlieb, New Haven, Ct.

Snippety Clippety
Jennifer Aniston
Started a fad by just
Cutting her hair.

If I may say, rather
prognosticatively,
Grab those bucks now, Friend: Soon
No one will care.

Heidi Sanchez, Bethpage, N.Y.

History's mysteries:
William the Conqueror
Walloped the Englishmen
Purely for kicks.

Numerologically
Who could forget it? The
Battle of Hastings in
1066.

Joyce Rosenthal, Newport, R.I.

Higgledy Piggledy
Social Security
Has a solution so
Easy to see.

Let it be managed by
Gerontocratical
Tightfisted, stingy old
Geezers like me.

John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

Piggledy Ydelggip
Emperor Bonaparte
Exiled in infamy
Far from Versailles.

Left this apocryphal
Autobiography:
"Ere I saw Elba, so
Able was I."

Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

Jackoby Jockoby
Jacqueline Bouvier
Married a Kennedy
Heading for fame;

Paris was charmed by her
Ami-cability
Two million French people
Roared their acclaim.

John W. Tomlinson, N.Y.C.

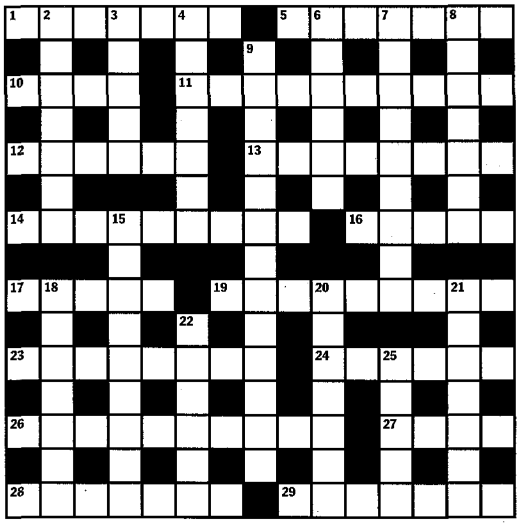
Higgledy Piggledy
Anthony Hollander
Poet whose verse verk is
Here shown to you.

Dactyls in pairs and a
Multisyllabical
Word are imperative.
See that you do.

Corin Graf, Austin, Tex.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 875, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by March 7. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the April 7 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword



ACROSS

1 Iron tip given a spot of paint. (7)
5 Trainee in hospital department following the boss. (7)
10 Grieve for 27. (4)
11 Those that keep quiet—those lacking initial success in tennis? (8)
12 Several pints in a pub, relatively. (6)
13 Flowering plant makes farewell almost cheerful. (8)
14 Ain't noses put out of joint by remarkable person? (9)
16 Female star may be joined by any number in bed. (5)
17 Amusement offered by second drink. (5)
19 Girl into history is expert on the Greeks. (9)
23 To applaud deception is nonsense. (8)
24 Electric current needs flex—agree? (6)
26 A Scottish writer among boxers and fighters in Spain? (10)
27 Ardent primitive desires etc. to follow Bible. (4)
28 Enticed with achievement, keeping shy. (7)
29 One expressing irritation who's found two things the same? (7)

DOWN

2 Learned, but without Latin—do again. (7)
3 Vessel's removable inner coating. (5)
4 Fool without work, I should be an aviator. (2-5)
6 Singer is targeted by indoor players. (6)
7 Give girl story as a distraction. (9)
8 Bliss offered by vehicle in pouring rain. (7)
9 Neglect correspondence and abandon duty. (5,4,4)
15 Torture which has e.g. l-limbs strung up with difficulty. (9)
18 'Handy' couple of friends. (7)
20 Adult is devoured by ferocious beast—what an affair! (7)
21 Tree ceremony. (7)
22 Trickster trodden on by black shoe. (6)
25 Winner to fret impatiently. (5)

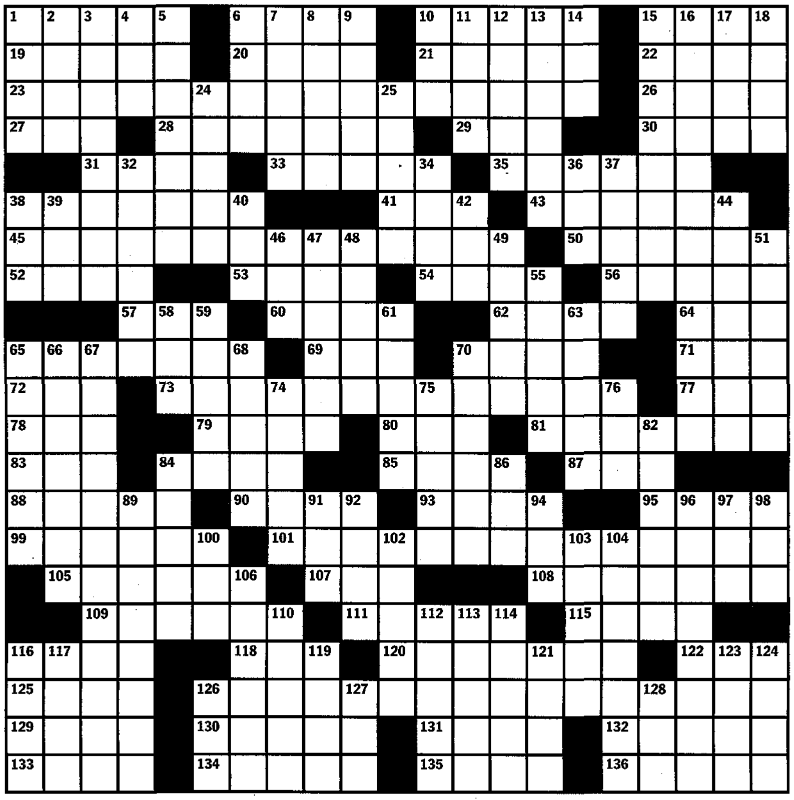
'At a Loss for Words': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

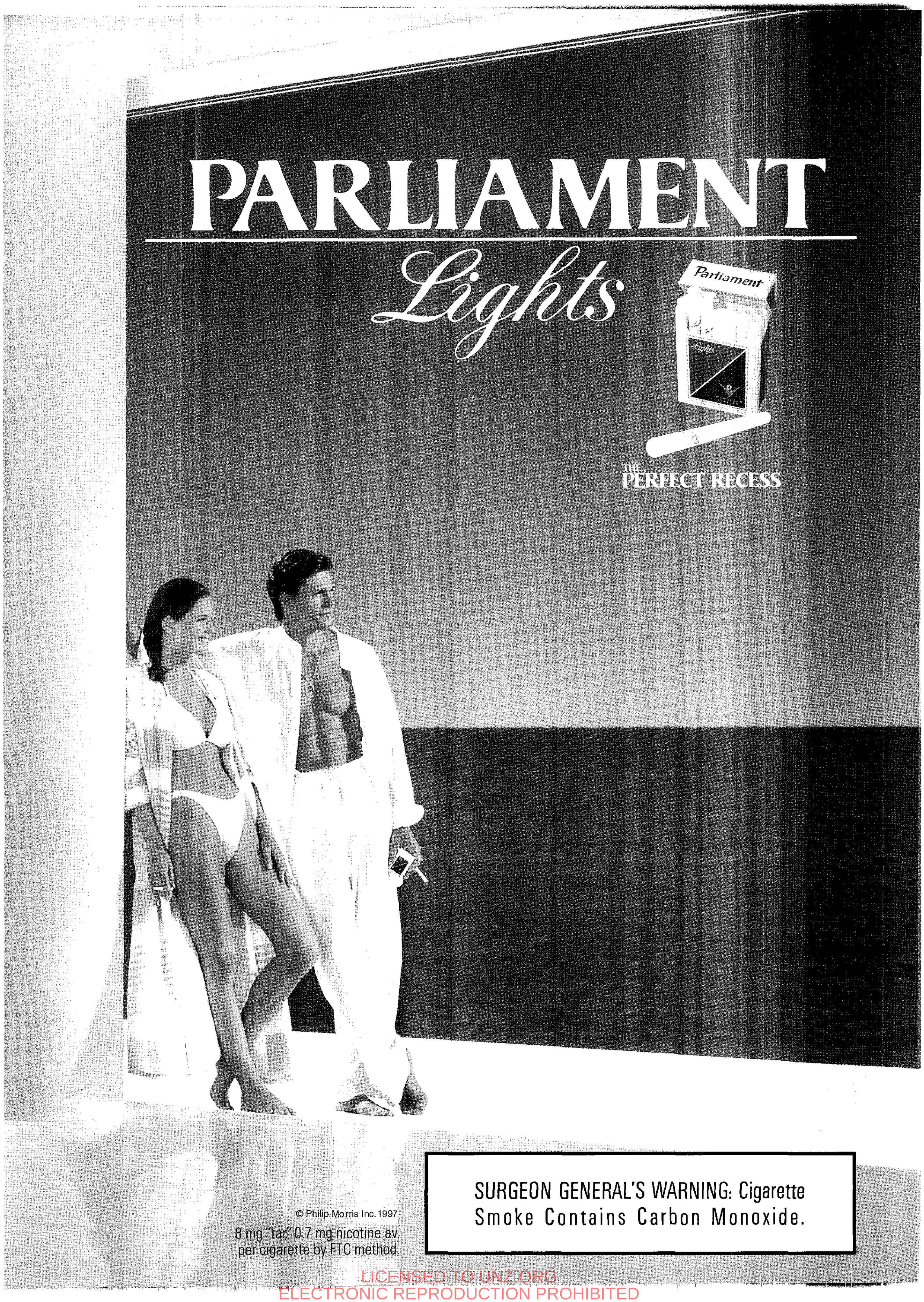
1 Strongboxes
6 West Point mascot
10 Run off to the preacher
15 Stat. proportions
19 Pertaining to sheep
20 Draft status
21 Radium discoverer
22 Enveloping glow
23 *Time it a day*
26 Flabbergast
27 Feeling of wonderment
28 More smoke-stained
29 Added wing
30 To —— (exactly)
31 Bird of the gull family
33 Take out membership
35 Saturday, on French calendars
38 Elizabeth Browning, formerly
41 Phone cut-in
43 Comes to fruition
45 *"On the Good Lollipop"*
50 Fred's partner
52 Stare openmouthed
53 Smallish combo
54 Use a harvester
56 First to stab Caesar
57 Health club
60 Hardy cabbage
62 Prunes (a tree)
64 Lew Wallace hero
65 Bureaucratic obstacle
69 No gentleman
70 Order to the broker
71 Grand —— Opry
72 Pull a boner
73 *"Strangers on"*
77 Luftwaffe's foe: abbr.
78 Corp. bigwig
79 A —— Able
80 Otologist's study
81 Spacecraft's final phase
83 Elec. unit
84 Change for a five
85 Faucet trouble
87 Motorist's no-no: abbr.
88 Meerschaums, corncobs, etc.
90 Doorbell information
93 Heavy responsibility
95 Facsimile
99 Spends sparingly
101 *The of Job*
105 Lure
107 Embargo
108 Tourney
109 Cereal ingredients
111 Customary
115 Something to be solved: abbr.
116 Was an equestrian
118 Up for payment
120 TV host Hall
122 Singer Sumac
125 Mental flash
126 *"and the fiddle"*
129 Autostrada auto
130 Roof overhangs
131 Geologic time spans
132 Karan of fashion
133 Tackles' teammates
134 Senate leader Lott
135 Ilk
136 Rathskeller mug

DOWN

1 Bigger than a chair
2 Profess
3 Inflammable premises
4 Brit.
5 Is really angry
6 Marquand sleuth
7 Incorporate
8 Early Communist leader
9 Gung-ho
10 "Foucault's Pendulum" author
11 U.S. magazine magnate
12 Unwritten exams
13 Building support
14 It's a moray
15 Rose Bowl locale
16 *The long and the of it*
17 Veracious
18 Compos mentis
24 Jay Silverheels role
25 Harness races, familiarly
32 Mariel's granddad
34 "Waiting for Godot" star
36 Soviet fighter plane
37 DeMille-style films
38 Caddie's tote
39 "The —— Daba Honeymoon"
40 This is dynamite
42 Slapstick missile
44 Laic
46 Rub the wrong way
47 Vitamin-B-complex component
48 Mideast Heights
49 Having less color
51 Thin out
55 Kind of bear
58 Nonstick-cooking-spray brand
59 Of bees
61 Moved sidewise
63 Continued supplying
65 Gives a news summary
66 Religious recluse
67 *"Man Walking"*
68 Ruhr city
70 Yo-yo attachment
74 Fiber for rope
75 One of the Burrs
76 Just-bought
82 "You'd Be So —— Come Home To"
84 Port of old Rome
86 Tent type
89 Beseeches
91 "Godfather" group
92 Biblical twin
94 Cul de ——
96 Singly
97 IBM products
98 "Are we there ——?"
100 Anthro., e.g.
102 "I Left My Heart —— Francisco"
103 Subject matter
104 Encroachments
106 Create affection
110 Debonair
112 Sudden impulses
113 Houston baseballer
114 "The Merry Widow" composer
116 In profusion
117 Chief Norse god
119 Divisible by two
121 Grouse's house
123 Pasteur portrayer
124 —— impasse
126 Tennis do-over
127 Instrument-player suffix
128 Tyke



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 67.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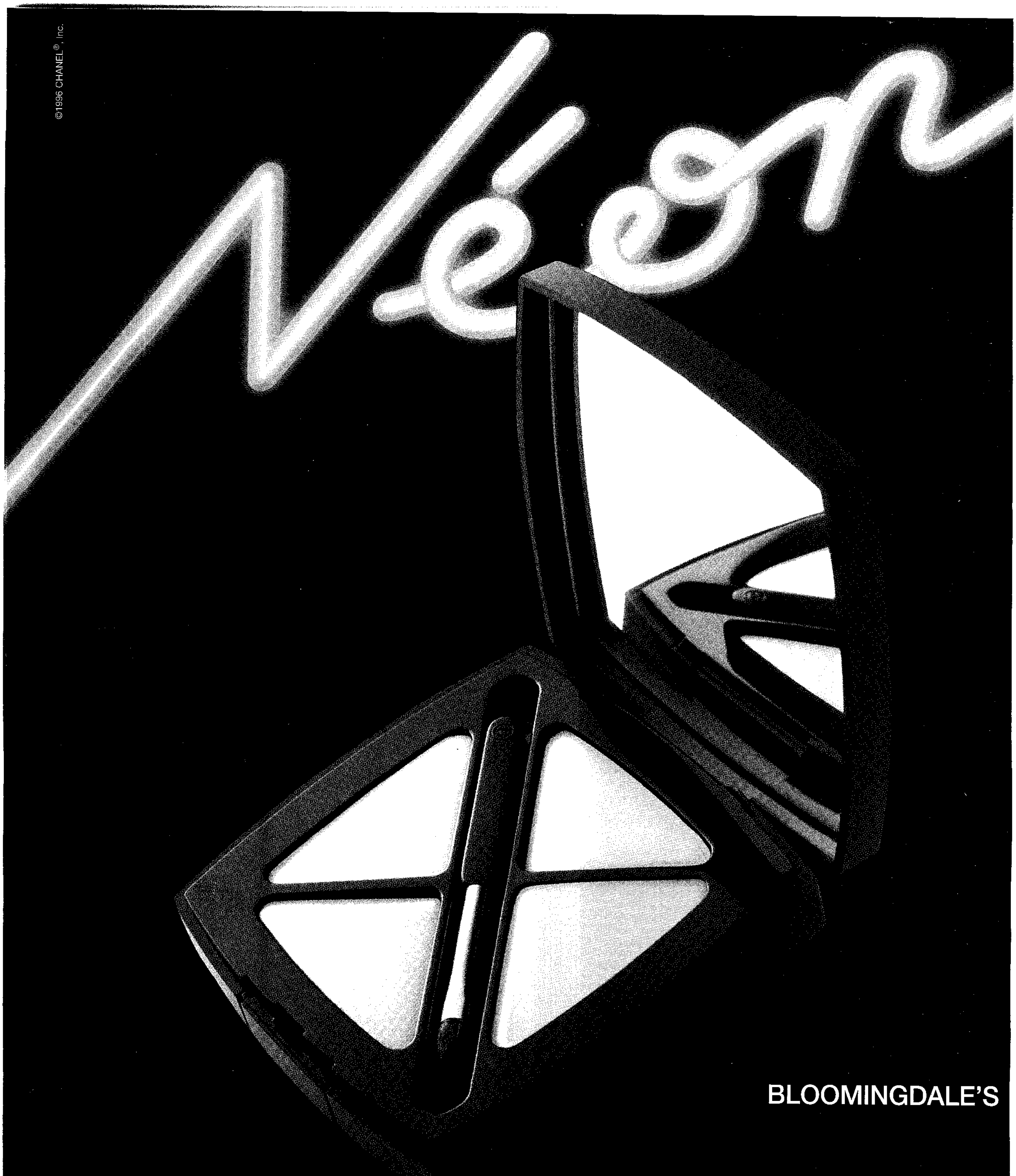

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